



1979

Hayin'

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Hayin'

Grandpa hires me to help with hayin'
 And I'm feeling
 So honored.
 I plan on the surprise
 Everyone will get
 To see the 12 year old city girl
 Hauling bulky bales,
 Easily,
 Keeping rhythm,
 Piling them high.
 Next morning
 I jump onto the wagon
 With three neighbors,
 Gramps on the tractor,
 Strangers.
 "Hi," thinking,
 "Don't any body
 Dare to patronize me today."
 We work towards
 A full load.
 They're watching me
 Thinking, "Will she quit now,
 sneak inside the house?"
 But I sit
 Upon a thick stack six bales high
 For the ride into the barn.

Test #2, unload.
 Determinedly I drag fresh, crisp hay bales
 Across the mow
 through lasar beams
 Of sun-light which rush through barn-wall cracks.
 I indulge and take for granted
 The smell of juicy, new hay
 and coarse, squeaky twine.
 I hope I'm not
 Down on the wagon
 For the next load.
 For I fear those fiendish-looking hay hooks.
 They curve out like silver snakes
 From their red handles.
 No thanks, a pair of gloves
 Is all I want.
 Second load done.
 Tiring? Thirsty? You bet!
 Grandma sends out
 A cooler
 Full of beer and pop.
 With Orange Crush
 I sit on bare, shiny wagon boards,
 Relaxed,

As limp as the old hay
Left from last year.
Grandpa slyly gives me a chance
To call it a day.
Thanks, Gramps. (I'm stayin'.)
I get used to it
As I sweat without guilt,
So happy that
I've earned their respect
This time.
The hot, browning sun
Beats on
While somebody's
Singing old songs
I've never heard.
"She's quite a little toughie, Harold."
I pass!
Grandpa adds reward to my self-satisfaction
In giving me
Two hard, smooth silver dollars
After supper.
Am I sore?
Oh yeah!