

“I have spent my days stringing and unstringing my instrument, while the song I came to sing remains unsung” (Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941. Winner, 1913 Nobel Prize for Literature) (Prentiss, 2008)).

A sojourner.
Ever coming [...]
Never hesitating,
In its quest for a mind.
Never tiring,
To waste time.
Smiles and happiness, it offers
Neither it delivers.
Making proles yearn for sleep [...]
Thirst for a minute to *relax*,
And an extra second to *breathe*,
Lazing like *Garfield*
Momentarily,
We slump,
Efforts decline.
As we bask in tranquility,
As though in company of friends!
In reality,
We made a poor choice,
Only if we admit,
We fell victim of a “kidnapper”
[...] Like *John Paul Getty III* and *Shawn Hornbeck*.
Procrastination,
A *trickster*! Another *Frank Abagnale*?!
Befriend it?!
Never [...]! Flee!
Pain it guarantees!
Think,
It's a choice [...]
Not to procrastinate!
Neither embrace it [...],
A true foe.
To which *manager* do we account?
For time lost?!
Perhaps, it's a friend that helps proles work less for more or same pay!
[...] As salaries remain paid,
And accounts grow.
What then is procrastination?!
Friend and/or foe?!



Reference

Prentiss, C. (2008), *Be Who You Want, Have What You Want: Change Your Thinking, Change Your Life*, Power Press Publishing, Malibu, CA.