

Turning back the furrows of time



Gook-a-mal-doh

BY DICK ANGLESTEIN

Powerful, straining teams
did prance,
Beneath a bright, warm
September sun,
Stoop-shouldered plowmen
take their stance,
For both, begins a day of
work and fun.

Some sit stoically by as
chucks by burrows,
Recalling fond memories of
yore,
Younger frolic through the
furrows,
Gazing bug-eyed at the back-
breaking chore.

Dust-coated clod-hopper and
straw hat,
Brown-baked arms extend
from rolled-up shirts,
Stopping occasionally to just
chew the fat,
Trying to forget the coming
morrow's hurts.

Tho, it was just a day of
pretend,
On the parched Schaeferstown field,
Back through time many did
wend,
To see how animals and men
once did wield.

