

The farm wife finds her necklace in the junk drawer

by [Shari Wagner](#) in the [June 12, 2013](#) issue

That's what's left of it—

    six safety pins

from a chain I once wore

    beneath my dress to Saylor's

School and Forks Mennonite

    Church. Who'd suspect

vanity in a girl so shy

    she seldom spoke? I liked

how each pin clicked shut

    to link to the next

and how they encircled me

    like a charm of daisies

I counted round and

    round. Some would have said

that was a sin. The same

    folks who'd pocket a shiny

buckeye against the ache

    of rheumatism.

I took my necklace off

    when I joined my life

with Pete's. I needed pins

    for diapers, school notes,

lost buttons, loose straps—

    catastrophes

only the quick clasp

    of hidden silver fixed.