Life in the woodyard

Your fingers so frozen you can’t hardly move

Cougars roam around just for fun

A silky black bat shows up when he wants

A pitchfork you use as a gun

Warming your hands

On the splitter exhaust

there must be, a better way

The smell of the cows

From the neighboring farm

Makes you realize this wasn’t the day

Load after load of heavy green wood

Elm, oak and the like

Custom requests

Slowing you down

The handle loose on the pike

Peeve’s and pallets

Skunks from the road

Keeping the logs off the ground

Yet the scent

Of freshly split fir

Keeps you coming back around