

Seasons Passing By

The seasons can no longer wait.
Northwards the Sun owns its sky
a little more each day.

Down South, the exodus of migrating birds
is all but done.

They travel northwards like
staggered handwriting on
a heavier sky.

As their restlessness takes flight,
we flutter in an unsettled state -
to write our futures on an expanse

that's never quite been so cobalt blue.

Silence bubbles on the stove
as it tries to harmonize with a dusk,
that scratches at the door.

Unwashed dishes and laundry
we never quite got to, compete for
attention with dusty, unvacuumed carpets.

Music we play to try and fill
our space, traces a line around the room -
as it carefully cuts our day into pieces.

There are a host of commitments
we want to make. Regrets we'd like to
rewrite. Vows we'd love to own.
All before this season's done.

Craig O'Flaherty 2020