

A POEM ABOUT PROCRASTINATION  
“BITING REGRET (WAITING FOR THE NEXT WAIT)”

*by Alfredo Martínez de la Pedraja García*

They never met them, for they never tried  
With a cold blanket in their arms  
Biting regret on an empty nest

Never was a great novel written  
without fingers bleeding  
he always let the sails take him there by chance  
And somehow, he never made it on time

The procrastinating writer waits  
for his masterpiece to write itself  
He's already piling up awards  
for the works he ain't ever rounded off  
He has ink in excess, but he's missing persistence

She was left alone by her man  
Till the end of the third trimester  
For inside he left his regret  
Which from her womb she incarnated

What would she do with that child  
Where would she put her dreams of stars  
You took everything from me, you thief  
And you even left me your apprentice

The kid grew with little of a mother,  
And with much of a disaster  
He feared becoming like his dad  
This fear prematurely brought him down

Why did she wait so long to love him  
Sixteen years, her womb, tears and flowers

It's a matter of time they say  
And thus with every wait they will be  
waiting for the next wait

Very early he dreamt of the moon  
From his very earthy bed  
And the voices only told him  
You won't stand out from the rest

He kept travelling to the skies  
He remained stepping strong  
Now they're dying to see him again  
When he comes back from his mission