

Monday's always screw up my Sunday

Soothing beams of light sear through heavens gate
aching eyes get nourished from its divine opulence
serenity subdues urgency as I melt between satin sheets
just me, the paper, and a steaming cappuccino in bed
a smile caresses me as spirit and conscience collide.

With the fury of shattering glass I'm rudely awakened
that big report is due Monday, and I haven't even started
I leap, heart pounding like an aged marathoner
research, analysis, statistics, diagrams –
all summarized into a riveting PowerPoint presentation.

Mouth dry from last nights indulgence
Listerine swirls with the brute force of a flushed toilet
burnt toast retrieved from the birds offerings
reheated tar from the bottom of the stained pot
greeted by the hostile whine of my fatigued computer.

Dancing sun blinds the archaic monitor
laughter of children echoes from swaying trees
vibrant cardinals twitter discussing afternoon tea
betrayed shutters block holistic healing rays
as the glorious day unfolds.

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