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it's time to celebrate the late sleepers  
& merry drinkers, the loafers &  
slackers & slow pokes, the ones on  
permanent vacation, unhurried &  
unworried, the rose smellers &  
growing grass watchers, what  
harm did they ever do? how  
about a cheer for siesta  
snoozers & lazy losers, the  
long joke tellers & deep toke  
takers, life is too short for  
conformity. let's give a prize  
to the underachievers, the  
shiftless shirkers, the less than  
full potential workers, the laid  
back quitters, the mushroom



sitters & hookah huffers, they never started a war nor enslaved anyone, we could give a parade for the noon time nappers & never do wells, but they would sleep right through it. so let's leave them alone. they are slumbering toward a higher calling, they are poets of their own lives seining the sea of their dreams for the meaning of bliss,  
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