

The Art Of Idleness

By Ray Fortune Sept. 22/13

Don't ask me to get up
and respond to your bidding
I'm having such a pleasant time
Just doing not a thing.

Some people rush around
As if the world would end
It's such a wasteful way
Your hours on earth to spend.

I like to read a book
Or watch my old TV
There's such a lot of useful stuff
that I have yet to see.

Just now I learned to bake a pie
and fix the kitchen faucet
Redecorate the bedroom
But somehow I can't get to it.

My body doesn't want to move
No matter what I do
It's like my feet are fixed
and in the floor have grew.

Then someone says "The soup is on,
come and get it while its hot"
And all at once I'm free to move
and hurry to the pot.

I spend a lazy hour two
While eating up my lunch
But keep an apple or a pear
which later I can munch.

Then mosey back to take a nap
in my comfy easy chair
What's that, you think you'll throw me out
with my comfy easy chair
You'd miss philosophical advice
You really wouldn't dare.