

## Monotony

Tick, tick, tick goes the clock on the wall.  
Time creeps by so slowly,  
It's as if it has come to a complete stop.  
I turn my attention to my work,  
But it has no power to engage  
My interest. I start at the pages  
Waiting to be typed up,  
And wonder what else I could be doing instead.  
I sigh, and try to turn my attention  
To something useful, but it is  
A forlorn attempt. Today is not  
The day for trying to work.  
I glance at the clock again.  
Has time moved on at all?  
The hands appear to be stuck in treacle  
They have moved so little since my last look.  
Boredom fills my mind, my heart, my soul.  
Everyday the same, every piece of work  
A repetition of what has gone before;  
Is there nothing new that can be done?  
Perhaps a change of pace, or maybe  
A chance of place? I sink into a daydream,  
And picture white sand, blue seas,  
Golden sun and palm trees.  
The door slams, and I jerk awake.  
Quick, look busy, here comes the boss!  
I glance one last time at the clock  
Which is continuing to stand still.  
I give another sigh, and pull my work  
Towards me.  
Time to finish this off. Home time  
Is only a couple of hours away.