Maggie's Farm

By Sisyphus

Published on Lush Stories on 12 Dec 2011

All Rights Reserved

An older guy meets a younger female farmer in the middle of nowhere and amazing things happen

https://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/maggies-farm.aspx

MAGGIE’S FARM Sisyphus The day I decided to break out of my usual routine and take a little journey changed my life in a most extraordinary way. I’ve lived a pretty quiet life since I retired from teaching to give myself more time to write historical novels for young people. I have a contract with a publisher to produce one or two books a year based on some historical event or famous person. I do the research by reading a half a dozen books or so, sometimes, though rarely, I travel to a place to get a sense of the area where an event happened, but mostly I stay put in my little off the grid cabin in the woods. You could set your clock by my routine. I get up at five every morning, drink a cup of coffee then get down to work. I rarely work past noon and spend my afternoons reading, working in the garden or taking long walks. It’s a pretty solitary existence. It was October and the leaves were at their peak of color when this strange feeling came over me. I looked up at the clear blue sky above the red and orange leaves of the trees surrounding my cabin then noticed leaves falling to the ground and suddenly started thinking of getting older and closer to death. “Am I like those leaves fluttering to the ground?” I thought. Without articulating what I was feeling as I looked out the window of my cabin, I said, “I need to get a way from here for awhile.” This restless feeling surprised me. I don’t usually like to take trips. I love my quiet little world in the Maine woods and remembered Thoreau’s statement when he was at Walden, “I’ve traveled wide and far at Walden.” I’m still not sure what came over me as I watched the colorful leaves falling, but a strange restlessness urged me to get away like something calling me. It was a strange feeling, but I usually listen to my urges and consider them inspirations. So, standing there at my window looking at the falling leaves, I took a deep breath that became a deep sigh. “I need an adventure. I need to let go and leave my cares behind me, I’m in a rut,” I said to myself as I looked around then cabin, then saw myself in the mirror and noticed my longish grey hair, beard and my watery blue eyes seeing the weariness. “I need to go somewhere new where no one knows me and just let loose.” I decided to be spontaneous and just take off. I watered the plants, put some things in a backpack, got in my old Subaru and went off without any destination. I decided to stay on back roads, turning left when an interesting looking road appeared or turned right when another road caught my attention. I just kept driving and actually driving faster than

I usually do but then decided to relax, slow down and wander leisurely through the countryside, past farms, over hills lined with brilliant red, orange and yellow leaves. Then through thick dark forest areas that opened again into wide expanses of corn fields and rolling hills, enjoying seeing cows and sheep grazing, red barns, remembering how I once thought about becoming a farmer but got married to someone not interested in living off the land and my life went in a different direction. Still, what made me suddenly take off baffled me, but at the same time, I felt good about following my sudden urge. “Why the hell not? You’re only young once,” I said out loud, looking up at several chicken hawks gliding high over the fields, realizing I’m not that young any more and every day counts. Anyway, this was so unlike me. I had no plan, no map and didn’t care where I ended up. After all these years of doing what was expected, getting married out of college, having two daughters, now grown, teaching at the same school for twenty years, coming home every day to a dying marriage and finally divorcing, I was weary of the plainness and safety of my life. I love writing my books but sometimes I feel I am too locked up in my head, reading and writing, thinking and thinking. Suddenly, I wanted the unknown, the passion of uncertainty, the freedom of not caring. I wanted surprise and adventure. I was traveling west over narrow bumpy roads, passing through a few small towns, over railroad tracks and remember passing an old general store with a beat up old sign that said, Hinkley’s. I wondered if I should stop for a snack but decided not to and kept going. I had been driving for over four hours when I realized I was getting hungry and now wished I had stopped. It was about five or so and I knew it got darker earlier in October. I was far from any restaurants and wasn’t sure if I’d find the general store I had passed a half hour earlier so I kept going, thinking eventually I’d find a place to get some food. While driving, I passed a narrow road and an old wooden bridge caught my eye. I suddenly stopped my car, not sure why, but I wanted to go over that bridge and see where that road took me. So I backed up and turned onto the road, crossed the small rickety wooden bridge, noticing it went over a creek with fast moving water. It reminded me of the creek near where I grew up and fell in love with trout fishing. The road twisted and turned and I liked how the Maple trees with red leaves on both sides of the road created a colorful arch, almost like a tunnel I was driving through. It was magical with occasional bursts of sunlight poking through sending radiant sunbeams down to the road. I knew I was driving west because at one spot as I drove over a hill, the setting sun came through an opening and was shining directly in my eyes, blinding me and I almost went off the road into a ditch. I then went around a curve into an opening, the sun now glowing in the western sky letting me see again and I noticed a small farm stand ahead--actually a long table with a large yellow and green umbrella over it. I was surprised to see it because there didn’t seem to be much traffic on the road. I decided to stop and get some fruit. When I pulled over, I noticed a woman sitting in a folding chair behind the wooden table, reading a book. As I approached the stand, she looked up and smiled at me and said, “Hi there.” When she got out of her chair and walked over, I was stunned by how gorgeous she was. It was hard to judge her age, but I guessed she was in her thirties, maybe early forties. She had long wild auburn hair that went halfway down her back. She wore tight blue jean cut offs with ragged edges and a low cut orange shirt that barely contained her breasts. She was tanned and had a thin waist, wide hips, long legs, a pretty face with high cheek bones, a radiant

