

# Her

by Mathew Paust

It's time, more than anything  
now I think of it, time  
she suppresses  
sits on, holds in abeyance  
so I can be infinite.

And all I need do  
is keep to the screen  
and trust  
words will come if it takes the day, the night  
forever.

She's loyal to this  
to containing the clock  
quieting demons, angels  
to keeping me focused on what it will take  
to please her.

