

## Holed Up

As a kid I thought how good to be a rabbit  
In a hole warm safe from world's harmful inhabits  
Wide eyed solitary silent with ears laid back  
No wolf tooth nor Hawk talon could attack  
Me while I was holed up

Eight decades later the desire still resides  
To warmly snuggle where a secure place provides  
Quiet peace from the worldly daily dash and din  
Escaping those decibels and discourse therein  
Me while I am holed up

Down my life road and hopefully distant  
At mortals reaper ever insistent  
My soul I hope to scurry infernally  
Ever embracing those loved eternally  
Me while I am holed up

Don Adams

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