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Tomorrow

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Tomorrow

Keri Creed

This poem won first place in creative writing at the 1997 National Honor Society District XXI Convention.

Old man, why do you wander?
Rest your head and stay a bit longer.
Cold has turned the day
And rest must we now to dream of tomorrow.

Tomorrow, tomorrow, why always tomorrow?
A word of infinite meaning, it rings
Excitement for young and curse for the old,
To begin the end or end to begin.

But what would our lives be
Without our hopes, dreams, or goals?
Doomed to wander if we do not take charge;
For yesterday will rule us and tomorrow will never come.

Oh young one who sits so innocently listening,
Don't let yesterday corrupt your tomorrows.
Take your dreams and run as far as they take you,
Never looking back, but forever looking forward.

Old man, why do you worry?
Rest your fears and tarry no longer.
Cold has turned the day
And work must we now to prepare for tomorrow.