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Ode to Procrastination

by Marion Umney

They say procrastination is the thief of time
But I'm sure somewhere hiding there is virtue to be found
In stalling, temporizing, shilly-shallying around?
If only I could find it.
Life seems but a quick succession of busy nothings, tasks half done
Thoughts distract, attention's gone, a new venture's in my mind
This one I will finish, work it through whate'er the grind
If only I could hold it.
Admonishings are useless and a deadline doesn't help
To focus me on finishing, before my projects fade
And become yesterday's ideas, someone else's accolade
Fear of failure, fear of winning, fear of nothing to do.
All are answers I consider when I question my distress
And I measure my successes with a perception of the rest.
If only I were them.
So where is the virtue that will enable me to rest?
To procrastinate to my hearts content and find the secret
Value of a life full of busy nothings, useless and yet...
Gentle and refreshing, filled with ideas and with fun
Playfulness without consequence when the day is done.
Variety's the spice of life, gives colour, music, joy
And maybe that's the role it plays, to provide a decoy
From all the griefs and pains of life from which no-one's exempt
The discontents of ships now sailed, and others never meant.
If only...