

Where is my yacht?

Keys echo as they land on the vacant counter
turning on forbidden lights my eyes adjust from the shock
cool white chamber beckons with its alluring presence
I search for comfort.

Reheating old pasta, I devour hovered at a gleaming sink
despising its blandness, paprika dances until impact
surrounded by staggering silence
I search for answers.

My plans swirl in dusty bowls as it seductively crystallizes
staring, hypnotic darkness flushes melancholy waste
metamorphic souls interact in slumber
I search for dreams.

To the alert angels I plead, Where is my yacht?
resonating, my own voice captures my thought
repeating questions circle lost parameters
I search for rewards.

Abundance yearning consciously consumes
fingering a cracked tile, loathing its imperfection
pleading for universal acknowledgment
I search for success.

Internal chasms ache for my neglected family
glancing at my watch, Einstein's irrelevance mocks me
through black holes in space
I search for time.

Delicately spooning into my enchanting spouse
I deeply inhale virtual essence of purity
looking inward for divine prosperity
I search for happiness.

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