

The calendar's curse taunts me.

Put my heart in a time capsule
& bury it in the treasure chest
of a convenient clockmaker.

Tell the Sandman
to put me to sleep
with the dewdrops
of future hourglasses
(do not disturb)

When the foliage
camouflages like
scaly chameleons
to Libra's reign—
a jury's equinox,
excavate my fossil
from its minefield;
notify the museum
curator & carefully
carry my aged relic
to its caged exhibit
(testlove it)

But it will
be too late
you will have switched
museums already – but
the Mona Lisa belongs
at the Louvre, no room
in it for kitsch organs

(funny how
the sky's star
children spin
like cogs
to the chronic
tune of time's
orbit)