

High Wired Fences

"Good fences make good neighbors"
Robert Frost once said.
Hundreds of miles fenced off
By Granddad McCarty and his best friend.

Their fences were straight and strong,
A good example of their pride.
The bottom wire was different,
Neighbors didn't put theirs quite so high.

When dead-blown weeds catch sand,
It makes a pile that soon covers a fence.
These sandhills aren't the high-wired reason
My Dad explained to me since

Growing up we had chickens,
Lots of dogs, even a cat now and then.
Lots of cows to milk twice a day
My Dad never had a pig pen.

My Granddad started out with sheep
When he first came to this land
Though they're born weak, looking to die
He started his dream in this sand.

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When he was able to work up to cows,
He needed posts and barbed wire.
His configuration had good reason
To raise the bottom, wire a little higher.

As a young man in Texas
He bought some pigs for raising
Like a storm, the cholera went through.
Overnight, he lost his savings.

In his anger from his losses,
Houston McCarty made a vow.
Even my kids, generation later,
Never did want a stinking sow.

The reason for the high bottom wire
Through this rhyme can be traced.
If a lost pig ever wandered here,
He can shake his bacon right off this place.

(10/11/'94 Jeremy helped a lot)