

COVERALLS

Spring Cleaning every year
It's that time again
30 years in The BIG Apple
Rotating the same tiny closet
But I can't seem to throw out my
COVERALLS

They remind me of home
Of summer's on my grandparents farm
Running barefoot through rows of corn
Picking wild blackberries to make a pie

Milking Cows and Churning Butter
Getting water from the alum well
Sitting on the porch shelling Purple Hulled Pea's
Lawd the stories I could tell

Bathing in a #3 tub
Washing clothes with a wash board
Hanging them on the clothes line to dry
Running from my country cousins
Being careful not to fall in that poison ivy vine

Lost my lucky buffalo nickel in the barn
Like looking for a needle in a hay stack
Going fishing in the creek
Grandpa caught a Turtle, Eeeeeek
"I'm not eating no turtle soup"
When you're not fishing, you learning to shoot
I don't wanna eat no coon either

Now, Grandma's 'bout to wring the neck on that chicken
I was just playing with that chicken
I made him a tiny little bonnet and everything

I named him Henry
"I don't wanna eat Henry", I cry
"Henry Gonna Be Some Good Eating Tonight", was her reply

Before bed, Grandma would search my body for ticks
She found one and burned him with a match stick
Last trip to the out house before I sleep
Climbing in bed with my big sister Kat-hy
I'd wet the bed anyway, and blame it on her
Everybody, always knew it was me
Mama said, "my baby shoes always smelled like pee"

Rising ever morning with the roosters
To the smell of Fresh Bacon and Eggs
So much work to do on this farm
No time for a child to rest her legs

Eating fresh tomatoes off the vine until my mouth was covered in acidic
rash
In the pocket of my Coveralls the salt shaker was stashed
Deb - rie get out them 'maters and go slop 'den hogs
Grandpa put me on kitchen duty with Grandma
I couldn't hide sneaking 'maters with that rash around my lips

Grandma made cakes in a pot belly, wood burning oven
While I stood in the kitchen asking questions and wondering how she got
350 degrees
Then she'd teach me the secret to her "tater sala
And later on lessons on how to quilt
We'd share buttermilk and cornbread together in the kitchen at night
Sometimes she'd braid my hair
But when she got older I loved braiding hers

I miss my life on that family farm
I miss my grandpa's sweaty old hat
I miss that barn

I miss that horse I named Trigger
I miss that plow
That Tractor, The Scarecrow, The Pigs, and the Cows

I miss the time to plant and the time to sew
I miss the corn all in a row
I miss the peas, the carrots, the 'taters, and all
And sweet watermelon, cantelope , I miss it all
I miss my country folks and all their country ways
I miss my wonderful country summer days

I miss my grandma telling me bout the herbs
I know she thought I never listened, but somehow I heard
I miss the sound of the animals
I miss the sound of birds
I miss the stars at night
The unpaved roads
The smell of the trees and the clean air
I miss the house, my country cousins, the church
It saddens me that I'll never again go there

And that's one of the reasons
I can't seam to part
With my denim COVERALLS
They hold a special place in my heart