smile, and though I could not help but notice her body, I also noticed her sparkling green eyes and how she smiled at me as I stood there. I certainly didn't expect to see someone so beautiful and sexy at a farm stand in the middle of nowhere. I tried not to look at her but found it impossible. "What a beautiful, sexy woman," I thought looking at her body, her smile and entrancing eyes then at the variety of fruit and vegetables on the table. "Nice apples," I said, glancing at her breasts again then back at the apples. "Thanks," she said. "I just picked them this morning," she added. "How much are they?" I asked, trying not to look at the cleavage revealed by her low cut shirt. "She's really built," I thought to myself, looking at the apples. "Fifty cents each," she said. "I'll take two of them," I said. I then looked around at the farm and saw the barn about fifty yards in back of her and over to the left, not far from the edge of the road, a white farm house with a wrap around front porch. I noticed a small sign, "Maggie's Farm," and couldn't help but think of the Bob Dylan song, "I Ain't Gonna Work on Maggie's Farm No More." "Is this your farm?" I asked. "Kind of," she answered. "Actually, it's my ex-husbands and mine. We're squabbling over it right now." "I see," I said. She picked up a paper bag and put the apples in it. I took my wallet out and handed her the dollar, then looked at the horse in the pasture behind the barn and further up the hill, a cow lying under an oak tree. "Nice place," I said as I took the bag, still trying to keep my eyes off of her body, surprised at how unselfconscious she appeared. "Do you live here alone?" I asked, feeling my lust rising but trying to fight it off. "Yes," she said. "I get some help with the farm from Dad and some neighbors. He's got a farm down the road, but mostly I keep up with everything and make do between the farm stand and my waitress job in town." "You must work hard," I said. Just then she bent down to pick up a paper bag she dropped. She turned around and I saw her round ass straining her tight cut offs. She put the paper bag back on the table and I could not help but notice how her breasts were practically spilling out of her tight low cut orange shirt. When she stood up, she caught me looking. Our eyes met and she smiled, but didn't say anything. I was getting aroused looking at her and felt my erection growing. It had been awhile since I had been with a woman. There was an awkward silence as we both looked at each other. "Would you like anything else?" she asked, smiling slightly, looking into my eyes. I wasn't certain but the way she looked at me and smiled made me think she was flirting with me--something that never happens. She kept her eyes on mine, smiling.It was impossible not to look at her and not notice the nipples pushing against her tight low cut shirt, but I quickly looked down at the table, embarrassed to be caught gawking. "What would you recommend?" I asked, concentrating on the various small baskets of tomatoes, peppers, green and yellow zucchini, pears and peaches, trying not to look at this sexy woman but felt the bulging in my jeans. "Well," she paused, "let me see." She leaned over the table and picked up a large peach. While reaching, she looked up at me then at the bulge in my jeans which I tried to hide behind my bag of apples. She held out the peach. "I bet you would like to eat something wet and juicy," she said, smiling, looking me in the eyes and then back down at my bag covered crotch. I could not believe what was happening to me. I was out of my comfort zone. "Is she teasing me?" I wondered, baffled by her words and the way she looked at me. "I'll take the peach," I said, trying to keep the conversation on the topic of fruit. She leaned forward with the peach in her hand. "Here, open the bag and I'll treat you to a peach," she said. " "Thanks," I said and held

out the bag. She dropped in the peach, smiling, looking into my eyes, but I know she saw the tent in my jeans. There was no way to hide what was happening to me. “I’ll pay you for the peach,” I said, trying not to look at the nipples poking out of her tight shirt. While reaching for my wallet, I was looking at her smiling face and said, “By the way, you have a nice smile.” “Well, thank you mister. You have a nice smile, too,” she said. “Really,” I said, surprised. “Oh, thank you,” I added, feeling awkward. I couldn’t remember the last time I had a conversation like this with a woman, let alone a sexy beautiful woman. I wanted this interaction to continue but no words came to my mind. The words, “eat something wet and juicy,” went through my mind. Was she being suggestive or was I reading something into it? We just stood there looking at each other. “It must be hard keeping a farm like this going all by your self,” I said. “It is, but the work isn’t the hard part,” she said. “It’s after work that’s hard. It’s going into the house and not having a man around.” I didn’t say anything, but noticed how she was looking at me, surprised that she said that and where this conversation was heading. Then she asked, “So, what brings you this way? “Good question,” I said. “I don’t even know where I am,” I added. “I just felt a need to take a trip and get away from my every day life.” “I know what you mean,” she said, pausing. “You needed a little escape,” she added, smiling, looking into my eyes, a smile crossing her lips, nodding her head as if she understood. “I guess so,” I said. “You look like a nice man,” she said. “Like someone who deserves a good time.” “Thanks,” I responded, “Maybe that’s what I’m looking for…a good time. I think I need an adventure,” I added, feeling a little bolder by her suggestive complement. “Good for you,” she said. “Going after what you need and want is important.” She smiled at me. “I believe it’s important to go after what you need,” she said, “but out here it’s not always easy to get what you need….if you know what I mean.” We looked at each other feeling something hot brewing between us. I looked over at the sign, “You must be Maggie.” I said, wishing I could think of something clever to say but no words came. “Yes, that’s me,” she nodded. “What’s your name?” she asked, not taking her eyes from mine. “Thom,” I answered, “Thom with an “h,” I added. “Oh, Thom with an “h,” she repeated. She extended her hand for a handshake, “Glad to meet you,” she said, smiling, her green eyes sparkling, looking into mine. We shook hands, “Nice to meet you, too, Maggie,” I said, enjoying the way she gripped my fingers, holding onto my hand for a moment then slowly letting go. I noticed a silver ring on her index finger and thought that was unusual. “So you’re on an adventure,” Maggie said. “Where are you heading?” “Good question,” I answered. “I’m not heading any where.” “Cool,” she responded. “That’s really cool.” When she said that, I wondered if she was an old hippie. “How long have you had this farm?” I asked. “Been here ten years or so,” she said. “My husband and I were ‘back to the landers.’ A bunch of us got this farm, but I’m the only one left. The others couldn’t handle the work and isolation. My husband and I tried to keep it going but we couldn’t agree on anything. He drank a lot and so we just went our separate ways.” “So what’s the squabble about,” I asked. “He wants to sell it so he can get on with his life, but I don’t want to sell and can’t buy him out. Lucky we don’t have kids.” “Too bad,” I said. “It must be good having your dad nearby.” “It is and that’s another reason I want to stay here. I love this place and being near my family. I grew up around here.” “I didn’t mean to get personal with you,” I said. “It’s okay,” she said. “It’s nice talking to you.” She smiled again and then said, “You have a nice face. I like your eyes and

