

AFTERNOONS

O afternoons, sweetness of each workday,
With promise of winding down weekday.
Of all hours of day I'm productive the most,
It's afternoons that bring out in me the best.

Waning heat of day, tasks all but accomplished,
Routines of the day well-nigh established.
I recharge my brain with powernaps,
Or refocus my mind through meditation;
Like sweetness of silk, then afternoons glide.

Workers begin to unwind, in anticipation,
Of return home to family, pets and lazy boy chairs,
Back to TV programs that tickle their fancy,
Is it any wonder afternoons lift our spirits?

Afternoons in love are most fulfilling,
Stable relation with the one of your choosing,
Secure in knowledge and with peace of mind,
That early in life we've all dreamed.

Afternoons of life are most fruitful,
Mission accomplished in work and family;
Looking forward to our sunset years,
Of travel, tranquility and mostly leisure.

Now firmly in the eve of my life,
To wit senior moments, joints achy and stiff,
My heart and soul yearn to go back in journey,
And dwell in the comfort of afternoons!