

lest we bury us

by strannikov

this disc barely spins the jangle of spurs
how long does one revolution take?
does a song begin? jangling bells that bite
they can last long sometimes, even years.
these clocks don't reset they gouge when they sing
mechanical clocks needed chains pulled.
calendars now here with them sings the blood
record those minutes already lost
an older day stretched blood sings to the spurs
with intervening each meaning each
spun with needed force: the drunken spurs gouge
to knead time and to extract life lived
lest we bury us blood screams to the spurs.

