

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.