it’s cool you took off like that with no destination. I like that about a man--someone who takes chances.” “Well, thanks, it’s a little weird but who knows what might happen. “Right, who knows what might happen,” she repeated, smiling. “What would you like to happen?” she asked, looking me in the eye. “Got any ideas” I couldn’t tell if she was flirting with me, being seductive or was genuinely interested in what I was saying. I had never been in a situation like this so I decided to just go along for the ride and see where it led. “You were right when you asked if I’d like to eat something wet and juicy.” I said, looking into her eyes. “I know. I usually can tell what a man wants,” she added, glancing down at the bulge in my pants and smiled, looking me in the eyes. “I haven’t had anything wet and juicy for a long time,” I added. “So thanks for the peach.” I couldn’t believe we were teasing each other with our looks and playful words, but here I was on this isolated farm, entering a fantasy, saying things to a sexy woman who seemed like she wanted something to happen, but I wasn’t sure. Maybe it was my imagination working over time. I didn’t know but wanted to find out. She smiled and looked into my eyes and then turned and walked over to her chair, swaying her hips. Her round ass looked so good straining those tight cut offs. She sat down and spread her legs wide apart, revealing her crotch. She smiled up at me and bit her lower lip again. “I bet you’d like to eat something other than the peach.” She stretched out her long legs, spreading them apart and leaned back in the chair. I stood in front of the farm stand, not believing what she just said. I looked at her crotch and felt myself getting harder. I looked up and down the road then back at Maggie sitting there with her legs spread apart, teasing me, inviting me. I put my bag down on the table and walked around the edge of the table to where she was sitting. I stood between her legs looking down at her. She looked at the bulge in my jeans and then at my eyes, smiling. Her nipples were poking out of her tight shirt, her large breasts looked so luscious. I was just about to get down on my knees when she asked, “Would you like to see the barn?” “The barn,” I repeated, standing between her spread legs, looking down at her crotch, my hard erection straining my jeans. I wanted to get down on my knees and devour her. I’d never been so aroused. “The barn,” I repeated. “Oh, sure,” I said. “I’d like to see your barn.” “Great,” Maggie said, and stood up. When she did, she leaned into me, pressing her body against my chest. “Come on, follow me,” she said. “Damn, she’s a tease,” I said to myself, as we walked up to the barn. She was in front of me and her round ass swayed from side to side. “Man, do I want to fuck her,” I said to myself, surprised to hear those words in my brain. I felt like I was a different person. Maggie was bringing something out in me--something wild that I didn’t know existed. “I don’t believe this is happening to me,” I thought, as we entered the barn. “Nice barn,” I said, looking around at the stalls, the straw, a few hens pecking into the dirt, a saddle resting on a hay bale and out in the pasture, the horse grazing and the cow lying under a big oak tree. “Yes, I love this barn and this farm,” she said, looking around the barn and a different softer expression flickered on her face, one of appreciation and I glimpsed another side of her, someone serious and passionate, not just sexy and alluring. She then looked back at me, her smile returning, her seductive eyes looking into mine. “Follow me,” she said, motioning with a slight cocking of her head. We went to the rear of the barn and climbed a ladder to the loft where several bales of hay were stacked in a corner. It was dark up there except for the some sunlight peaking through cracks in the roof. “Let’s get stoned,” she said, and took a joint out

of her jeans pocket. I hadn't smoked pot for years, but said, "Why not? I'm on an adventure." "Right," Maggie said, lighting the joint. "And so am I," she added and sat down on a hay bale, patting the place next to her, inviting me sit. I was intrigued by her comment and wondered what she meant. She took a hit and passed it to me. I coughed as soon as I inhaled. She said, "Take your time." I took another hit, passed it to her, coughing again. "Nothing like fucking when you're stoned," she said. I was stunned by the bluntness of her language and how in control of the situation she was. I managed to get a few good hits without coughing. It didn't take long but I was definitely stoned, my whole body relaxed, except for the throbbing in my jeans. I looked around the barn again remembering how I once thought about having a farm, growing my own food, getting out of the system, aware that there had to be a better way of living, realizing that's probably the way Maggie ended up here with her husband and their friends and here I was in a funky old barn in the middle of nowhere with a sexy, horny woman, my mind spinning from the joint I just smoked. Maggie found a blanket and covered a few bales of hay with it. I looked at her ass as she bent over, feeling myself getting even bigger and harder in my jeans. Maggie then sat down on one of the bales and looked at me, "So what were you saying about wet and juicy," she said, taking another hit from the joint, holding in her breath, looking up into my eyes then biting her lower lip, handing me the joint. She leaned back, her arms in back of her, her legs spread wide, her tight cut offs pressed against her crotch, "I'm horny," she said. I never heard a woman say so bluntly what she wanted and wondered if this was real or I had entered an erotic fantasy. She then reached for me, putting her hand on the back of my head and pulled me to her lips. We kissed gently at first then harder, her tongue opening my mouth and our kissing grew fierce with passion. She lay on her back pulling me on top of her, spreading her legs and we began grinding against each other, kissing madly, our lust growing. Suddenly, she pushed me up and off of her, unbuttoned her shorts and squirmed out of them. I quickly stood up, looking at the thick curly hair between her legs then into her eyes, seeing she was stoned and took off my jeans. She smiled seductively at me as she leaned back, spreading her legs again, "Come on, Thom, if you want something wet and juicy." I could not believe how she was speaking to me but got down on my knees between her legs, moving closer and felt an energy surge through me. "That's it, spread your legs for me," I said, surprised to hear myself talk like that, but I was stoned, my mind and body swirling with lust. "Come on, Thom, eat me," she said, drawing me to her with her hungry eyes. Her dirty talking was exciting and got me even hotter. I was losing control and didn't care where my adventure was taking me. I wanted to let go of all inhibitions. On my knees, my hands on her soft smooth thighs, I lifted her legs over my shoulders, the musky aroma of her wetness drew my mouth to her and I started licking her, lapping up the juices, while she moaned and pushed herself against my tongue, "Harder," she said. "Come on, eat me!" Her words urged me on, my tongue darting as deep into her as I could, swirling around, moving in and out, her hands on my head pulling me into her, her strong legs gripping my shoulders, her ass lifting off the hay bale, trying to get my tongue even deeper, her writhing and loud moaning driving me to move my tongue harder and deeper, my nose pressed against her clit. I then moved my mouth and found her clit and started sucking and licking, causing her to jolt and shudder with each swipe of my tongue and that threw her over the edge. She was out

