

I Am Your Clock

Lard

I am your clock
I am your religion
I am your shotgun mechanical bride,
nothing is done without my approval.

I own you,
I decide how long you sleep
and how must rest
you are ever allowed.

I decide what you desire,
I deny you time to think,
I am the mirror of constant humiliation.
That follows and shadows you
wherever you go
and blocks out the light
at the end of every tunnel you try.
Be on time,
be on schedule
always feel
life you're always late
and need more scolding and punishment.

Do not daydream,
do not dilly-dally,
do not fall behind
wings are flapping right behind you.
You know what's coming next
as I swoop down like a hungry owl
and sink my talons into your back
and drag you back to square one again,
the pain gets a little worse every time.
Crash,
crumple,
do not pass go,
do not collect
your dignity and your self respect.

Give up,
it's over,
no time allowed
to try something you like.

The bills were all due yesterday
you've failed,
you've through
first we form our habits,
then they form us.

We dress up as someone else every day
gingerbread houses,
fireplace surprises,
what tastes the best
the witches won't let you have.

These days, having a baby
is like what having a BMW used to be.

While they're asleep
play their New Age cassettes
to transmit subliminal messages,
I like mom,
I like school,
I like to study,
I like rules.

I am the schoolteacher
who yelled at you for not paying attention
and shamed you in front of the entire class
and dragged you around the room by the hair.
This is what happens to boys and girls
whose penmanship is messy
be neat, like the others.
Follow orders
obey what is put on front of you,
imagination is the ultimate sin,
you can't be creative the rest of your life,
your counselor wants a word with you,
if you liked school, you'll love work,
resign yourself to a job you'll hate,
get a hobby - but keep it in the garage.

Shove yourself into a slot
despise your ideas
your boss knows best.
We can't all do what we want to do
always settle for what you're told to expect
do not take chances,
you might fail,
you might fail.
You don't want to find out the hard way
how our society treats
the misfits who make mistakes.

Bad,
failure,
bad,
failure,
homeless,
depression,
mental hospital,
murder.

Born on the cutting room floor,
die in the bin by the door.
Hypothermia of the spirit
why do people chase
so many useless toys
in search of the perfect baby sitter.

"For just \$19.95 and just thirteen minutes of your busy day,
you can have 'the full, rich experience of parenthood
without the mess of the real thing.' Its called Video Baby."
Creative Programming, Inc., offer "All of the enjoyment -
and none of the commitment."

I am your calendar,
there is no escape
I am why you're afraid
to respect yourself.
I lead you down garden path after path

with carrots on a stick.
I'll let you taste but never embrace
peek in the wrong door, I slam it on your fingers.
Go back,
adventure is not allowed.
Go back - not allowed!
I leave you exhausted, henpecked and afraid.
Never quite enough money,
never enough nerve
to reach out for something better
than the grind you call your life.

The hatch of your hamster cage is open
but guess who waits just outside the door.
Stay on your treadmill
keep running on that wire wheel
briefcase in hand,
money rains down just out of reach
you'll burn out soon enough.
It's all part of the plan
when you're no longer useful
you can finally retire
to the glue factory of your choice.
Free at last
to scratch your head
wondering what happened.
Free at last
I bid you goodbye
on your own
to wait to die.