

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.