

Poem: Awfully Late

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A poem about the timing of finally discovering what I want to do

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After floundering around for so many years,

I finally found what I was meant to do

Writing comedy is in my blood and on my mind

But it doesn't seem fair that it's so late in the game

Just hitting my stride, but I'll soon hit the wall

I know, everyone will say there's plenty of time,

but it's flying by me; never seems to be enough

Always came easily to me since an early age,

but only recently when I've been forced to slow down,

have I had the time just to follow my muse

And, like a duck takes to water, I've finally found my home

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