

MORNINGS AND ME

Arriving without fanfare, new day breaks,
With Sun as witness to the day's fiery birth.
To the new day's promise, people awake;
Or to the perils the day might bring forth.

Morning chores then roll in earnest,
Showering, makeup and dressing swift;
Breakfast and tea or coffee for most,
Mad dash to school or work comes next.

Folks who roll off beds early, hit the curb,
Touting early morning's special perks,
Like for students to study and to absorb,
Or for workers who take on tedious tasks.

To those who prefer to stay up late,
Parting with their beds spell certain woes.
Wasting time is then the whole day's fate,
Not much is then done of the day's chores.

Neatly within this group I fit, of night owls,
The group that makes up the other half;
Merrily along we go, burning midnight oil,
Performing diligently, all tasks and crafts.

Sadly, the rhythm of our world isn't mine;
In schools, offices, institutions and malls,
Opening bells and doors toe their line,
Much like, 'right-handed' come tools for all.

Can in harmony and bliss exist a marriage
Of an early riser and a dedicated night owl?
Can a raging fire find comfort in a deluge?
Will oil make friends with water in a bowl?

Well, my partner and I are opposites in routines,
With one who finds solace in bed the whole night,
And the other craves sleeping in in the mornings,
But for long we've flourished under the same vault.

Mornings always come all too early for me,
While sleeping only for half as long as most,
Many a task gets done while the night does flee;
And, mornings and me still manage to coast.

