



A man with a watch knows what time it is. A man with two watches is never sure. -Segal's Law

We need to hear everything twice these days. Click click of rabbit teeth in wildgrass.

These days tick, a metronome counting down the dawn's double

whammy: golden purse, timed bomb. The skeleton of yesterday rises, holds watch

dial with its faint echo against cold bone. Tested on teeth. How seconds double down like gaslight,

feed on air before a hand appears to adjust the mean time. Disregarding atoms, we believe

the two bells contretemps in the clocktower: one insists on praise, one, a tick ahead, the grave.