By: dibbledabble

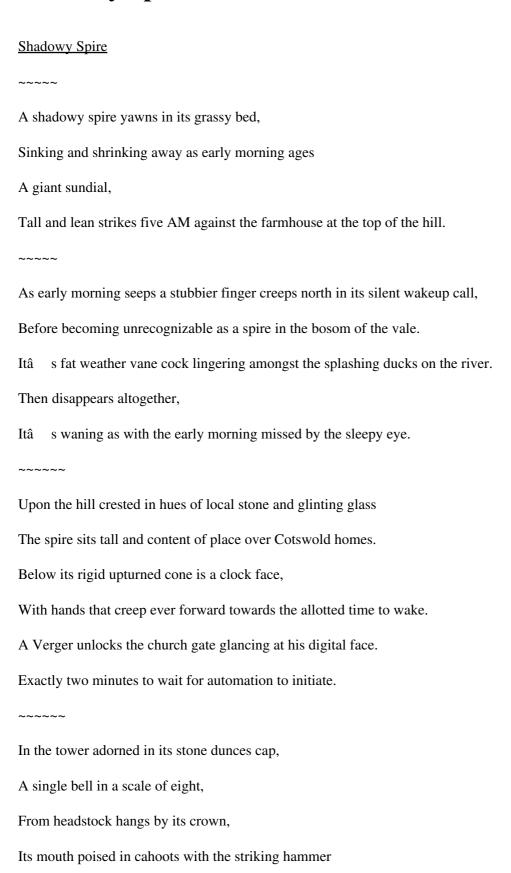
Every day when it is sunny I watch the sun rise and the shadow of the spire creep across the hill opposite my window, and on a lazy day I wait for the church bell to chime before rising. This poem is born of the juxtaposing of the spire as a sun dial and the more accurate time the bell keeps in the tower just below it. I hope it reads well, I have been fiddling with it for weeks not really sure of which way it was leading me.





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Ready to end simple time.
~~~~
All natural things are already awake, or asleep as nature dictates.
Oh sleepy heads,
Natureâ s time is surpassed and will be in a moment replaced
With urgency of pace.
~~~~
Seven times clean sound resonates through the morning air.
A single note, equally spaced, deliberate and regular.
Measured and precise demanding obedience and conformity from listening ears
Smart time is here.
~~~~
The town stirs and rises, the day has begun and will tick on till end,
But the spire stands tall un-phased by the progression
of clanging and whirring mechanical time under its hat.
Measuring the passing of time by the warmth on its faces
And for its shadow to grow long and fade into dark whence the day is done.
~
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~~~~
~~~~
A Spire
Be a spire my friend, at least once in a while
Let the sun warm your face and time drift by like swans on a lake.
All that clanging and whirling of smart time in your head,

Is a sure fire way to an early death bed.
Let your shadow grow tall and shrink till its small
Fade into the night and keep simple time in sight.
Aspire to be free
~~~~
By Dibs

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