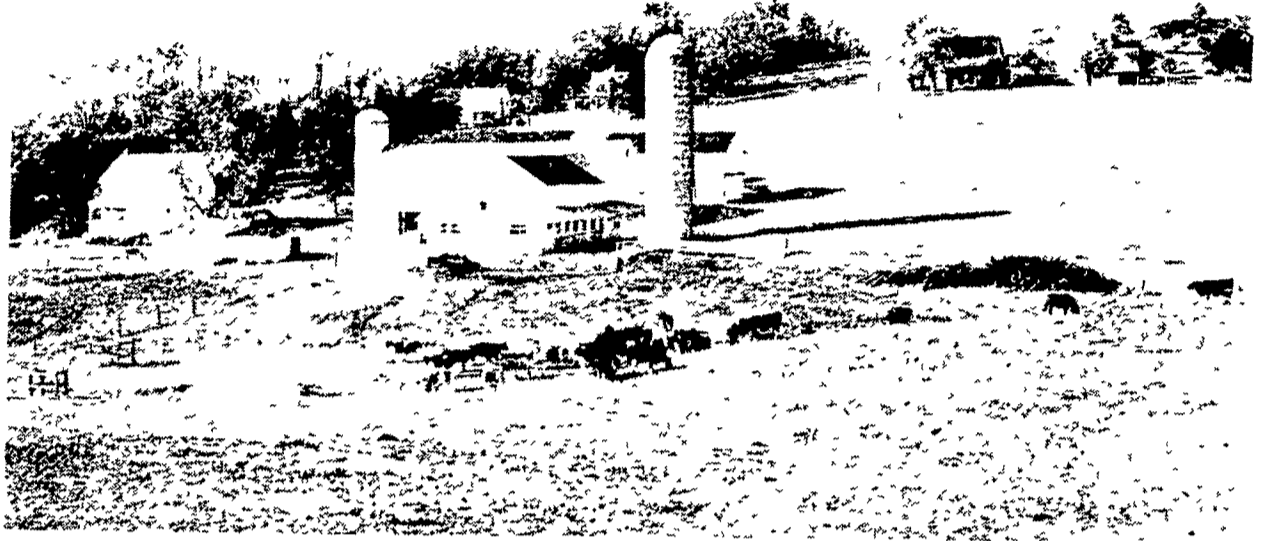


# Preserving land's right to a temporary sleep



## Book-a-mal-doh

BY DICK ANGLESTEIN

The land trundles off to its wintry bed,  
Not in a drab garb of dull gray;  
But in the mantrel of gold and red,  
Of a bright, cheery autumnal day.

The swirling leaves and darkening sky,  
Give portent of slumber quite deep;  
Changing seasons competitively vie,  
As the land prepares for its annual sleep.

Yet everywhere still the land is alive,  
With grazing cows, horses and sheep;  
But soon no matter how hard all strive,  
The land will slip into its wintry sleep.

Where now there's still a rainbow hue,  
Soon, white, fluffy snow will heap;  
Beneath a cloud-pocked sky so blue,  
The land will cover up for another sleep.

From this annual slumber the land will awake,  
To the touch of those who so tenderly keep;  
Again, it will produce for all our sake,  
After this temporary, restful sleep.

But emerging now is a do-or-die fight,  
Into the fray many will leap;  
At stake is farming's historical right,  
To return from this revitalizing sleep.

For when it becomes another building or street,  
Then, it is much, much too late to weep;  
For under a shroud of macadam or concrete,  
The land is lost forever in an eternal sleep.

*Farmland  
preservation  
- a reminder*

