

The farm wife repeats a lullaby

by [Shari Wagner](#) in the [November 12, 2014](#) issue

When Ruth cries out, terrified
by what stalks the root cellar
or chases her toward a cliff,
we sing our favorite chorus:

*Vegetables grow in my garden,
God sends the rain,
Vegetables grow in my garden,
God sends the sun.*

With each verse, we substitute
something new: *carrots, potatoes,
rutabagas, coconuts*. Like sheep
that leap a fence, we never stop

to reconsider: *sunflowers,
snapdragons, poinsettia, burr
thistle*. Rabbits wriggle in
and soon the gate swings open

for *rhinoceros* and *pythons* . . .
till we make room for everything
under the sun, under the rain,
in the garden

where Ruth can fall asleep.