

The Hammock

by Cate Wadman

My dogs bark in the background
As I shift myself once more
On the rather uncomfortable hammock
The knotted rope pieces dif into my back
Leaving an imprint
While my head is placed on the rough pillow
And my body in bundled up as I sway slowly
Somehow, the cool air finds its way
Through the tiny holes that lay within
I shift myself once more
On the rather uncomfortable hammock
As my dogs bark in the background.