



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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