of control, pushing her clit harder against my tongue, panting, making soft guttural sounds as she moved frantically against my mouth and tongue, “Oh, fuck, I’m cumming, I’m cummming, Oh, yesssss!” she screamed, lifting her ass off the hay, her body tensing and trembling before exploding into huge convulsions causing her to scream even louder, writhing on the hay bale, thrusting against my mouth, her ecstatic yelling exciting me, urging me to keep her screaming. Finally, she collapsed on the hay bale while I gave her a few more licks, devouring her juicy wetness, loving the sound of her panting and gasping. With the taste of her juices on my tongue and lips, I moved up over her body, looking down into her eyes, my mouth just above her lips then kissed her, wanting her to taste herself, my throbbing hardness pressed against her. We kissed passionately then suddenly pulled our mouths apart, gasping. She looked into my eyes, “Come on Thom, fuck my brains out.” I got on my knees, hovering over her, moving the head of my cock up and down her dripping pussy, playing with her, loving the intense sensation. She then put her feet down on the hay bale, lifting herself, pushing her pussy against my cock, “Stop teasing me.” I liked playing with her, driving her crazy, teasing her, being in control, looking into her eyes, loving the pleasure on her face. “You really want me to fuck you,” I said, moving my cock along her pussy lips, “You really want it bad, don’t you? I added, enjoying talking to her like that, teasing her. “Beg for it!” I said, surprised at the person I had become. She then wrapped her legs around me, her ankles at my ass and pulled me into her, “Just fuck me!” she yelled. “Say it again. Beg for it. Tell me what you want,” I said, surprised that I was talking this way to her. It was so unlike me, but I liked it, liked having her begging, liked having this hungry sex starved women under me, begging me to fuck her. Suddenly, I felt I was in a porno movie and we were two people--a man and a woman fucking our brains out. She looked me in the eyes and shouted, “Give it to me. I can’t stand this. Don’t tease me! Please fuck me!” Maggie was lifting her hips up from the hay bale, her hands grabbing my ass, her legs wrapped around my back trying with all her strength to pull me into her. She looked up at me, her eyes were fierce and it was all I could do not to pounce and thrust my cock into her. I was out of my mind with lust and suddenly plunged into her, driving her back to the hay bale, my cock going deep with one hard thrust, her screaming exciting me, making me want to pull out and thrust again harder and deeper, loving how her warm, wet, tightness gripped my cock. “Come on, Fuck me harder,” she yelled. “Give it to me, harder. Harder! Fuck me harder, damn it. Do me harder!” I loved her words, her screaming, her telling me what she wanted. My cock was like a red hot piston. We were fucking like wild animals. Suddenly, she pushed me off of her. “I want to be on top,” she said. “I want to ride you!” I got on my back and she straddled me, managing to stay on the hay bale. She was on her knees, lifting herself then came down hard, impaling herself and screaming. She was sitting straight up, riding me faster and faster, harder and harder, her tits bouncing, her wild hair flailing all over the place. She was riding me like I was a bucking bronco, forcing me deeper, screaming at the top of her lungs, her whole body shaking, her head thrown back looking up and screaming at the sun coming through the barn roof and I sensed she was on the verge of exploding in a huge orgasm. I then grabbed her by the waist and started lifting her up and bringing her down even harder. I knew I was on the verge of exploding and could feel the tremble coming up my legs, my orgasm building, rising slowly. She was riding me harder and

