Every day, each of us repeats the ritual of rising in the morning, with different results. In his inventive poem for this week, Bob Brooks of Stockton Springs suggests both the repetition and the differences.

**On Getting Up**

*by Bob Brooks*

Some days it’s all you can do
to get up in the morning.
Some days you get up in the morning—it’s all you do.

Some days are all morning,
some mornings all day.
Some days it’s all up, all can do.
Some days it’s get up, you, it’s morning.

Days you can get up, you do.
Some days all morning.
Some days all day.
You do all you can do…

All in all, some days get to you.