

Clock & Compass

Welcome to the Land of Time.

My name is Hand
And everyday in this land.
It's like clockwork.

We grease the gears.
We measure the years
Tick and tock work

If a gear needs changed
We drill into the veins
Or the stockwork

But sometimes I have dreams
Crossing dimensions or seams
Catch my daydream walk smirk.

What if we flattened the vertical.
Three, Six, Nine, Twelve, the Royals all merciful.
They suggest circles move in an incontrovertible
motion. Just clockwise. Nothing else liturgical.

But I know something else exists.
And I know you get the gist.

So who are they?
And what do they do?
What do they say?

They say,

"We come from the Land of Space."

This one's name is Needle.

But it was just a ruse to wheedle

Information to aid their expansion

And please excuse this break in scansion

But there's something different about them.

Compared to the others.

Needle has a secret, like they're stuck in a dream.

A secret that ignores the magnets in seam.

North and South wouldn't know, nor East and West.

Their own royals who thought that they clearly know best.

A secret that wishes that they could be free.

To travel past space, past the x & y, in the dimension of z.

We met in secret, like stories told before.

We told each other, about our lands and our lore.

Our dimensions unfolded, past our own mental block

Then we changed the worlds- of the compass and the clock.

-Dante Colding 2025