

I'm From a Wiggins Farm

Icy gushing irrigation water
Baby chickens under heat lamps
Newborn kittens in a milk stall
Mown alfalfa drying in the field
Strawberries ripe, juicy in June sunlight
Ruby red rhubarb soon to be pie.
Sweet corn just picked, buttered.
Granddaughter of immigrants:
Arbeit macht das Leben süß
"Work rendered life sweet."

Three big sisters—

We balanced barefoot on 50-gallon barrels
rolled through the farmyard
clamped roller skates onto shoes
circled the swept machine shop
chalked hopscotch on the sidewalk
jumped rope—rhythms, rhymes,
decorated mudpies with corn, wheat
scrubbed clean the playhouse
played restaurant
made butterscotch
climbed baled haystacks
waded in sandy ditches
kicked the can with cousins
played croquet on the grass.

Cats lapped up warm milk
Dog snuggled beside me on the lawn
Geese paraded, morning quiet murmurs
Kittens dressed up in doll buggies
Jacks, paper dolls in a cool basement
Dressed up dolls, clothes by Aunt Marie
Sat on raised sewing room closet floor
Mom sewed as she listened to my day
Dad caught naps on the floor
returned to the fields, irrigation tubes.

Family dinners with aunts, uncles, cousins
Beef pot roast with potatoes and carrots
Popcorn on Sunday afternoon
Cabbage pockets, greble, codoble and glace
Blini, German sausage, noodles
Homemade bread or rolls every Saturday.

Hail storms wiping out the crops
Fat cattle suddenly dropping dead
An uncle suddenly dead in an accident
A young cousin hit by a car, gone.
Such risks, dreadful losses.

Yet faithful morning devotions
Sunday school, church,
hymns on the piano
and always Love
and always Grace.

~Mary Lauck, April 2022