

## Lifeline

by [W. M. Herring](#) in the [July 10, 2013](#) issue

Each prairie farm holds the tale—  
some child saved by the rope  
anchoring house to barn,  
or legend of the scofflaw  
neighbor lost, not found 'til Spring,  
too self-assured to fix a loosened end.

    Stretched through utter white, that line is life.

On this plateau of shaped terrain  
of gentle slopes and trees  
we carry on without a rope.  
When, baffled by white of winter storm,  
black of moon-free night,  
groggy grey of sleep delayed,  
I happen upon the fence  
that brain-map etched by scores  
of trips along this way  
brings me home.

Still, clambering from the drift,  
wet and cold, short one boot,  
    I long for a sure connection