

Procrastination

I'll do it after Christmas,
I'll do it post New Year,
I'll do it when my muse comes.
But now the time it nears...

Hurry, hurry, hurry,
The deadline's coming fast.
Three days, two days, one day. Oh no!
I've left it to the last!

The paper sits before me,
A white and pristine sheet.
No words disturb its surface,
No thoughts disrupt my peace.

I need to start to write now,
But thoughts elude me still.
The hours fade relentlessly,
It makes me feel quite ill!

Ten hours to go. Now merely five,
And four, and three, and two.
And now the briefest hour remains.
Whatever shall I do?

At half-past six it happens,
As ideas flood my brain.
Quick now, quick now, write something down.
I've only myself to blame.

I've still fifteen short minutes left
To submit my words on time.
So do it now, or feel bereft.
But, check each word and line.

Change that word there, and this, and that.
And send. I knew I'd get it done.
Eventually. In my own sweet way,
Though procrastinating's never fun!