



Pause For Poetry:
Michael Hawkes /48

Description

A Routine Check Up

A poem by **Michael Hawkes**

August 11, 2022

Give man a minute,— he'll have a routine,
Since he's been modified by the machine.
He likes to have his pistons firing,
In a tidy row,
Constantly progressing
In a steady rhythmic flow.
Nipples greased, adjoining faces oiled,
So faultless function won't be foiled.

Give man a minute, – he'll have a routine
And measure his time accordingly;
With regular times for every act,
Peculiar biases kept intact



And established illusions of being free.

From slippers to brogues to slippers again,
From breakfast thru' supper, with rules, like a game,
'n Visits to loos while waiting for trains
'n Afternoon teas with favored refrains,
To smooth things out, – to live one's dream,
The very best thing, or so it would seem,
Is to get in a rut with a good routine!

05/03/22 – Hawkes

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Michael Hawkes is a survivor of all the world's wars. He learned (and loved to rhyme) by torturing the hymns he had to sing at school. A retired West Coast fisherman living in Montreal since 2013, he is an unschooled Grandpa Moses writing an average of five poems every week.



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