

Gold

The clock strikes gold when all else seems to fade away

when most memories are realized as memories and most realizations
are just that: realized.

No glitz, no glam,

no one standing off stage to roll in the curtain,

call the command, stage an upset, or denounce an
order to a select order of others

no matter how much strife filled each and everyone. every on
e.

Not even she, as determined as she was, could hold in her hands
those words, like elms,

slipping through her hands, slowly drying
in the process, leaving its exoskeleton only as a memory.

oh, but much more impressive was the strength of the glue.
slippery and malleable, a veritable craft table, susceptible.

weak and curious, suddenly transformed into that which mirrored
her thoughts exactly.

for how many times in a day was she asked

still young, grasping that edge
so still and answered nothing. those thoughts, rushed into the elusive
exclusive push pot most kids only dream for, because that's where
all of the attention is, and how quickly the spotlight
turned her skin red, her hair burnt to a crisp, she was not made to
withstand this level of intensity

and just as she had feared all others began to push away,
companions and friends, enemies and acquaintances
not one dare climb too close, this was her mountain top atop her solace
sure, it wasn't pretty, made up of discarded waterbottles
and left-over lovers and broken christmas presents

but this was the **mushpot**, the elusive exclusive mushpot

filled with relms and hearts and broken clocks

all similarly destroyed by their creators after having never struck

gold,

only breathing hard, grasping for life that would soon be over.

call the command, state an object, or demand an

order to a select order of others

no matter how much she filled each and everyone. every on

Not even she, as determined as she was, could hold it in her hands

those words, like flowers

slipping through her hands, slowly draining

in the process, leaving its exhalation only as a memory.

Oh, but much more impressive was the strength of the wind.

slippery and malleable, a variable craft table, unpredictable.

weak and cautious, suddenly transformed into that which answered

her thoughts exactly.

for how many times in a day was she asked

still young, grasping that she

so still unanswered nothing, those thoughts, rushed into the elusive

exclusive which not just like only dream for, because that there

all of the attention is, and how quickly the spotlight

turned her skin red, her hair burnt to a crisp, she wanted made to

witness this level of intensity

and just as she had feared all others began to whisper,

companions and friends, enemies and acquaintances

not one dare climb too close, this was her mountain top for her release

sure, it wasn't easy, made up of discarded water bottles

and left-over lovers and broken Christmas presents