harder and I was thrusting up into her with all of my strength. Maggie was out of control lifting herself up and coming down harder and harder then suddenly tensed, trembled, screaming, her whole body shuddering as a huge orgasm swept over her. She lifted herself up then came down with my cock deep in her and collapsed on top of me. I then quickly flipped her over on her back, got between her legs and rammed my swollen cock into her and pounded her harder, ram, ram, ram, our eyes were fixed on each other, looking deep into our crazed eyes and with that final thrust, my swollen cock erupted into an overwhelming orgasm, shooting my hot sperm into her just as she exploded again in another intense orgasm, both of us writhing in ecstasy as I collapsed on her, my cock deep in her pussy feeling her milking the last of my cum. I was still trembling as the aftershocks swept through me. She hugged me, holding me with her strong arms, her legs trapping me in her wet, juicy pussy, kissing my ears, my cheeks, my nose, my neck, my shoulder and then we lay there panting, gasping for air, looking at each other. “What just happened? I said, smiling down at her. “We fucked!” she said. “We had an adventure,” she laughed. “See what can happen when you just let go.” “Life is full of surprises, isn’t it? I said. “Only if you let it be,” she said, looking up at me and then wrapped her arms around me pulling me into a warm embrace. We lay there quietly, panting, and I could feel her breasts crushed under me, loving the warmth of her body. “So where are you off to, now?” she asked after a few quiet minutes passed. “I don’t know. I’ll have to tell you on my way back,” I said, looking into her sweet green eyes. “I’ll be here,” she said, nodding, looking at me, a smile crossed her lips as if she was thinking but she didn’t say anything. We got up and put ourselves back together and hugged again before walking down to the farm stand. I looked back at the barn and over at the farm house then at the sign, Maggie’s Farm, suddenly thinking about the world I had entered, wondering if I should stay or continue on my way. We didn’t speak. I picked up my bag of apples and we looked at each other. Though she was wearing the tight cut offs and her orange shirt and her long auburn hair was disheveled, she looked different, something had changed. Her eyes looked into mine and I sensed sadness and longing. Both of us looked at each other, feeling awkward, suddenly not knowing what to say. She then reached for my hand. “Stay for dinner,” she said. “Come on. You haven’t anything better to do, do you?” “Well, not really and that sounds like a good idea, since it’s late and I sure worked up an appetite and could use something more than an apple and a juicy peach.” “Cool,” she said. “I’ve got a chicken ready to put in the oven and I got the fixings for a salad. I have some nice delicious wine and it’s going to be getting dark in another few hours so I think you’d be smart to stay for dinner.” “Want me to help you with the farm stand--help put things away. “Nah! I’ll just leave it ‘til tomorrow. No one will be coming by. No one’s going to steal anything.” She did pick up a few dollars from the little wicker basket and took the bills, leaving the basket. I followed Maggie up to the house, glancing around at the farm, noticing the apple orchard on one side and a little further up a hill, a few peach trees, then out behind the house, a large field with corn and sunflowers. I noticed another area with raised beds overflowing with various vegetables--tomatoes, peppers, broccoli, cabbages, carrots and several beds of potatoes. Everything was familiar to me because of my years of gardening and being a frustrated farmer and I admired how lush and productive her little farm was. In the distance, I could see rolling hills covered with the orange and red leaves of autumn. It seemed

that I had entered paradise. It was so beautiful and I suddenly realized as I walked behind her, noticing how she looked in those tight cut-offs, her hips swaying slightly that she was a lot more than a sexy woman and I wondered if I had stumbled into something I did not expect when I suddenly took off earlier in the day. When we entered the house, she led me into the kitchen and said, “I’m going to put the chicken in the oven then take a quick shower and I’m not inviting you to join me.” She laughed. “I don’t want you to get the wrong impression of me.” “That’s fine. I’ll just poke around and make myself comfortable and don’t worry about right or wrong impressions. I’m not a judgmental person.” She came over to me and kissed me gently on the lips. “You’re a sweet man,” she said. “I’ll be down in a few minutes and we can get to know each other in a little different way than in the barn.” When she dashed away, I looked around the kitchen, noticing a bowl of apples, pears and peaches on the round oak table and next to it, a vase with cosmos, zinnias and a few flowers I didn’t recognize. A loaf of crusty bread sat out on the counter that I assumed she baked and hanging from the ceiling in the pantry were various strands of herbs drying. I also saw a big blue kettle and canning jars next to it and on the shelves, several rows of tomatoes and pickles. I walked into the living room and saw a big stone fire place with a wood stove in front of it. A long green couch with worn cushions, several other soft chairs and an old rocking chair were facing the fire place. I noticed a floor to ceiling book case and went over to browse. It was quite an impressive library with many classics and picking up a few of the books, could see that they were read, certain pages were dog-eared and a few had notes written in the margin. I then noticed a smaller room, glanced in and saw a small desk with an old typewriter, surprised she didn’t have a laptop. I then noticed what looked like a manuscript of easily three hundred pages. I saw an old coffee can filled with pens, pencils and a scissor and wondered if Maggie was a writer. I then heard her coming down the stairs and I met her in the kitchen. She was wearing a clean pair of faded jeans, sandals, a white low cut blouse covered with a large green flannel shirt, unbuttoned and falling well below her hips. Her auburn hair was still wet and not as soft and fluffy as before but I liked how unselfconscious she seemed. “It’ll be getting chilly soon and this is my favorite shirt--even if it is a little large,” she said then picked up the bottle of wine, “This is apple wine my dad made. You’re going to love it” and poured it into two juice glasses. “Sorry, I broke the last wine glass about a month ago.” “To life, love and lust,” she said clicking my glass. “I’ll drink to that,” I said, then added, “To adventure!” She chuckled and we sipped our wine, standing in the middle of her kitchen then she suddenly said, “Okay, Thom. It’s time to make a salad,” and she opened the refrigerator and brought out head of lettuce, a cucumber, a green pepper, grabbed a red onion from a basket near the pantry and a large tomato from a basket on the counter. She then handed me a knife. “How about you slicing the onion,” she said while she picked up the tomato and started slicing. “You like to take charge, don’t you,” I said, impressed with how quickly she organized the salad making. “Not really,” she said. “I just like getting things done and know what I want--also what I don’t want,” she laughed. “I like working together with someone and being on the same page. That’s why our little communal experiment didn’t work and why my marriage went south. We weren’t on the same page and I would get upset when people wouldn’t do what had to get done. It was frustrating as hell.” “You seem like a determined person,” I said. “Kind of, I guess,” she answered.

