

Farm Friends

Same age,
same church,
same school,
same Iowa dirt on our overalls
except Terry's dad has an old Harley
parked in the corncrib.

It's off limits:
too heavy,
too big,
too dangerous for a fifteen-year-old boy.

Mom receives the call on our party line.
Mr. DeBoer found his Harley
in the ditch
in the arms of his only son.

Visitation Monday night, service Tuesday morning.

Dad, we have corn to cultivate,
fences to fix and hay to mow.
Son, I'm sorry-
we take time to bury the dead.

By Arlin Buyert
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