

Procrastination

What have I done on this fine day?

I've frittered all my time away.

A minute here, a minute there

It simply faded in the air.

What have I done on this fine day?

I've wrote a poem to show my dismay.

Line by line, I set in stone

This wasteful day, that I bemoan.

I can barely find the strength to say

What I've done on this fine day.

I think so much it starts to hurt

My thoughts they hover on the outskirts.

My fingers tangle in the fresh grass,

Eyes closed and a breeze flows past.

Trapped in between reason and desire

This bliss stokes my inner fire.

I guess it says a lot about me

I'm just a bit shattered, I plea

It's nothing new what happened today.

I've frittered all my time away.

MILK

