Another Day

I woke up this morning feeling fine
I looked at the clock and was pressed for time.
I spilled the milk and kicked the cat.
Then ran into the door and down I sat,
Rubbed my eyes and rose to declare
Good was not to be found anywhere.
I finished breakfast and cleaned the floor,
Watched the sun beam on the kitchen door.
A robin chirped from the newly leafed tree.
Across the lawn the dog scampered free.
A word of advice I brought to mind.
Tomorrow I'll start my day with prayer—
even if no time I find.

Mary E. West