



## Who Knows

Monday morning wet and cold  
The weekends gone and already old  
Start a week of work and woes  
What will it bring, no-body knows

Assembly of the working crew  
With idle chat, what's old what's new?  
Slowly the levels rise up the graph  
Thoughts awake and find a path

Along the route, around the bend  
With issues, meetings, emails... "send"  
The coffee surges, the mind in peak  
To help you through the working week

The carousel of need and grind  
Early commute and hopes in mind  
That soon the need for work will slow  
When will that be, in truth who knows?