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## The Ecstasy

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# THE ECSTASY

*by Greg Luthi*

I didn't know it then,  
only now:  
the pinch of twine  
against my fingers  
was sweet like the water  
we drank between loads,  
the weight of the hay  
a gift to make my muscles hum,  
bales bound up the chute  
to where I hooked and stacked them  
on the hayrack in a swirl of dust.

The windrows roamed across the terraces,  
struck out for fields of ripening wheat  
and returned content,  
knowing their limits but feeling free,  
never stopping within their field of space.  
It seemed those windrows ran forever  
and we followed them,  
my grandfather and I,  
transforming them  
as we ourselves turned pure in the sun.  
I thought they'd never end,  
like being a boy would never end,  
but go on through sun and field and sky,  
dry breeze and prairie chaff,  
the chill of sweat and ache of growing.  
And I thought my grandfather would live forever,  
straw hat and overalls on a tractor,  
dreaming baseball as he steered us  
through the stubbled fields  
until we met the sky.