

Like Clockwork

Monday

8:43 AM

Next stop... Westminster Station

The doors whizz open to release their vile slurry. A scourge of humanity, twisting and writhing. But from the darkness, a light. Dim. So dim. But in spite of the dark discharge, it persists.

8:47 AM

Amidst this river of arms and legs and noses and eyes and hair and feet and teeth and fingers and... it all melts together. The light -. A smile, a wave, a wink, a nod, anything to differentiate these hollow husks. Through the gate, up the stairs, out the door, into the street, below the great clock, the flow continues. A homogenous mass of flesh.

8:50 AM

Each one of these cadavers holds a light. Faint, but there. Struggling against this relentless flood that would seek to sequester it, as a deluge of water extinguishes a torch. But every now and then, a single head will breach above the surface, above the current, above those who lie below, the light it owns grows stronger, only to once again duck below the waves, back into that unabated rhythm. The light stands no chance, faced with this ruthless flood.

8:53 AM

As the great river flows relentlessly down the street, some small streams filter off. Down and down they sieve. Into streets, alleys, and out of view.

Monday

Look out the office window at that great timepiece.

5:00 PM

Turn off the computer, stand up. Foot one, foot two. Turn around. Walk forward. Foot one, foot two. Past the water cooler, down the hall, stop at the elevator. Down. Glance side to side. Co-workers crowd like a swarm of hungry flies.

5:02 PM

A sound, look back. The doors open. Step inside. Foot one, foot two. Ground floor. Step out of the metal sarcophagus. Out the door, into the street. Foot one, foot two.

5:03 PM

A child, walking down the concrete creek bed. Ignore it. No time, can't be distracted. Walk forward. Foot one, foot two. See an elderly couple strolling down the tarmac tributary. No. Focus. Walk. Foot one, foot two. Red light. Stop. Look up, check the great clock tower.

5:04 PM

Green light. Cross the road. Foot one, foot two. Inside, down the stairs. Check watch.

5:09 PM

Check the schedule.

5:10 PM

Check the clock.

5:10 PM

A roar. A screech. The doors whizz open. Walk forward.

Foot one, foot two.

Monday

I watch as they move below me. Far below. Here I've stood for centuries, never moving. Not as they do. My great hands revolve relentlessly forward in a sinister dance, stiff-armed, marching toward... Whatever lies ahead. Below, they pay no heed to the hours that pass across my face. Unaware, they mimic my own actions. Like clockwork. They disembark the train.

8:43 AM

Up the stairs and out the door. Into the street. It pauses for a moment to look up and admire my great figure. All-consuming.

8:47 AM

Down the street. Turn left. Right. Right. Left. Open the door, In the elevator, 31st floor. I lose sight of It.

5:00 PM

In the elevator. Ground floor. Into the street. Turn right. Left. Left. Right. Swept back into that relentless flow. Into the gaping jaws of the metro tunnel below me.

5:10 PM

The train swoops in to capture its prey. With glazed eyes and heavy feet they stumble aboard, free for now. The chariot of light beams away its passengers, and I am left alone, Until...

Tuesday

8:43 AM