

Tipper

My dad just called him Tipper
So I just called him the same
Must have quite a few years
Before I really knew his name;
But there was always excitement
When Tipper appeared on the road
His great blue Fordson tractors
Pulling their creaking convoy load

Into the stack yard of some farm
Everything cleared out of the way
For Tipper's gang and his equipment
To get an early start on threshing day.
The great driving belts of leather
Strung taut from tractor to machine
A dusty noisy busy working constant
Shifting changing moving scene

The terriers straining waiting
For the rats to leave the stacks
To fall prey to their vicious
Biting nipping killing attacks
And Tipper in the stackyard
Ever there in control
Making that hectic scene
In to a coherent whole

Sacks of corn being carried
Sacks of chaff being cleared
Stacks getting smaller
As the day's ending neared
Noise and dust and confusion
Then Tipper was away
Gone maybe a year
Until next threshing day