

## Some Days

By David Lindsay

Some days you're the bug, some days you're the windshield  
Some days you're the spider, on others, the fly  
Some days you're a mountain, on others a molehill  
Some days, you're the fog. On others, blue sky

Some days you're a David, on others Goliath  
But often you might fail to see which is which  
Some days you're the slingshot, some days you're the target  
Some days you're the tire, on others, the ditch

You might wake to be a rock in the morning  
Crushing all scissors that get in your way  
Only to find yourself to be beaten by paper  
Sometimes it's a head-versus-wall sort of day

Some days you're as cunning as a fox in a hen house  
Some days you're being chased by a hunter with horn  
Some days you're a still breeze, on others a whirlwind  
Some days you're the mower, some days you're the lawn

Some days you're as smart as good 'ole Bugs Bunny  
On top of your game and the going is good  
Then fate intervenes and you rise the next morning  
Wondering how you've become Elmer Fudd

Some days you're the bug, some days you're the windshield  
Some days you're the hammer, some days you're the nail  
Some days you're a hefty boot, but remember  
Tomorrow you might be a slug or a snail

221 words, written for contest - [https://allpoetry.com/contest/2803123-walk-this-way---  
After-Midnight-4-12-22](https://allpoetry.com/contest/2803123-walk-this-way---After-Midnight-4-12-22)

Using prompt 1 - "Some days you're the bug, some days you're the windshield." Steven Tyler.