“You have to be determined when you have a farm and it’s up to you to grow food and get by. There aren’t any short cuts and that old farm adage, “You reap what you sow” is true.” She looked up at me then shook her head. “I learned that the hard way.” “You did? What do you mean, the hard way?” She took a deep breath and let out a sigh. “Well, a little over ten years ago, a bunch of friends, my husband, Richard and me decided to get out of they system and grow our own food and live together communally, share everything. We were idealistic and thought we could make it work, but after getting off to a gang-busters start, it didn’t take long to see the romantic notion of living off the land turn into hard work. My dad sold us this land to farm, mainly because he was glad I was back in the area and not hitchhiking around the world with Richard--who he never liked, by the way.” I listened, nodding, slicing the onions, my eyes tearing, looking at her with my burning eyes, fascinated by what she was saying and now was the only one left on the farm. “See, I grew up on a farm and knew it was hard work, but they all grew up in the city and most of them came from well-to do families and got what ever they needed with little effort. I never had it that way and I think that’s why I’m still here and they aren’t.” “Yes, but you said your husband are squabbling. He wants to sell the farm and you don’t.” “Right and there’s no way I’ll sell this farm and leave it--I’m determined to do what I have to do to stay here. I’ll never leave.” While she was speaking, I remembered my first impression of Maggie when I stopped to get some fruit and was captivated by how sexy she looked in the tight cutoffs and skimpy shirt, how seductive she seemed when she asked if I wanted something wet and juicy then got me stoned in the barn and we fucked like wild animals and now, I saw another side of her. I was seeing a determined, serious woman who was not only sexy but smart. I was intrigued by the duality, how she seemed at first, and now, how she was revealing another side of herself. I had never met anyone like her and found myself attracted to her complexity and wondered if this sudden taking off on an adventure was leading me to some place dangerous or some place where I might find a buried treasure and perhaps both. I didn’t know. During dinner, we continued talking, learning about each other, sharing stories, listening, nodding, asking questions. She told me again how she grew up on the farm but couldn’t wait to leave and go to college, travel, live in the city, experience other cultures and how she and Richard traveled to Europe, staying in hostels, camping, working on farms in the south of France where she learned the method of farming she uses, how they went to Woodstock and rejected the whole bourgeois scene. I remember thinking she must be older than she looks because Woodstock was over forty years ago. I was in my late twenties when that event happened and she seemed too young to have gone to it, but when I asked her how she could have gone to Woodstock, she seemed bewildered by my question, “Maybe I’m older than you think, but let’s not go there.” I was baffled by her statement but let it passed when she suddenly grabbed my hand and said, “Let’s go outside and look at the stars.” When we went out on the porch, she took another joint out of shirt pocket and we got high again. We had our shoes off and walked bare footed out onto the cool grass and even though there was a full moon, the sky was brilliant with millions of stars. Neither of us spoke as we gazed into the universe and I remembered a line from a poem of mine and recited it, “something in me glistens at the hugeness of our insignificance.” “Yes, we are, aren’t we--huge in our insignificance,” she responded, looking at me then back up at the stars and took a deep breath. We

were quiet and I glanced at her looking up at the stars and though it was dark in the light of the full moon, she seemed radiant, a faint silver glow on her hair and I remember how she turned to me and looked into my eyes then said, “I’m glad you’re here.” “I am, too,” I responded, loving the quiet and stillness, feeling amazed at how my sudden taking off earlier in the day brought me to this place. She then took my hand and pulled me into her arms and we kissed, embracing each other and I loved how she felt in my arms, holding each other, not speaking. After several minutes she looked up at me. “I don’t know what will happen with us, but we have this night and that’s what matters.” “Yes, one day at a time,” I said pausing, thinking about her words and remembered an old song and, corny as it sounds, sang in my not very good voice, “ for all we know we may never meet again, tomorrow may never come, for all we know.” “I know that song,” she said. “I love that song.” While standing there, I looked over at the barn glowing in the moonlight and could see the dark outline of the garden and the fruit trees, the fence around the pasture and the small farm stand by the side of the road. We stood quietly, holding hands, loving how it felt being there with her and wondered what was happening with us, was I falling in love and where would this end, is this a dream; things like this don’t happen in real life and especially to me. When we went back to the house, she opened a drawer in the cupboard and pulled out a deck of cards. “These are tarot cards. I want to read your tarot,” she said and sat down at the kitchen table. “So you know how to read tarot cards,” I asked. “Of course,” she said. “I’m a witch.” “You’re a witch. Is that so?” I asked, completely surprised at how directly and simply she announced that. “Don’t worry. I’m a good witch not an evil one,” she said, patting the cards. I looked at her thinking about the Salem Witch Trials and the three toil and boil witches in Macbeth but was bewildered by her announcement. “I’m a white witch,” she said, shuffling the cards then dividing them into three piles. “A white witch is one who knows and is a healer, a teacher.” I looked down at her hands, again noticing the silver ring on her index finger as she touched the cards. “It is important that you want me to read your cards. You have to be willing to hear what the Tarot tells you. Do you want me to read for you? I must have your permission.” “Okay, you have my permission, “I said, nodding, becoming more bewildered and fascinated by Maggie. “Now look at the three piles and with your left hand select a card and that will be your card.” At first I reached for the card in the middle pile and then suddenly changed my mind and picked one from the pile next to it, looked at it and saw a picture that looked like a beggar carrying a pole over his shoulder with a bag tied to the end. “Ah, yes, the Fool. I’m not surprised that you picked that card,” she said, smiling and looking into my eyes. “Do you think I’m a fool?” I asked. “Not at all. The Fool is a wonderful card. The Fool has all of his possessions in one pack and travels but does not know where he is. He is filled with visions, questions, wonder and excitement and often doesn’t see the cliff where he might fall off. The bag on the staff means that he has all that he needs to do anything he wants. He is on his way to a new beginning. He only has to stop and unpack.” “But why is he called the Fool? “Because if he is not careful, he could fall and look like he’s a fool,” she answered. She took the card from me and closed her eyes then held it to her heart. “There’s more that I could say but I think I have said enough for now.” “Wait a minute, tell me more,” I asked, fascinated, “Do you think I’m a fool?” I repeated. “Do you really want to know your future?” she asked, placing the card back on the pile, her eyes looking into mine. “Maybe,” I

