

The Corporate Clock

*The stress of being driven by the clock,
The obligation to work the same hours,
at the same level of productivity,
both summer and winter.
To rise hours before each cold winter dawn.
Travel long distances,
in the freezing grey leaden twilight.
Arriving at the office with its window,
looking out at the filthy walls of a city block light well.
Being expected to engage in competitive creative thought,
throughout the short grey day.
Until the cold winter darkness ,
has long since fallen once again.
Battling home through a sea of irritable commuters,
exchanging diseases along the way,
Arriving home,
in the same depressing darkness in which I left,
Leaving me little time to recover,
before the alarm clock and the electric light,
prematurely shatter my repose,
long before the coming dawn.*

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