**Real Work**

At the ranch

 We shared a small cottage

 Nestled in the back of a vineyard

 Where old, lopsided crates

 Leaned like weathered cowboys on a fence

There was little money

 for anything but food,

 stolen from the neighbor’s barn

 Which made it taste better

 Stray wild, chickens roasted in fatback

 Her gnarled weathered hands

 Handed me a rake

 A 50 pound gunny sack, too

 “I’ll pay you two dollars a bag,

 Go rake the walnuts”.

 Looking into the sea of trees,

It seemed impossible.

 We were students,

It was summer,

We only lasted a day