

## *The Workday Be Damned*

The unruly soul rebels. It will not  
wear a tailored jacket,  
sit at the business desk and work  
like a capable professional.  
It won't make important phone calls.  
It won't work systematically through the pile of files.  
It won't organize the clutter.  
It refuses to pay the bills. (Though making deposits is o.k.)  
Jotting a note on tomorrow's calendar: Call Meg,  
it feels the day's work is done.

If it can't have its way it would just as soon take a nap.  
It is unmoved at the sight of lost income.  
Power means nothing. Respect means nothing.  
Making a living means nothing.

It wants instead to sit in an easy chair by a window,  
letting itself be hypnotized by the boughs of trees  
bouncing in the wind, the randomly darting birds.  
It wants a notebook of ruled paper on its lap,  
a smoothly writing ballpoint pen in hand.

It wants to contemplate the true nature of all things.  
It wants to nuzzle into underlying meaning,  
turn up unexpected images, link symbols in new ways.  
It wants to let the sun arc westward  
and begin to anticipate dinner with the candle lit,  
the glugging of the bottle when the wine is poured,  
the luxurious late hours that follow,  
some evocative jazz in the background.

But in the meantime it only wants to be left alone,  
undisturbed, and finally, at last, connecting thought with feeling,  
curling the pen along the paper in urgent phrases, to write.  
Given an audible voice you could hear it mutter:  
to hell with everything else.

Sandy Meade 1997