

What day is it?

Years of dreaming realized
Einstein's theory methodically applied
living in accordance to universal laws
answers lie within, cultivated by thought
my mind wakes and I frolic with the heavens
I use celestial orbs as they rise and set.

Following guidance amidst the eternal abyss of conflict
stars chatter, while Galileo and Copernicus lend a hand
a quiet fatigue envelops my receptive body
I meditate as I nap, oblivious to protocol
floating by my translucent cord, new opportunities thrive
dynamic rest renews my optimism as the cycle revolves.

In rhythm with nature's call, I relax on a porcelain throne
contemplating, refueling from wisdom between pages
my vacant stomach growls for deserved attention
succumbing to my mood I hunt palatable pleasures
barren cupboards remind me of absent obligations
crammed aisles in stores make me wish I went yesterday.

Strolling with my visions my exquisite journey unfolds
buskers perform, actualizing their outdoor fantasy
polite stranger turns to me in a crowded town square
"Excuse me, do you have the time?"
I nod apologetically, then tap him back
seeking today's answer I ask, *"What day is it?"*

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