

# Twelve River RIPPLES

## Writer's Life



### Procrastination - Thief of Time

This week, when Hubbie said to me,  
"On Thursday night it's poetry,"  
it didn't leave a lot of time  
to formulate a little rhyme.  
I checked my file and scratched my head,  
"No - nothing there that could be read"  
and not a subject came to mind  
that I could use, adapt or find.

It's true, I'd left it rather late  
and started to procrastinate:  
put washing on, take out the bin,  
a quick phone call to cousin Lyn.  
"Is that the time? I'll make some food.  
Let's eat the chicken that we stewed  
with crusty bread, and afterward...  
the apple crumble's rather good.  
Now what about a cup of tea?  
D'you want one too? OK, just me!"

For goodness sake! I must get on.  
This dithering's gone on too long.

I really wasn't in the mood.  
Perhaps I needed solitude  
and so, I shut myself away  
to try to get it done today.  
Produced a line or two and then  
I scratched it out to start again.  
Then wrote some more and sucked my pen,  
retrieved a page back from the bin  
and then I threw it all away.  
I hummed and hawed on what to say  
and wracked my brains for just one clue.  
Quite suddenly, knew what to do.

I'd tell you all about the day  
when inspiration ebbed away,  
obliterating thought and rhyme.  
Procrastination – thief of time.

*Carole Ferguson*