

Working with Noj on this piece was a lot of fun. Not only did I learn a lot about milk trucking, but we played a lot with the rhythm of the language. Jon had the idea to make the poem progressive, and I think this makes it flow very well – notice how it seems to move through a day from the beginning to end. Enjoy the ride!

~Lauren Shimulunas, Tutor

A Dozen Farms to Soldiers Grove

By: Noj Noslo

It's early mornin' - in my diesel truck
And time's a wastin' - so I fire it up

I wait a while - the engine's cold
I warm it up - the heater's old

A blizzard's comin' - and I'm headin' south
I hope to god - the plows are out

The **1st farm** - I blew a fuse
Then sanitizer - soaked my boots

The **2nd farm** - with soapy water
Holy cow - the farmer's daughter

The **3rd farm** - was just my luck
My coffee spilt - inside the truck

The **4th farm** - the drive is steep
Snowin' hard - and lots'a sleet

The **5th farm** - I avoid the ditch
I'm skillful truckin' - and runnin' quick

The **6th farm** - it's 1'oclock
I Wash the tank - and rinse the top

The **7th farm** - the foreword surge
Spilt my tray - of cheesy curds

The **8th farm** - upon the bluff
To keep from slidin' - could be tough

The **9th farm** - the biggest one
20 minutes - to up and run

The **10th farm** - a milking parlor
Almost full - and not much farther

The **11th farm** - I'm really mad
The driveway's ice - this could be bad

The **12th farm** - and the last to go
That's a dozen farms - to Soldiers Grove