

## What State of Rest??

By Barb Berg

Ya tossin' and turnin', thinkin' about your day on the trail  
The beds messed up, can't get a comfortable position as you wail.  
It's 1:00 AM and the next day will come pretty soon.  
Stop mulling over things that need fixin', they'll all wait 'till noon.

The dog now rolls off the bed as you adjust your weary bones  
No need to get up, the cat took his place with high pitched purring tones.  
The darn rooster's crow as your sleep finally begins to take,  
You pop open one eye at the clock to a 2:00 AM wake.

That's it! as you rumble now your mind gets pretty busy  
An hour goes by with all the day's chores, until you're dizzy.  
The dog plops down on top of your restless folded legs.  
A excruciating cramp sets in. plus the hysterical cat is now pegged.

A three-way fight breaks out as you violently straighten your limbs.  
The squeaky bed now in motion; looks like Jack La Lane's gym.  
OK, enough is enough, as dawn breaks over your farm.  
You hobble down stairs full of scratches and not quite melodious charm.

The outhouse is the first thing you hit  
Next is the coffee black and strong with extra grit  
You start the fire with grumbling in the old wood stove,  
and stare into space with your java in hold.

The cat jumps on your lap with an honest approach  
startles your thoughts as spilt brew makes you roast  
Fully awake and in desperate disarray  
You run out the door thanking God for another chore filled day!