

## My Room

I had a room when I was thirteen.  
A room of my own, away from home.  
I worked on a farm for room and board.  
And a few dollars, it didn't pay much more.

It was a small room, with no windows.  
It had clean sheets and a pillow case too.  
I keep it picked up, this space that was mine.  
Just like anyone would do.

It was a place where I had many thoughts.  
Whether I was better off or not.  
On one hand I was my own man.  
Doing my thing, it was my plan.

During the winter it could get cold in my room.  
The blankets kept me from being too cool.  
During the summer when it was hot.  
I had a small fan, it cooled me a lot.

My room was for sleeping and not much more.  
The farmer and his wife, did not like closed doors.  
When I was ready for bed, usually around nine.  
I crawled into bed, I knew it was my time.

I don't remember tossing and turning very much.

Usually too tired, I needed my rest.

The alarm would go off at four thirty.

Giving me fifteen minutes, to rise and to dress.

I would wash my face with cold water to awake.

I had two sets of cloths in my dresser for chores.

I would dress thinking about my lack of sleep.

Making my bed, only then closing the door.

We would head to the pasture, the dog and I.

Get the cows to the barn, too start the day.

There was not always light to show our path.

A flashlight or moon beams showed us the way.

When the cows had been taken into the barn.

We'd milk all forty three, as dry as could be.

It would be about eight o'clock when we'd be done.

I'd rush to shower and change, no time for fun.

I had to be ready for the school bus you see.

It would pick me up at eight thirty.

Off to school to learn new things.

Expand my mind, spread my wings.

Back on the bus and back to the farm.

Change my cloths, do the night chores.

Get done around seven, eat, and do homework.

Back to my room, when I was thirteen.

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