

Just a sec, I know they're here somewhere,
if you'd stop rushing me I'd find them.
Perhaps I might have packed them in a case
or wrapped brown paper, tied with string.
They might be in the loft or shed, or, ah! Look now
my crumpled list of Great Good Things to spend
a life upon. And so they must be here.
Under the bed? Or slipped between the pages of a book,
the minutes of a day? Re-check the list. Oh dear.
No ticks. I lost the list and have been busy with
I don't know what. But there's still time. Give me
the list, I'll start today. What do you mean?
Right now? No time to get my coat?

....