responded, remembering my backpack in the car. “Did you think about your future when you took off in your car today?” she asked, putting the three piles together, resting her hand on top. “No, I just wanted to get away and see where I ended up,” I said. “Then that’s what you should do,” she said. “The important thing is to go where your heart takes you. Don’t worry. Don’t be afraid of the future, Thom. It’s worrying that gets in the way of the good things that can come to you--the magic that can happen.” She then took my hand and brought it to her lips and kissed it. I closed my eyes, feeling her lips on my hand, her words resonating, letting me relax and melt into the present, remembering the words of an old song, “what ever will be will be,” forgetting about the possibility of cliffs that might be ahead. She picked up the bottle of apple wine and poured the last of it into our juice glasses. We sipped and our eyes met but neither of us spoke. “Let’s dance,” she said a few minutes later and took my hand and we went into the living room. I hadn’t noticed it before, but she went over to a turn table sitting on an amplifier. Next it was a big speaker and on the opposite wall, another speaker. I remembered having a stereo system like that years ago when I was first married in the Sixties. She went over to a pile of record albums on the floor and picked one up. “This is Vivaldi, one of my favorites. I love the Four Seasons and play it every day, especially when I am baking or canning.” “That’s one of my favorites too,” I said, surprised to see an old record album realizing most people, including me had CDs. She then picked up another album and showed me the cover. It was a picture of Frank Sinatra wearing a fedora-like hat on the back of his head and a trench coat over his shoulder and I remembered that album. “It’s great that you still have these vinyl records,” I said while she put it on the turntable, but before playing it she went into her small office off the living room and I again noticed the old type writer and noticed the manuscript next to it. When she came back with a box of matches, she turned off the lamp and started lighting the candles. “So are you a writer?” I asked, still surprised to see the typewriter and not a computer or laptop. “Yes, I’ve always written but never published. Lots of poetry but I just finished a memoir,” she said, while lighting the candles and then went over and carefully put the needle on the record and we started dancing. We put our arms around each other and moved slowly, swaying, holding each other. I couldn’t remember the last time I held a woman and danced, but it felt wonderful feeling her breasts against my chest, the smell of her hair, our cheeks touching, the sound of the violins, the words, the dark room with candles glowing felt so warm and romantic. I glanced up and saw our shadows on the wall reflected from the candle light She moved her hands from my shoulders to my ass and I did the same as we swayed, slowly grinding into each other, barely moving and then stopped and kissed, first gently then more passionately. Without saying anything, she went over to the turn table and put the Vivaldi album on, took my hand and we went upstairs to her bedroom. She lit several candles and for a few minutes we stood at her bedroom window and looked out at the farm bathed in moonlight before she turned and we embraced, kissing each other tenderly, then more intensely, our tongues swirling in our mouths. She then lifted my sweater over my head and I took her green flannel shirt from her shoulders and we slowly undressed each other in the pale light of the moon coming through the window. We fell to the bed, holding each other, kissing, our passion rising, my body on hers then her body on mine, moving slowly together as if we were still dancing. For a moment we stopped and looked into each others

eyes. I was on top between her legs. She said, “I don’t want this to end.” I smiled and nodded and then she said, “Thom, make love to me, make love to me,” and I entered her slowly, moving deeper, her legs and arms embracing me, holding me in her warm wetness, both of us moving as one, the exquisite sensation growing as the music of Vivaldi came up the stairs, building to a crescendo, urging us to move faster and harder. I felt her body tensing, trembling and suddenly exploding as a huge orgasm swept over her, the sound of her screaming filling the room followed by the ecstatic intensity of my whole body writhing as I filled her and she held me, her legs holding me deep and I couldn’t budge but could only lay there panting with her under me. When I finally moved onto my back, she rolled onto me, laying her head on my shoulder. We didn’t speak. The room was quiet, the music had stopped and there we were feeling the warmth of our bodies in the dim light of the candles. The next morning when I woke up, she was gone. I leaped out of bed and went to the window and saw her coming back from the barn carrying a bucket in one hand and a basket of eggs in the other. I put on my jeans, went into the bathroom, peed, looked at myself in the mirror, splashed water on my face, gulping a drink in the cup of my hand and then went down to the kitchen just as the screen door slammed. “Hi there, sleepy head,” she said, placing the bucket on the floor next to the sink and the basket of eggs on the counter. She then opened the oven and with a thick pot holder pulled out a batch of muffins. “How about an apple cinnamon muffin, some strong coffee and a batch of Maggie’s special scrambled eggs,” she said then went to the refrigerator, placing a plate on the table, “and some homemade butter.” I was dazzled by her energy and efficiency. “Maggie, you’re amazing,” I said, unable to take my eyes off of her. “You’re right. I am amazing,” she said, chuckling and started pouring the milk from the bucket through a filter into a big gallon jar then efficiently made the scrambled eggs and within ten minutes we clicked our coffee mugs and had a delicious breakfast. While putting things in the sink, she turned to me sitting at the table. She looked so beautiful standing there, her long auburn hair halfway down her back, her faded jeans and baggy flannel shirt, those green eyes now looking at me with a serious expression before speaking. “I want you to stay here, Thom.” “Wow,” I said, “this is so sudden. We just met.” “We belong together. I know that,” she said, looking into my eyes. “And I’m never wrong.” Her words took my breath away. I was stunned and suddenly felt my heart swell. I got up and went over to her and we hugged, holding each other. I couldn’t believe what was happening to me. “I think I’d like to stay. I’ve never met anyone like you and I’ve always wanted to be a farmer. I would love nothing more than to be here with you.” “That would make me so happy,” she said. “I’d have to go back to my cabin, close things up, get my things and I could come back here tonight or tomorrow,” I said, “that is if I can find my way back. I have no idea where I am.” “Well, I have an old map and you can find out and figure out a route. I know you just took off and didn’t know where you were going.” “Well, it looks like I ended up in a pretty magical place,” I said, looking around the kitchen then into her eyes, feeling a huge smile on my face. She opened up the big road map book of Maine, turning a few pages and pointed to the spot on the map. “Here we are in Birch Run.” I looked down at the map and turned the page to see if I could find another section that showed where I lived and when I did, traced the roads, looking at the route numbers and saw that I was not as far away as I originally thought and was certain I could find my

