

---

# Pro Rege

---

---

Volume 22  
Number 2 *Arts Issue*

Article 16

---

December 1993

## Making Hay

Mike Vanden Bosch  
*Dordt College*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro\\_rege](https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege)



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Vanden Bosch, Mike (1993) "Making Hay," *Pro Rege*: Vol. 22: No. 2, 17.

Available at: [https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro\\_rege/vol22/iss2/16](https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege/vol22/iss2/16)

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at Dordt Digital Collections. It has been accepted for inclusion in Pro Rege by an authorized administrator of Dordt Digital Collections. For more information, please contact [ingrid.mulder@dordt.edu](mailto:ingrid.mulder@dordt.edu).

# Making Hay

by Mike Vanden Bosch

Between opening and closing grace,  
my father used to wedge praise into tabletalk:  
    “Pass the potatoes, Mark.  
    I like the way you mowed the alfalfa—  
    no rooster tails fanning the breeze at the corners.”

Or, “Pass the butter, please.  
    I saw you out the window this morning—like Samson  
    heaving bales up the mow with a pitchfork—  
    I can’t believe how strong you’ve gotten.”

Such praise, half-deserved but never half-hearted,  
    struck and lit like lightning,  
    lightening my day, though often striking me dumb.

Today I’d crawl through muck to hear such tabletalk—  
    praise coming and going between stretches of grace  
    yawning across great gaps I meant to fill:

At the banquet table Father saying, “Mark, my son”—  
    and smiling—“you mow the new land like a barber.”  
And I, no longer dumb:  
    “Your self-sharpening sickle cuts like a razor”—  
    salting his world with praise as he has salted mine.