

A DAY IN A DONUT

By TubeDude

**At O-dark thirty my alarm clock rings, and I tumble out of bed.
I can only hope I got all my stuff, as I stop to pick up Ed.**

**Float tubes, waders, fins and tackle are crammed aboard in disarray.
We even brought some garden hackle. It's gonna be a donut day.**

**It's getting light when we hit the lake...the perfect time to start.
Anticipation makes us shake. Be still my beating heart.**

**We're loaded down and dressed to kill. We got a year's supply of gear.
We look like an ethnic fire drill, but laughter we don't fear.**

**Our launch is clean, without a hitch. The sun begins to peek.
It's a beautiful morning...and summab#%/ch! My waders' got a leak.**

**That water's cold...a real bummer! My grimace ain't a grin.
I'm gritting my teeth as my legs gets numb-er, but I ain't goin' in.**

**At least the fish cooperate. The action helps somewhat.
I hope they don't have to operate, as the frostbite hits my butt.**

**The sun climbs higher in the sky, and the fishing starts to slow.
My bladder's so full I'm about to die. I really gotta go.**

**So, we hit the shore for a little while. It seems the thing to do.
I sigh as I drain my ballast tank...I can feel my legs again too.**

**We take the time to rest and eat, and build ourselves a fire.
I smoke my clothes, patch my waders' leak, then launch a little drier.**

**We flog away all afternoon...heeding not the passing time.
We don't give up until the moon bathes all in its light sublime.**

**We change our clothes and pack the car, with our wet and gritty stuff.
It seems there's now much more by far...and not quite room enough.**

**We have heavy jaws and blood-shot eyes, And a long drive to yet endure.
Getting home is an exercise. We've over-funned for sure.**