

## Watch

Some sit and stuck,  
They watch their watch,  
They wait until their time is lost,  
To go away, to see the world,  
The places where there is no watch,  
No need to sit and count the time,  
No time at all but waves of space  
Where time is just a subtle trace,  
This place in which there may be crime,  
May be death, may be grief,  
For every place which seems sublime  
Is dirtied with a limited time,  
To really understand the world  
One must see passed the allure of a pearl,  
Radiating only one thought  
Being beauty in an object furled.  
Unfurl this and there will be crime,  
Will be death, will be grief,  
But with that is a sense of known,  
A beauty that is not so brief.