

Why is it still dark?

Methodically entering, I am burdened by the sharp contrast
snow forms a lagoon as I wait for my cubed chariot
vertical thrust from the platform, I retrace inherent steps
archaic Neanderthal I hunch in my lifeless cubicle
preciously shielded from the days unfolding beauty
virtual shackles enslave, safely securing performance
endless hours spent cradled by nurturing florescent tubes
constant companions of the demented internal prison.
My eager mind wanders relentlessly scanning objectives
I imagine a fiery sphere spreading rainbow beams
silent ice flakes dance, sparkling until they gather warmth
innocent droplets of dew cleanse and renew my soul
intervening seasons strangle the passionate embrace
deserted environment alerts my subconscious
quiet echoes whisper cryptic messages.

Infused excitement explodes, and I exercise my freedom
with a boot camp mentality I ecstatically flee the scene
abandoning perceived obligations
weightless ankles scurry to unguarded front gates
revolving doors spin effortlessly as I propel myself forward
breathless, panting, city streets pound from the absent din
disappointment swells as I walk religiously to my car
mid-step, eyes toward the starry sky I plead
“Why is it still dark?”, with rhetorical abstinence
obvious answers flood my overwhelmed cortex
throbbing spiritual overload, cerebral connection subsides
wearily I drive hypnotically dictated by evolution
unable to see the desired light, I go within
vowing to deny history its repeat, I commit to my true path
resolute, I travel in a new dimension of dynamic optimism
and dedicate myself to cultivating opportunistic thought.

Excerpt from “The Poetry of Business”

Author: Tracy Lynn Repchuk

www.ThePoetryof.com