**New Day**

Thirty thousand nightly deaths  
lying in rest every eve.  
Weary from the daily grind,  
Adding to the impression we leave.

Tired as hell but hungry for life,  
we allow slumber to win  
over our frail frames of bones  
and active brains within.

Day dreams followed by nightmares,  
worst day scenarios play out  
in forgettable reality.  
Suddenly waking to a snore or a shout.

The dawn chorus of early buses,  
 door slams and the scream of a jay.  
We see through half opened eyes  
the beginning of a new day.

Every new morning begins with a gift  
of a day, precious and unique,  
not to be thrown away   
on trivia, the banal and the bleak.

We all have the good god and devil within  
to create our own heaven and hell  
on our blue and white paradise,  
floating in an endless cell.

Cherish every minute,  
love everyone and all things.  
Sleep tight and sweet dreams  
and see what tomorrow brings.

Phil Portus 2017