Alarm Clock Screams

DESA

Somewhere between birth and here the ground gave way.
Suddenly I was submerged.
While cogs, gears, and pistons rumbled in the distance, a dead kid sank,
his time torn to shreds by alarm clock screams with dollar signs instead of eyes.
Forced to rise and shine before the sun.
Redundance cuts slow.
Sets my impatience loose.
Stretches my seconds like hanged children from a charred tree.
Is this the new me?
My free time was never free.
I can see that now.
Now that it's a scarlike memory that warns me.
The cold world adorns me.
A decoration for some suit's crown.
From the podiums a sedative is sprayed on you,
intentionally smelling of new car.
The infected drones march eyeless to work,
paying for the ride over and over with time 'till we die.

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