

Timothy Time

by Gene Kingsbury

*Dad drove down the dirt road and past the corn,
Next to the field where a new calf was born,
Then across the hill and out the back way
To see if it was time to make some hay.*

*I walked with Dad to the edge of the field
As he took some time to survey his yield.
He tipped his cap and looked toward the sun
And saw no clouds stopping work to be done.*

*He showed me the timothy ready to bloom
And told me he would have it cut by noon.
Dad got the haybine while I drove the rake,
For the next day there would be hay to make.*

*He cut through the field in a perfect line,
Smiling at the windrows he left behind.
His Case tractor took all the hills with ease
Even though the hay stood way past our knees.*

*A heavy dew came with the morning light,
But I raked the hay and flipped it just right.
We checked a windrow and found it was dry,
Then brought in the baler to give it a try.*

*Dad got off the tractor and checked the twine
And told me for two loads we would be fine.
I ran to the wagon and jumped on back
So I could be ready for the bales to stack.*

*Thinking back it seemed like a special time,
With the smell of fresh hay and me in my prime,
Or maybe it's just how it makes me glad
To remember those days working with Dad.*