

The Ward
Konstantin Nicholas Rega

The clock

tick tick Tock!
has given up
on wheeling us about.

Ask its deathly pallor

(theonlytrueghosts)

where we were—

No Are

but it is allblendednow

any-

ways-a-y-o-u...OPEN UP NOW...

Our *I* seek out

what is ~~not seen~~.

Flinch Twitch

s-c -r -e - a - m

door opening with a rusty
squEakthe st-u-u-u-tt-er of
thinking.

The thunder gnashing its *jAggEd* tEEth

About us

the moat

(a mOat!)

circles with many poInTed TeeTH

(the scalpels gleam)

in their fishy stink

of cigars and bars

(noted link)

in underwater lairs where

sharks

drink the bloodbag's

beer gut.

Stepping from my chair

—wheels protest—

I crEak over a floor

(its butterscotch light

sticky-un-releasing)

NOisetheNOiseNOise of

giants' thump-thumping

They come

Tw-os

Thr-ees

their *fast* and s – l – o – w hands

taking seconds & Buts!

from our...OPEN UP NOW...mouths

Soon the white

jagged lightening

teeth

(blink)

turns my eyes

(blink

blink)

to

static sleep.