Love is Like a Clock

Love moves the dial effortlessly clockwise
Two heart beats intensify each hammering chime
With every delicate strike of the hand’s position
Nervous flutters release the spring of its direful tension
Excitement begins rotating all sensory mechanisms
Commitment locking each groove simultaneously from gremlin
The shaft of a key turns ill propensity from the soul
With a strong enough torque the heart ticks once more
Minutes rush two lips to the time of their arrival
Hours left staggering a weight of such this gesture most bribable
The rise of the pendulum transcendences purity deserving of promotion
Durable passion swings with built momentum towards true devotion
When trouble inflicts hurt sharply like the metal teeth on a blade
The anchor of hope catches suffering carrying it onto the pallets of escape
The spirit level adjusts the rhythmic flow to maintain vital unity
As do two bodies conjoin a cord that glides on affection’s pulley
Mechanical input so purposefully assembled and authentically expressed
Intrinsically restoring sudden failures and timing out every step for success