

"Twas the Nitrogen before Christmas" By Mark Peterson

Twas the morning of Christmas
And all across the farm
Not a creature was stirring
They were safe from all harm

The puppies were nestled
All safe in their bed
While visions of breakfast
Danced in their head

So I in my winter coat
And old wind suit pants
Went out for a walk
Thought I would give it a chance

So I walked down the road
With hardly a sound
Mainly the crunching of snow
As my feet hit the ground

So out this glorious morning
Surveying the field
I couldn't help wondering
what next year would yield

Then what to my curious eyes
Did I see
Green blades of cover crop
Staring at me

Then more thru the snow
Did start to appear
Cereal rye a cover crop
On our farm this year

So again this winter
As I survey our farm
I know it is more than our creatures
That are safe from all harm

Our soil protected
Under blankets of green
It makes one feel good
If you know what I mean

And down in the Gulf
We think of you too
If our nutrients stay here
We are "Shrimp Hugging" for you

So as I walk down the road
On this Christmas Day
I know we are protecting God's gifts
In our own little way.