

Ode to the Red Hand

Second hand on the clock

Always working,

Never breaking a sweat.

Keeping the time 24 hours a day,

Seven days a week.

Never missing a beat.

He lives as the commander of the clock.

Conducting every movement

His voice booms, like a crack of thunder

Tick, Tock,

Tick, Tock.

Alerts when to ring

Without this leader, the clock dies

No one to tell the others to move

No one to tell them when to ring, like the church bell.

This hand will tell you what time it is,

It tells the world to move.