

*The Fat Clock*

The fat clock ticks and ticks and ticks and tells  
Me stuff I didn't want to know I knew.  
Across a million billion windowsills  
The stellar dust is whispering of you.  
A Balkan website that I can't access  
Text-messages to the Uranian rings.  
Since Tuesday last American Express  
Are threatening unimaginable things.  
A changeling with an enormous head,  
A forky tail and huge, prehensile claws,  
Is swinging at the bottom of my bed  
And doesn't seem to want to stay indoors.  
Call me. I'm waiting for your call. What's done  
Is done. There's nothing here for anyone.