

## Days on End

Overwork for what?  
To tell the girlfriend  
an aching left eye  
prevents tonight's lovemaking?  
To snap at the children  
when they visit?  
To wolf noodle soup and grapes  
while listening to voice mail  
and scrolling e-mail?  
To thank the boss for praise  
while the stomach mills  
another antacid?  
What happened to sea wind, sagebrush,  
that great blue heron flapping over cattails?  
What happened to weekend lilies  
plucked for someone's hair?  
Pages in a magazine  
stacked somewhere.

--Michael Scofield

*(In the last issue, we dropped a couple of important lines to this poem. Can you imagine the consequences if a programmer dropped the same number of important lines of code? We apologize to Michael for our mistake; and we hope our readers enjoy the poem as it was intended to be read. Ed.)*