

## Hours

Grandfather clocks strike  
their pendulums swing  
establishing an infinite system of order

The booming in their bodies  
and the dialing of the moon  
more resolute than the thickest mortar

Their power is global  
and for centuries their language  
has been taught to the world's youth

Despite their predictability  
their hands cannot be fought  
it is scary but it is the truth

But there was a man  
who wanted and needed control  
he ignored the grandfather's hands

So that we trapped people  
can measure our own hours  
by tipping some glass filled with sand