

HERE IS A CLOCK TOWER

Whoever wishes to build a clock tower
should study this one that I once saw.
The first story is square, with four small gables.
The second has eight panels and a roof,
and above that four smaller gables with
a broad space between each. And there
are foliated heads of bearded men in stone,
and ornamental leaves, an apple-colored
glaze fired on. Behind the clock tower
the bright tint of distant, well-wooded mountains.
Beyond the mountains, the palatial clouds,
the clouds of pearl and rose, and then the sea
plain as octagon jade...plain as distance.
There is another clock tower, that tells
a different time, under the clouds of dusk.
Now, it is both another and the same day,
fleeting, small, refreshing as a raindrop.
Now it seems you're standing in its shadow.
And now, again, you come up against
the limits of a moment, with a searing
intuition of its zenith. A robin
pulls a worm up from between the blades
of wet grass near the fallen obelisk.
In the interior of the tribunes of the nave,
looking toward the last bay, the notary
public watches merchants bring back
Syrian glass for envoys in the rain.
The foliate heads of stone that stare
ornately through the leaves, are now
all talking amongst themselves, Sir,
but not to you.