

Reality Writes?

Back from the beach
Easy there - before breakfast, I wrote
Seagulls stopped to visit,
 Clouds shimmered over the timeless sea.

But now - I'm home
And so far, before breakfast, I've unpacked
Collected, sorted, washed and hung laundry
 Cleaned the kitchen, scrubbing the pots the kids couldn't get clean.
 Cooked.

Finally I steal five minutes at the kitchen table
Overlooking my lawn which needs weeding

Can creativity survive reality?