

A Moment's Reflection

The rooster had made his call,
The bird had sung her song.
The morning light was shining bright
To beam all the day long.

Out of bed a man did rise
With energy unheard.
He left his room, and not too soon,
With manner most absurd.

He placed a pot upon the stove,
And filled it with his oat.
“Today’s the day to ‘crease my pay,”
And pass my daily quote.”

In a pattern he’d followed
For thirteen years on end,
He brushed his teeth, made straight the sheets,
And shaved his wispy head.

Back to the kitchen he did go
To serve his morning meal.
He placed the whole into a bowl,
And left his home with zeal.

Yes, he didn’t greet his wife,
And left his kids neglected.
“But money’s tight,” he thought with might.
“My job must be perfected.”

Now this man whose ways were set

Was known as Doug McDermit,
But others said, To Doug’s deep dread,
That he was, “Doug, the Hermit.”

The traffic was a tad too slow,
The lights his enemy.
Construction work was now a jerk
And gone was Doug’s past glee.

By and by, McDermit arrived
At his work complexion.
Once in his chair, his sigh most weared,
He saw the clock with tension.

A quarter past eight! Minutes now gone!
His day was greatly hindered.
Time had slipped, his plan had tripped,
His quote might lay in splinters.

In sour spirit Doug opened his book,
His planner for the day.
He clicked his pen, flipped to page ten,
And wrote angrily away.

The day went by like clouds on high,
Always moving along.
His agenda moved in an angering groove,
And the day had gone all wrong.

His paperwork was filed late,
payroll needn’t be mentioned,

And in a skirmish with his boss named
Mcflurish,
His job was scarily threatened.

Leaving from his precious job,
Speed was Doug's sole aim.
And though he tried, his plans were fried,
His journey stayed the same.

When Doug entered into his home,
No band was there to greet him.
There was no smile, nor wife, nor child,
The prospect made him grim.

In frustration, Doug stormed away
To his dismal quarters.
He sat awhile, and thought of how
His day could not be poorer.

He'd been quite late to his own work
His job had nearly slipped.
His papers late, payroll a mistake,
His career seemed to have ripped.

"Today was cursed," McDermid muttered,
"Everything's gone wrong."
And as he thought, feeling rot,
He remembered a song.

The bird at dawn had brought him joy,
He'd felt some power stirring.
The quote seemed easy, nothing really,
Until his troubles came purring.

He remembered his son's great joy
To see him in the morning,

And his daughter, always after
The jokes he was pouring.

And his wife who loved him much
Would always send him off
With joy and love sent from above
That helped him with the tough.

If he could only let his money
Mean less to him than joy,
He'd be smiling with his trying
Family built for four.

The next morning Doug was late
To work, but with a smile.
For he had mended his home quite bended
And found it worth every mile.

No longer is he, "Doug the Hermit."
He's long outgrown that name.
He's earned respect 'cause he reflects.
You should do the same.