



Spring 2009

Butter Churner

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Recommended Citation

Murphy, Mary MA (2009) "Butter Churner," *Contemporary Rural Social Work Journal*: Vol. 1 : No. 1 , Article 8.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.murraystate.edu/crsw/vol1/iss1/8>

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Rural Culture: Poetry

By Mary Murphy

Butter Churner

In the heart of the summer,
the rhythm
of the plunger
sloshing milk
against the churn
is the only sound
on the front porch.
Grandma,
in a straight back
cane chair,
reading a book,
her left hand
continuously beting a creation,
Gray hair
tied in a bun.
Long gingham dress.
Leather laced shoes.
Faded to white cotton apron.
A covey of cats of every shade
gathered at her feet
as devoutly as at a shrine,
tails flicking on the oak planks.
Looking up, she sees me.
Sitting on the banister,
hugging the post,
my dirty, bare feet
no where
near the floor,
watching her.
Smiling,
she folds
the page, and closes the book,
never losing rhythm
as she places it
beside her chair.
"Now child,
what have you seen today?"