

***For Your Troubles***

Have you taken the time to admire life?  
In the midst of your personal struggle and the external strife.  
Our work dominates our time  
And in the end, the tangibly distant future, we'll eventually earn a dime...  
for our troubles.

Or in ten years when our salary doubles,  
and we're running corporations on our own  
With young impressionable children of our own  
running around our home  
Reminding us of our carefree youth we envision as only a vague, blurry memory  
How can these memories be fond if we are not enjoying  
the life on this stage we're thrown upon?

Do you recall any lazy day in the breezy shade when your mother may have brought you a glass  
Of cold, tart lemonade  
As the condensation drops slid down the side of your glass  
And you plopped lazily to the grass; you devoted time to watching the clouds pass

Life isn't as leisurely as we grow older  
I think we forget to appreciate the small joyous occasions as the more frequently bad days smolder  
Who can stop to watch the clouds float by?  
Should we not make our own lemonade if we find our throats dry?  
Coincidentally, we are constantly thrown lemons as reality creeps closer, and closer, and closer...

Take a step back; envision the world again  
Recall the happiness that observation has lend;  
The daily gems that are thrown to us in times of chaotic uncertainty.

Do you relish the significance of the sunset searing the sky with hues of burning gold and brilliant orange,  
signifying the achievement of another successful day's surrender to the peaceful night?  
Do you know the joy of seeing the glint of passion in your dearest friends' eyes; radiating exuberance at the  
hope of a successful plight  
Do you listen to the music played all around?  
The crescendo of gentle hands acquainting while steadfast hearts are silently deliberating;  
Unintelligible discourse communicated among children as they play and discourage concentrating  
Focusing on their merrymaking

Can you declare that you strike the chords of life, disregarding the resulting sound  
Be it ominous thunder or likened to that of a beautiful Sprite?  
Take the time to count these clouds as they pass by  
Sometimes life is more than reaching for your dime  
You can always double your salary, but in half shrinks your allotted time

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