

Bunker Hill Hay

The lady called to ask, "I have 5 acres that need mowing
Are you interested--- Out off Bunker Hill Road
Not far--It's yours for the mowing"
"Sure—Thanks...the cattle will be needing it in January."
A few days later I cut and raked the very thick grass
After a couple days of curing and drying
I rolled up thirteen bales 5 foot by five foot round
In time to beat the next day rain.
Feeling smugly satisfied
I headed back to the shed
Turned on Lindley road and had a flat
On the baler- the right huge hundred pound tire.
Satisfaction waning, I moved the rig off the road
Unhitched and headed back to the shed on my tractor
to get the truck and a jack
A bit dejected
But just before getting to the farm
I passed Wendell
Usually on a walker but now on his mower
Wendell in his eighties
With several back surgeries
That have left him crippled— a foot or two shorter
But not without a smile and a wave
Shortly, then I passed Cheryl moseying to her mailbox
A soon to retire nurse

Who has seen the death and ravages of Covid
For eighteen months
But now with a smile and a wave
And then next to the farm
Big ole dog White Dog Haley
Bounding in front of neighbor Jim
As he followed in his golf cart
Jim whose son in July
Took his life and left Jim hollow
But now still with a smile and a wave
A small insignificant ... a flat on a baler

Don Adams

On Bethel Pond, September, 2021