

High Wired Fences

(10/11/94 Jeremy helped a lot)

"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.

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.