

Don't Forget to Live

Some people stop living long before they die.
Always rushing, never stopping to see the flowers grow or the birds fly.
They don't see their own existence edging towards life's dead line.

Squeezing so much into the diary, ironically spouting inspiring quotes
"Make the most of every day", "carpe diem" "life's too short."
Yet somehow, never living up to them
Just doing, but never actually being.

Goings from day to day with their mundane routine,
Forgetting their fragile existence could be extinguished at any time,
Ever creeping towards life's deal line.

"Mum come play with me."
"Sorry darling, I'm forging a career, Building our future"
Pretending not to see the disappointment in loved one's eyes,
Choosing to paper over the cracks of a life so benign its suffocating.

But when will it be "the future"?
Will it come in time to enjoy family life?
Or will it be too close to life's dead line.

When was the last time you stopped to enjoy life's simple things?
The smell of freshly brewed coffee, in a cup not a takeaway mug,
or watch a squirrel scamper up a tree, with its cheeks bulging, full of nuts,
or sat and pondered or even dare to daydream?

When was the last time you laughed, a genuine, from the belly laugh,
Or played a silly game, just for the fun of playing.
When was the last time you said "to hell with that deadline.

Yes, I'll Come out!" the world won't stop spinning if the reports late,
We put unrealistic time constraints on ourselves and others.
Tight schedules that, let's face it,
Mean little to noting in the grand scheme of life.

Who really cares if the housework isn't done,
Or St Michael make your dinner rather than your own fair hand.
Dance, laugh, sing, remember to live before you reach life's dead line.