

Waste

by Mayuri, Year 10

Every year I count the days I have spent
sick
tired
Or bored
Can I truly count those days as "spent"
For there is no way to get them back
To return and do them better But
I cannot say for certain that I have spent them
doing anything that is worth the waste
of the sunlight as it passes from horizon to horizon

And every week I spend hours counting the hours I have spent
Numb
Anxious
Or in mindless
Baseless
Frustration
Can I truly count those hours as "spent" For I did not get back the energy I gave
to wallowing in a pit of my own apathy or drowning
in a lake whose waters fill my lungs with needless emotion but
are these moments unworthy of the precious time poured into them purely because they were
done
in Vain

And if,
every day,
I were to count the moments I have spent
with a wondering imagination or
in a ditzzy daydream
then I would lose count.
and I would truly count those fleeting seconds "spent"
for sometimes things are a waste of sunlight,
of time, or maybe of both
but perhaps the time counting and obsessing over
every moment not spent wisely
is the time that I am truly
Wasting