

## Woke Me Up

It's five thirty Saturday morning  
I've been woken from my sleep.  
Don't know what it was,  
It took me from the deep.

Enjoying the rest I was  
From my head down to my feet.  
My whole self was involved  
In that peaceful, restful sleep.

It was a noise that much I know.  
And it came from the garage.  
Was it an animal or was,  
Mother Nature the cause.

I sprung from my bed.  
Turning on all the lights, on the way to the back door.  
Worrying what I might find,  
Would it be at my feet, on the kitchen floor.

Or, would I find nothing at all.  
Or, maybe much more.  
The light was switched on,  
And illuminated the garage floor.

Nothing was out of place,  
My eyes found nothing to my surprise.  
Something had taken me from my deep sleep.  
I needed to know why.

Slowly I opened the back door into the garage.  
Expecting to find something that had made the noise.  
Nothing moved, that I could identify.  
There was no surprise.

Shuttling off all the lights on my way back to bed,  
The thoughts kept dancing, within my head.  
Why could I find nothing to explain the noise.  
That had been awakened me from my bed?