

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.