An Ode to the Grandfather Clock

You have two different types of wood,

You have two different shades of brown

A crack across your face,

And now you have a frown.

Time ahead of you,

You can’t keep up,

I wish you did not have a crack on your face,

And now you are not tough.

You have survived hundreds of years,

You have been put through a storm

Like a bumpy bridge.

And yet you go tick tock and that’s that.

 **By Tomor**