

## Watchmaker

Area 11

Serve or break the patterns  
That would be  
Echo positions of the free  
Middle child of eternity  
Caught between the  
Branches and the roots  
Move in any way that suits  
The creeping vines of anomie

I never wanted to believe  
I never asked if I could stay  
Switch the pressures you relieve  
Forge your aggression in the clay

The art that I buried in the earth  
Sketching parallels to understand  
Why I can't share your love  
Watchmen and makers in dissent  
I'm only building what I meant  
To do so many lives ago

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