

Field Work

It's sometimes hard,
slow and monotonous
breaking compacted earth,
scattering and covering seed
Pulling weeds, pulling weeds,
hoping for rain or no more rain,
waiting for fruit that may not come
Sometimes I just want to rest from it all
take a season off, set the field and myself free
But he will not let me lie fallow 'til the last harvest
Fallow is not what the field is for, and rest for me awaits