

Too Much Grass

By Barbara Wilton - 2022

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There's very little farming time
When the amount of grass is just fine.
In winter it won't grow at all
Then suddenly it's really tall.

Spring has sprung and tractors begin
To cut the grass and bring it in,
To store away in enormous sheds
To make sure winter stock are fed.

The mower lays it in straight rows
Then along behind the baler goes.
If it's baleage it's done right away
But if left to dry it will make hay.

Sometimes the grass is not wrapped up
But blown into bins on big trucks.
The trucks take the grass to a nearby stack
And dump their load before heading back.

Another tractor stands by to make
The pressed down grass into a 'cake'.
A large cover is used on top of that
With tyres tossed on to keep it flat.

Packed down tight the grass starts to pickle
Opening up the stack, your nostrils tickle.
The cattle hear the tractor, they know the score
They won't be hungry anymore.

Tractors spread out the winter feed
Farmers pleased to fill a need.
They know that to have stock to sell
They must care for them and feed them well.