



YESTERDAY, TODAY, TOMORROW

By Wayne Visser

Yesterday

I was muddled and cuddled and bubbled,
Living brightly and lightly and spritely;
But the world turns,
The flame burns,
The mill churns
And yesterday is gone.

Today

I am weary and bleary and teary,
Feeling tired and mired and uninspired;
But the world spins,
The sail trims,
The spade wins
And today will pass.

Tomorrow

I may be sunny or funny or crummy,
Having mopped up, or topped up, or cocked up;
So the world wheels,
The past heals,
The mind reels
And tomorrow will come.

Yesterday, today, tomorrow:
With love or loss, with joy or sorrow,
Like waves to ride, seasons and tides;
We take the test,
We do our best,
In life's great fest
While the world whirls.

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