

(Our State 5 – 7)

The Clock
Yi Lui (Year 7)
Anglican Church Grammar School

The clock proudly sits on the soaring tower -
Reflecting brilliant sunlight onto children at play,
Overlooking workers flooding to eat
Listening to pigeons chirping in the warmth -
With its smiling face it surveys the scene.
Under comforting midday rays
The white face chimes innocently
The quarter, half, three quarter and hour -
Every hour, each hour, hour after hour.

Although already aged at over sixty,
The dutiful timekeeper confidently propels its tireless limbs
Around in a circle, in endless circles
Day and night, year after year.
The time marker's surface is bedazzled with cleanliness,
Laundered daily to prevent any pimples
Precisely rendering the time without mistake or change.
In Brisbane this highly esteemed object is crowned
With a pointy green hat,

Ticking every second rhythmically -
Like the experienced drummer at the back of the Queensland Orchestra -
Rather suspicious in its overview of the world;
Looking down at others, but not with contempt.
For those looking up each day
It is a familiar face and a constant reminder
That time moves on - yet a contrast to everything else,
For everything else has metamorphosed around it.



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John Oxley Library

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