

Mechanical Poet, Old Year's Merry Funeral

Grating gabble of clock
Broke the stately silence
Points got to nibble the ultimate day
Clank of sounding stroke
Melted down the calmness
My mission is done and it's time for relay

So many radiant eyes
A show that I can't realize
It has to be some spree
For everyone but me

Thirty minutes of wait
Sunk in shining impressions
Why have I always neglected it all?
At the end of my fate
I'm still crowded with various questions
How do I solve them before I will fall?

Too many smiles around
Clue to this riddle I found
Nobody cares of my personal grief
Waiting for New Year's Eve

Needless, outdated
Feckless, antiquated
I was welcomed like a king
And left as a broken thing

Dying, desolated
Doomed, alienated
Sunny notes of Christmas waltz
Were absolutely false

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Gleeful crystalline voice of a holiday bell
Was a prelude to forthcoming knell