

# 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.

