

**POEM SEVEN**  
**January 8**

We can buy trying  
Die tying up loose ends  
We can lie  
Waiting for permission  
Slip and fall  
Prey to a day wasted  
Praying days away

Wishing  
Worry would stop  
Scraping our skulls  
Begging fear to find  
Another belly to live in  
Resisting all urges to give in  
Procrastinating while  
Contemplating  
We keep  
Waiting  
For the elusive reflection of  
Perfection

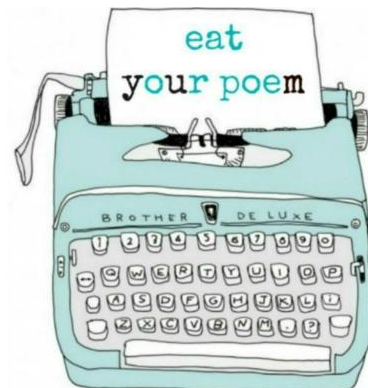
Taunted by the tick  
Of the faithful clock

Or...

We can stop it  
And step...



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Serving you  
Poems to go  
Words that feed  
Heart and soul