

Disp - Leisure

By Jim Saville

What is this life so full of care
When we have too much time to spare.

Time to spare in great dis-ease
Considering the impact of this disease.

Time to see as the hours pass
Only our reflections in the glass.

Time to watch in broad daylight
The streets as empty as the night.

Time to sit and think of others
Brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers.

Time to wonder if this will pass
And once more we can tread the grass.

What is this life so full of care
When we have too much time to spare.

2020 06 09

No points for realising I was thinking of the poem by W. H. Davies entitled Leisure whilst stuck in my little flat for nearly 3 months ©