left? Smh (shaking my head).

And so it begins.
The flowers are blooming, the shrubs need trimmed, the weeds are ever present.
Summer is here! I know not officially, but who looks at a calendar for these things.
All I know is that I can't seem to get caught up. When I'm inside, I see all the stuff that needs done outside and vice versa.
Laundry is piling up. Thankfully, most of it is clean and just needs put away. Don't look in the corners and in some cases, anywhere, because you will find dust, dirt and even some cobwebs. But if you're coming to see me, you don't really look at that stuff do you?
I am looking forward to finishing up the "spring cleaning" on the landscaped island in the back yard. Once that's done, I can trim those mean, nasty bushes with the sharp-as-needles thorns and get that all cleaned up. I will feel so much better and when I look out the back window. I won't have to turn away and pretend I don't see it. (I've gotten really good at that much to my husband's dismay.)
Maybe I'll clean out that closet that has been calling my name. Oops. There I go again. Never happy with what I'm doing.
I don't know how you guys feel about cleaning house but I find it a little depressing. I get everything done and then I turn around and someone has left their toys out (You know who you

are!) and the once-clean kitchen counter is now cluttered with dirty glasses, etc. Who left that there? Couldn't you see that it was all nice and clean? Don't you see the dishwasher just to the

I'm just as guilty. I do a drop and run by the sink a lot. I prefer to clean up while I'm cooking. Then, when you're done, you have those dishes. A vicious cycle I tell you.

Then you get to do it all again — and again and again. Seems a bit silly to me. What's the point. You get it all just so but it doesn't stay that way. Does anyone believe you when you say, "I just cleaned that yesterday?" They look at it with a raised eyebrow and I can hear, "Sure you did," even though it's not said aloud.

My mother had a system. This got cleaned on this day, that got cleaned on that day. And, she stuck to it. Laundry day was Thursday and if you wanted it washed, it better find its way to the kitchen.

She cleaned and I cooked because we both equally despised the other's job. It worked out well.

Well, she abandoned me and left with this big house to clean all by myself. (This is not a guilt trip, mom. Really.)

However, how things work out is that she is now cooking where she lives, the one thing she relegated to me.

So, it's Saturday morning and I have a long list of things I'd like to get done. Of course, I've made it in my head so there is no evidence if something doesn't get done. Smart, right? Heh, heh.

The one flaw with that theory is that all you have to do is look at it and ya know it didn't get done. However, I can just say it wasn't on my list this week.

Sigh.