

Late, December Fog

Can't gather the cattle this mornin'
The vet will wait on me.
Clouds on the ground without warnin'
Crew can't move what we can't see
Thru' a thick December fog.

There's lots of things different this season,
Our Fall was unusually warm.
Seems rain and snow only teasin'
Whole year limped by in bad form
Endin' with a December fog.

This cattle move was unpredicted,
Grass is strainin' under the grazin'.
Severe drought was unexpected,
Spill of the market was beyond the gazin'
Like seein' thru' December fog.

When fogged in and horseback in the sandhills,
Try to find a time-worn trail.
Follow the trail not your sense to the windmills,
Your own good opinion could fail
In a cold December fog.

I've learned when my vision is grounded,
The sun takes time to break thru'.
Quick judgements are most often unfounded
We need an elevated view*
From above a December fog.

12/31/'94

*James 1:5, Prov. 11:14