

“Procrastinator’s Lament”
by Christopher Knox

Finally it’s Friday, long awaited.
To the side, responsibilities fall.
Stress of the week’s burdens are abated.
And there’s not a care is given at all.

Saturday’s time is spent with a good friend
And a small adventure is to be had
But as all other good things, it will end
Our joyous friendship is left a bit sad.

As if summoned by church on Sunday morn,
These put-off demons rear their ugly head,
Within my chest, a strong panic is born
The weight of my burdens leave me near dead.

Mania fades to tired, weary pain
Lesson not learned and will be felt again