

“An Extra Day” by Brian Bilston

*If every year had an extra day, the things that I might do -
I'd paddle down the Amazon in a fibre-glass canoe
I'd write a five-part symphony with the cello and kazoo
I'd topple this bad government in an unexpected coup*

*If every year had an extra day, there'd be no stopping me -
I'd fix the dripping tap upstairs, I'd save the honey bee
I'd brush up on my Mandarin and earn my black belt in feng shui
I'd stop the Earth from warming and learn to water ski*

*If every year had an extra day, the things I might achieve -
I'd launch my own cosmetics range and make sculptures out of cheese
I'd bring lasting peace to the Middle East and help the refugees
I'd drive around the country collecting honorary degrees*

*But when an extra day does come by, it always seems the same
Just another square on which to land when playing at life's game
I should care about each one of them as I'm travelling around
Life shuffles by in smaller steps, not in leaps and bounds*