

Sophie Kopp

Grandfather, Clock

The Clock

made the coals

stop smoking,

the toys in the box

collect dust.

The clock

made the tired

stop hoping,

the ones running late

feel rushed.

The clock

made the journey

go farther,

the pants in the closet

ill-fitting.

The clock

made the wounds

turn to scars,

the wrinkles it caused  
by ticking.

The clock  
made memories  
disappear.

It made the grudge  
a forgiver.

The clock  
made the reason  
become something clear,  
the shudder from your loss  
a mere shiver.