

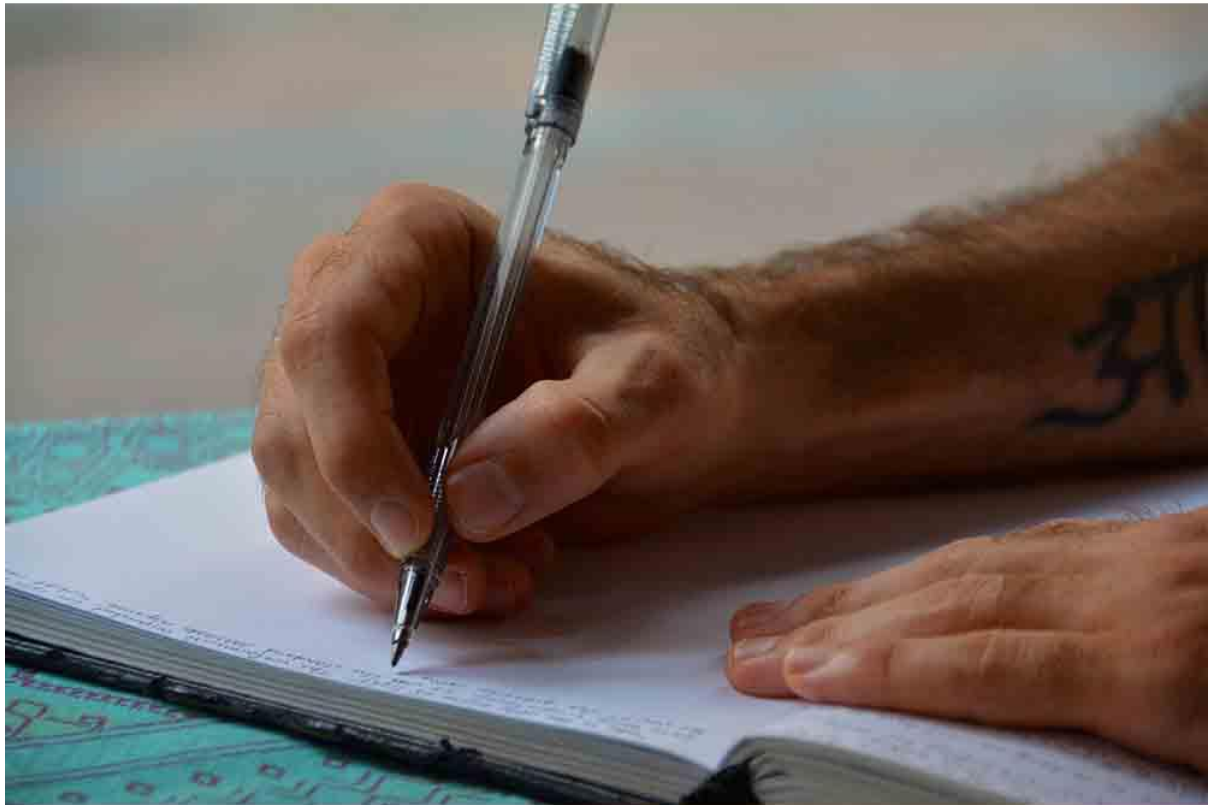
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Five Quotidian Reveries

1. Prufrock

Passing these days in a looping existence,
They clutch me tight, I show no resistance;
All my will goes down the drain,
Phone, TV and random reading, less of leisure more of pain;
All time wasted, my conscience mocks,
Do you want to be another Prufrock.

2. I am Proteus

I am Proteus, a being with countless 'mes',
I am the sky with its layers unique,
I am the earth from crust to core;
You cannot be Menelaus, you cannot be Aristaeus,
To tie me down and look through me;
My all shades, by my own will,
Sometimes I reveal, sometimes I conceal.

3. Junk Eater

The video pixies' babbling tube comes without wait,

With tricks and tips and chatter they do my mind inundate,
Selling products and minting money at any rate,
No production, all consumption, just sleep, work, shop and mate,
Everyday and joyously I keep on losing without fail,
Turning me mercilessly from human to a garbage pail.

4. Public Speaking

The daunting fear of public speech,
Puts my goals beyond my reach;
Though knowing much, I fail to decoy,
As I stand flushed, stammering and coy;
I wish someday I wake up proud,
And speak as bold as Abe in crowd.

5. Habit

Days of boredom days of wait
Ending in insomnia and mornings late,
So much of work I pledge to do till evening late
Watching day end lying down as I procrastinate
The vicious cycle entrapping me is hard to break,
I ask myself to get up, take charge, for God's sake.