

# Josh Obusek

## SHE SMILED, I HAVE PROOF

Only you know what it took to find you  
stuffed inside the book forever  
I ripped cut liberated  
a look on your face now it's mine  
now I see you every day happy

I'll stand here until you talk until you  
tell me why poetry wasn't enough  
until you ask me why I care  
and I can finally say  
that I struggle with beauty that I don't understand  
the power of its creation or my addiction to its life  
that I have stared at you and wondered what else is important  
and you have said "nothing" over and over and over  
and I have always agreed

until this time

this time my mother's ghost  
takes the place of your face  
crawls off the paper  
begins sculpting a world out of air  
suddenly I am surrounded by clocks  
huge grandfather clocks little alarm clocks  
clocks from children's wrists clocks from old men's pockets  
my apartment is filling my mother keeps sculpting  
clocks with little yellow numbers clocks with big blue arms  
86, 400 clocks all of them stopped  
all of them stopped on a different second  
of a different minute of a different hour  
and finally she stops  
and says *my dear this is only one day*