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Grandpa's Farm

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Grandpa's farm is home now
To only sparrows
Singing in the eaves.
Willows bend,
Bowing to years
He spent working cotton rows.

In later years
He took to wearing
Red flannel shirts
In the summer,
Eating enchilladas for breakfast,
A shot of whiskey for supper.

He’d talk to the
Split-tongued crow who
Perched on the twisted branch in the
Tallest oak.

They’d say, “Good morning,”
Then have cuss fights.

When the cotton picking was over,
The crow said,
“Goodnight.”

Ah, Grandpa’d rosin
Up the bow,

Play a song about
Liza Jane,
Clog up and down the
Kitchen floor
Until Grandma’d say
“This old house won’t
Take much more.
Slow down Pa
We can’t take much more.”
But Grandpa’d play
Sally Goodin again until a
String’d break and
He’d finally quit.

I don’t hear
Grandpa’s fiddle now.
It rests on a wall in my
Brother’s town.
No one’s here to
Rosin up the bow.
No one here to
Hoe the cotton rows.
No one near to
Cuss a split-tongued crow,
Play a song about
Liza Jane.