

He's Selling the Fergie

He's selling his old red tractor. He's getting it ready to go. He's telling it what it needs to know; the name of its new owner, Dave the young farmer up in the Far North and how it will travel, high on the back of a truck, and how far it has to go.

advertising done

an Internet sale was easy

late offers missed out

He's throwing in for free the front end loader. He'll send it off with a wave. With luck and so forth, life will just flow in its new home where it's going, up on the top-end.

new places to grow

washed seeds in secret crevices

weeds from the south

He's sure the old Fergie will work well. For twenty five years, he's cared for this tractor, which was second hand when he bought it. Nearly new, the Fergie came with the orchard, the view and the house. If it could answer his reassurances of how it will get more action and passionate usage he'd ask it to send a card now and then; when it's settled in; his red Fergie tractor. He's oiled all its necessary parts; and a factor in its sale is to have it in good working order. The brakes are old, but adequate.

galloping tractor

its metal pinging through trees

at a plough horse pace

He has an ache in his heart thinking of its leaving. The selling price is a boon. The Fergie's space is taking up a lot of room in the shed. But it's leaving soon. He'll use the money to pave the long drive with bitumen and pay for his wife's dental bills. He's dead set envious of Dave.

retired orchardist

sleepy in the afternoons

time to pull the plug

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3rd Prize Poetry, SWW Qld 2013