

EXCERPT FROM SUBURBIA AND OTHER SIGNPOSTS POINTING WEST

**I am like the clock**  
**by Debby Johnson**

I am like the clock  
that's winding down.

A minute lost  
here  
and there,  
unnoticed  
like a solitary strand  
of gray hair.  
Unwinding.  
Slowing down.  
Forgetful.  
Unreliable.  
Unpredictable.  
Overlooked,  
unappreciated.

Un-  
winding-  
ing.

Until I stop,  
but even that's so slow  
no one notices  
for a day  
or two.

And even then  
no one knows  
exactly what to do.  
A face.  
Some hands.  
Some gray strands.