

The farm wife collects frequent flyer miles

by [Shari Wagner](#) in the [May 24, 2017](#) issue

I find my seat  
on a gray plank and grasp  
stout rope tied  
to a sycamore branch. Leaning  
back, I pump  
till I'm lifting off over barbed wire,  
dusty beans,  
six-foot corn, my legs stretched to spin  
the rusty  
rooster's arrows. I reach for what I see and  
what I don't—  
The wind in my face whispers, *Esther, Esther*.  
Or is it you,  
my heart, pumping as I pump that speaks? "I'm here,"  
I say, like faithful  
Samuel answered in the darkness. Leaning into the arms  
of this world  
that push me forward, I forget stiff arthritis and varicose veins.  
I let go  
of the back and forth of brooms and mops, sweepers and irons and just  
rock  
with the bliss a rocking chair rocks or a pendulum swinging from the sun.