Josh Obusek

SHE SMILED, I HAVE PROOF

Only you know what it took to find you
stuffed inside the book  forever
I ripped    cut    liberated
a look on your face    now it’s mine
now I see you every day    happy

I’ll stand here until you talk    until you
tell me why poetry wasn’t enough
until you ask me why I care
and I can finally say
that I struggle with beauty    that I don’t understand
the power of its creation or my addiction to its life
that I have stared at you and wondered what else is important
and you have said “nothing” over and over and over
and I have always agreed

until this time

this time my mother’s ghost
takes the place of your face
crawls off the paper
begins sculpting a world out of air
suddenly I am surrounded by clocks
huge grandfather clocks    little alarm clocks
clocks from children’s wrists     clocks from old men’s pockets
my apartment is filling     my mother keeps sculpting
clocks with little yellow numbers    clocks with big blue arms
86, 400 clocks     all of them stopped
all of them stopped on a different second
of a different minute of a different hour
and finally she stops
and says    my dear this is only one day