

DAY OF REST

Millicent Brower

What lovers don't anticipate—
How quickly love turns into hate.
Monday's fond adoring stare
Is Tuesday's angry frozen glare.
Wednesday's warm and sweet embrace
Is Thursday's glaring swollen face.
It's Friday. HURRY! MAKE YOUR PLAY!
Hate is due on Saturday.

"Day of Rest" © 2008 by Millicent Brower

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 5 No. 1 2008