

Clock - Clock

May I take you back time  
I can see the reflection of the clock  
Edged with green in the window  
You are only real in my dreams  
There is no escaping you there  
But in reality death took you  
The tears are real  
I search for answers asking myself why  
A hurt is edged real deep  
The pain will never subside  
I know  
That I cannot erase the memory of you  
If only you were here  
Reality grips my mentality  
Existence threads through my insides  
Till it's time to go  
The cutting edge of life

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