

The farm wife repeats a lullaby

by [Shari Wagner](#) in the [November 12, 2014](#) issue

When Ruth cries out, terrified  
by what stalks the root cellar  
or chases her toward a cliff,  
we sing our favorite chorus:

*Vegetables grow in my garden,  
God sends the rain,  
Vegetables grow in my garden,  
God sends the sun.*

With each verse, we substitute  
something new: *carrots, potatoes,  
rutabagas, coconuts*. Like sheep  
that leap a fence, we never stop

to reconsider: *sunflowers,  
snapdragons, poinsettia, burr  
thistle*. Rabbits wriggle in  
and soon the gate swings open

for *rhinoceros* and *pythons* . . .  
till we make room for everything  
under the sun, under the rain,  
in the garden

where Ruth can fall asleep.