

# Poems

"*Clocked and Measured*" by Greg Tanis

First a scream, and then a cry,  
Another clock starts ticking.  
Son in her arms, smile on her face,  
-- And the clocks keep on ticking.

She runs her hand across his face;  
He lifts his hands as if to stop her,  
But powerless in her arms he lies,  
-- And the hands keep on turning.

The tassel's tipped, then flung into the sky;  
Thirteen years passed, four more will fly.  
Top of his class, what could go wrong?  
-- But the clocks keep on ticking.

He moves the tassel across his head,  
Another hour is past;  
The sun is rising, the morning dawns,  
-- And the hands keep on turning.

"I do," "I do," and out they walk,  
The sun stands full at noon;  
Their shadows vanish, all is bright,  
-- But the clocks keep on turning.

Her ringed hand runs rounds his face,  
Down the right, back up the left;  
Blinded, he lifts no hand to stop her,  
-- And the hands keep on turning.

A passerby beholds the scene,  
He hears the wedding bells ringing;  
"Tis a minor," the old man notes,  
-- And the bells keep their tolling.

First a scream, and then more screams,  
But still no infants cry;  
Empty arms, empty face, emptiness,  
-- And the clocks keep on ticking.

Noon has past, the sun behind them stands,  
The shadows fall, the path ahead grows dim.  
Her hands turn white, she wipes a tear,  
-- And the hands keep on turning.

A little short of sixty six,  
But short of nothing money could buy,  
He quits his job to find more time,  
-- And the clocks keep on ticking.

The clock turns six and six, time has brought relief;  
He strokes his chin and notes the bright sunset,  
Blinded to the darkening path ahead,  
-- And the hands keep on turning.

From bright sunset to pitch dark night,  
The time ticks by so fast;  
He does not see the river ahead,  
-- But the clocks keep on ticking.

His hands now crossed across his body,  
The hands now crossed atop their face;  
Midnight has come; the mourning hands cross their  
hearts,  
-- And the hands keep on turning.

Last week he was "too proud and selfish,"  
But now he's been "a good man all his life;"  
The next generation masked like the last,  
-- And the bells keep their tolling.

First a scream, and then more screams...  
-- And the clocks keep on ticking...  
-- And the hands keep on turning...  
-- And the bells keep their tolling...

Ding dong, ding dong,  
Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!  
Tick tock, tick tock,  
Tick, tick, tick, tick,  
Ti --...

"*I Entered A Land*" by Hannah Genberg

I entered a land in the old wardrobe,  
That reeked of mothballs and dust.  
It was a magical land, with towering trees,  
With a lion who's kind and just.

I entered a land with magical wands,  
Where owls flew messages 'round.  
And flying on brooms is considered a sport,  
And magical creatures abound.

I entered a land where dragons are real,  
And orcs roam full of great rage,  
Where a small golden ring caused Mordor to rise,  
Concluding in a new age.

I entered a land by a magic whirlwind,  
With a witch the hue of a toad.  
The main city of Oz was bright emerald green,  
Far away down the yellow brick road.

I entered these lands from the comfort of home.  
I can enter them every day.  
I entered these lands by reading my books.  
A newfound magical way.