

Forty-Mile an Hour Alfalfa

**I still wonder what my old man was thinking.
Why he bought this ground at the bottom of a crease.
With the Sierra Nevadas to the west,
And five hundred miles of desert to the east.**

**The down sloping wind really owns this land.
She's a cruel landlord always asking for more.
And you know it's her coming to collect the rent,
She starts banging on the back porch screen door.**

**She stampeded my wheel lines late yesterday,
One mile of sprinkler pipe was on the roll.
She ran them till they jumped all of my fences.
I found them wrapped around their favorite power pole.**

**Now I own one mile of "hippe" pipe art,
with a big "wowie" in every piece.
I guess I call "Scrape Iron Eddie".
He might pay extra for a nice mantle piece.**

**And my bales are FOB¹ at the neighbors again.
I can't help it if he's downwind from my ranch.
And I know he gets tired of selling my hay.
I'll return the favor if I ever get the chance.**

**Why I keep farming,
I just don't even know.
Because forty-mile an hour alfalfa,
It is the toughest hay to grow.**

**Now some storm clouds are moving up from the south,
A little moisture would help settle the dust.
But the promise of rain was just a joke.
She swept it away with a fifty mph gust.**

**And she lets the dust devils, play on the ranch.
Her juvenile nephews are rotten to the core.
And when they get done running in my windrows,
I have nothing but an alfalfa eyesore.**

**Now the harvest ants and the horned toads,
They've got it figured, no doubt.
Just let her blow till she's tired,
And then you can just dig yourself out.**

**And I wish I could join those lucky horned lizards.
At least they've got somewhere to go!
Because I'm trapped up here in my pickup,
Till the landlord collects the rent that I owe.**

**Now I just loaded twenty tons of discounted hay,
As more TDN² disappeared in the wind.
And now my eyeballs need a good washing out.
And my brain just wishes it would end.**

**How can one place have, this much wind?
Isn't there somewhere else it needs to blow?
Because this forty-mile an hour alfalfa.
It's gotta be the toughest hay to grow!**

**Now the roof on the hay barn left last night.
And tumbleweeds are pushin my fences down.
I think the landlord is trying to tell me something!
I think it's finally time to move into town!**

1 FOB –Freight On Board, the price of hay at the ranch.

2 TDN –Total Digestible Nutrients, A grading system for hay. Most of the digestible nutrients are present in the leaves.

By

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