

Cuckoo Clock

You would think their lives
revolved around lawns
and driveways, cuckoo clocks
striking hours by garage door
openers, marching out behind
mowers, plodding slow circles,
then tucking themselves back
into their dark caves while
the door grinds down, another
hour passed, houses calmly
ticking down on settling
foundations, until another
rhythmic moment approaches,
doors rise and cars emerge,
missing only the strident refrain
counting out each hour of insanity.

-Richard Dinges