



An Ode to the Time Change

While most people hate you,

I have to disagree.

The hours of daylight remain mostly alike,

But daylight hours have changed,

And they are done being disliked.

So impractical with the loss of sleep,

But it means another hour,

Way into the deep.

For those of us who avoid the morning glare,

It's another hour to bask in the sun's flair.

Slowly, the sunlight arrives,

Along with it, it breathes air into lives.

The snow begins to melt,

As the season breaks away.

Oh, how I love the official transition phase.

From gloomy and bleak months to ones with eccentric days.

ANONYMOUS



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