

a fractal split-symmetry poem...

Procrastination

How strange, this agonistic split
between two conflicting voices;
one, a relentless conductor,
the other,
a dreamer and somewhat lazy.

One will have me write
that letter
(so long overdue),
not allowing any holding
back.

The soft one, however, likes to
wait, preferring to
defer --
"Tomorrow will do just as well..."
Sometimes I wonder
which one is really
me, or is
'me'

something more
like friction, an endless loop of
"yes" and "no's"

grinding
round and around in runaway?

Day is the realm of the easy-
going-put-off, while conductors
come out at night to rehearse their
"should-have-dones."
"You didn't write today," he shouts,

as I pretend to
sleep, he keeps
rolling me over and over,
prodding me with his
stick.

Surely, time is in the turning,
a loop tied into
a knot
which grows heavy with tomorrows...
Sometimes I wonder
if I could break the
circle, or
is

that just more
delaying, more contradictions
between two

voices,
strict by night and put off by day?

by Cliff Crego

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