way back. I was anxious to leave so that if all went well, I could do what I had to and come back as soon as possible. “I’ve got a lot to do back at my cabin, but I don’t need that much and I can be back here tomorrow, I bet.” “See, the Tarot cards were right. You are definitely the Fool and that’s good.” “I guess,” I said, still thinking about her definition of the Fool but wondering if I was also being foolish to suddenly pick up my life and move it to this farm in the middle of nowhere to be with someone I had just met. “I can’t believe I’m going to do this,” I said. “You’re pretty amazing, too,” she said and put her arms around me, kissing, our lips opening the others mouths, our tongues, moving. We kissed and just as we started getting aroused, I stopped. “I think I better get on the road and if we keep kissing, I’m not sure when I’d leave.” “Well, okay, you might be right,” she laughed but stole a quick kiss. She walked me out to my car parked in front of the Farm Stand. I glanced over at her old truck, then at the sign Maggie’s Farm, looked up at the house where I would soon be living and again, we hugged and I said, “See you tomorrow, my love,” and drove back down the road, over the old wooden bridge, remembering how it caught my eye as I drove past it the day before then turned around to come down the narrow road, suddenly remembering the blinding sunlight that made me almost lose control of the car. After about twenty minutes, I stopped at Hinkley’s General Store and asked the old grey haired guy at the counter if he knew the best way to find Route 195 which was a more direct way to my cabin then the winding, haphazard way I ended up at Maggie’s. He told me how I should go. I thanked him and bought a pack of mints. I wasn’t hungry after that big breakfast and thought I’d be home in two hours or so and took off in the way he told me, my mind swirling with all that was happening. I turned on the radio to listen to some classical music on public radio but barely listened as I thought about everything that happened to me--how sexy Maggie looked when I drove up and we had wild sex in the hayloft then how I stayed for dinner, got stoned looking up at the stars then dancing in the dark candle lit room then made the most exquisite love I had ever had. I thought about my suddenly just leaving my cabin, not knowing where I was going and, out of the blue, meeting the most amazing woman I had ever known. I couldn’t wait to get home and return to her the next day and begin my new life. Again, I thought about Bob Dylan’s song, “I ain’t gonna work on Maggie’s Farm No More” but that’s just what I was going to do. The thought made me laugh. At home, I got busy. I put a lot of straw mulch on my garden, even though I was abandoning it, I put things away, even swept the floor before putting all of my manuscripts in a box and packing up my laptop and printer. I called an old friend and asked if she wanted my plants and that I was leaving and to take the food in the refrigerator. She could just come over and get them when she had time. I never locked my cabin. No one did where I lived and thought, if someone did break in, they can have what ever they want. Where I was going I would have everything I need but figured I come back from time to time and check on things. That night, I had difficulty sleeping. My mind was so full of thoughts: my good luck, how quickly ones life can change and now I had love of my life. I got up early and made my way back to Maggie’s farm. On the way, I listened to the radio and was amazed that public radio was playing Vivaldi’s Four Seasons. I turned it up loud and felt the music going through me, my head moving and a few times, I took my hand from the steering wheel as if I was conducting the orchestra. I drove past Hinkley’s General Store, excited that I was getting closer and then found the wooden

bridge, drove over the hill, my heart leaping, knowing that around the next bend I would see Maggie's farm stand. When I looked ahead I didn't see the green and yellow umbrella or the table. I kept driving thinking I must have missed it but couldn't imagine how. I turned around and drove back, slowing down then stopped when I noticed a beat up old For Sale sign where I was sure her farm was. I saw the high brown grass, the barn looked like it was falling apart, the roof sinking in and then the dilapidated farm house, the paint peeling, a shutter on the second floor hanging loosely, vines growing up over the roof of the porch, leaves and debris covering the entrance to the house, the old truck had two flat tires and was mostly rust. I panicked, not knowing what to think, completely confused, in fact, crazed at what I was seeing. I looked at the faded phone number on the For Sale sign, thinking it was the number of the real estate agent. I stood there for several minutes, bewildered, not knowing what to do. I got back in my car and just sat there looking at the overgrown grass and the paint peeling from the old farm house. After about ten minutes, I drove back over the wooden bridge and to Hinkley's General Store. I had the name and number of the real estate office and thought I would call to find out what happened to the farm. When I went up to the old guy at the counter, he looked up from the magazine he was reading and when I asked if I could use his phone to call the real estate office and showed him the name. He looked at it then back at me, "They ain't around here any more. Why do you want to call them?" I told him I wanted to know what happened to the old farm on Bridge Road. He said, "I don't nothin' about that farm. It's been empty for years." Just then an old woman with a cane came into the store and said, "Hello, Leland," and walked past us to the rear of the store. I glanced at her rounded back, the black long dress she wore, her white hair tied loosely in a bun and thought maybe she knew something. She came back to the counter with a container of ice cream and put it down. "Put this in a bag and add this to my account. I'll get to you at the end of the month." "Excuse me," I said, "Do you know anything about the old abandoned farm on Bridge Road?" She looked up at me with a puzzled expression, squinting, nodding as if she was remembering. "You must mean the old Maggie O' Donnell farm," she said. "Sad about that," she added. "Nice woman. Worked hard. I remember they tried having some kind of commune there a long time ago but then it all fell apart. They found her dead about twenty some years ago. Said she was murdered by her husband--seems they were fighting over the farm. He went off to prison and because of what happened, no one wanted the place and there it is falling into the ground." I was stunned by the story, thanked her and went out to my car and must have sat there for twenty minutes thinking about what I just heard and what had happened to me the day before. I drove home, not listening to the radio, staring straight ahead, my mind trying to comprehend what I had experienced, but also, feeling how much I loved Maggie, someone who existed in my life yesterday and was now gone and had been for over twenty years. When I got home, I made myself a cup of tea and stood at the window looking out at the orange, yellow and red leaves falling to the ground, covering the flower beds, the rocks and the path leading up to my front door. I knew I was being foolish feeling I had lost the love of my life, as I stood at the window, tears in my eyes, knowing I would never be the same.