

## An Ode to Daylight Savings Time

*by Carole Gauntlett*

Sunrise and sunset are moving next week.  
It may seem like nothing but prospects are bleak.  
For the kid at the bus stop who stands in a daze  
His brain is befuddled, he's lost in a maze.  
Pity the poor farmer who cannot explain  
To his cows who are waiting in obvious pain.  
To many it's worse than the drag from a flight  
For Jetlag is gone once you sleep through the night.  
To adjust to DST can take more than a week  
And through all of these days you're not at your peak.  
My day ends at ten and I'm ready for bed,  
But my clock must "fall back." Now it's nine instead.  
What will I do with my new "extra" hour?  
If I just waste it, it loses its power.  
A whole extra hour, now what do I need?  
I can't waste the time but I'm too tired to read.  
So I sympathize with the kid, the farmer, the cow  
And decide to give up and go to bed now.  
Tomorrow I'll waken and glance at my clock  
And then I will smile as I slowly take stock.  
Of the time it will take to get to what's real  
In the meantime I'll just live with the way that I feel.  
RATS.