

## Recession (a sonnet)

So gray the day goes by the bye this time  
melancholy whispers shrouded erstwhile  
snuffing out their fortunes wreck'd by treasure's crime  
trodding, slogging on and on mile after mile  
Loathsome leisure seeping in as normal  
it crowds and clouds and hides our vision's plan  
granting us a sentience less formal  
common complement élan for ev'ryman  
Thus, do harken as our tithing softly moans  
giving, taking, back and forth with no relent  
spending pennies never earned yet borrows  
of aching souls and misery repent  
The drudgery seems far removed anon  
as frugal mind and dreams away to drown