

No Time

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Too late

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/no-time.aspx>

I stood on the bridge; the hand in my pocket holding the watch you gave me before you died. it sat there alone in its perspiring womb. the dark was more than night; it squeezed through my pores. the glass grinned sheepishly, like a drunken mourner, and the numbers fell about like hailstones; but it was the hands that lifted an Accusing finger. as I looked down, a darker Me than I looked up, and made me see that it was I who had emptied your cup.