

TOBY FITCH

*New Chronic Logics*

A friend on Facebook looks up  
at a building's facade to find its world clocks—  
Sydney, London, Tokyo, New York—are empty holes.

Does it even matter now  
that more people on the street and in the library  
can't read analogue clocks than "before"?

Algorithms dictate my hectic schedule to me in any event  
like waves pinging back from a pebbled shore  
into the cross seas of my headset.

Minutely hastening to an end,  
a.k.a. doomscrolling, I find *Daddy Saturn is*  
*in retrograde, pandemic time is a pretzel,*

*a rhizomatic root system.*  
*I have a curfew and soon (surely)*  
*hamburgers will begin eating people ...*

All other comments churn like Ribena and milk  
in the crystal glass: *2020's a stolen clock, a fight between*  
*Chronos and Kronos; each day an ouroboros;*

*as with statues and history, once clocks are pulled down*  
*we will never know time.* And besides,  
no one believes in the future now anyway.

I was writing this, stealing time  
and locution at some "godforsaken" hour.  
Had I fallen into sleep? Was Frankie awake?

Will we remember the weather  
and whether our bodies passed through each other  
in the lockdown dark? It gets away from me

like a sprig in stew, like something nicked.  
On the planetary dashboard  
the sky will seem especially blue

Southerly 79.3: The Way We Live Now

as the seconds turn kaleidoscopic. And then again  
it will be time to let my own body be showered  
by water that has circulated Earth's

crust for \_\_\_\_ millions of years,  
time to feel its touch in droplet form  
teleported back into this recess at \_\_\_\_ litres

per minute,  
time  
to atomise night's silence.