
A Cow's Society

I feast at this grassy table
near the maples and the pond.
The fresh greens roll for miles
surrounding old Aunt Mabel's house.

Not far from the maples and the pond,
my grazing neighbors appear to
surround me as old Aunt Mabel's house
surrounds her upon the hill.

My grazing friends
enjoy their own greeneries as much as I.
These fresh greens are able
to draw me with their appeal.

While we enjoy our grass,
the wind plays with our tails
and draws a scattered arrangement of clouds.
Mr. Sun smiles brightly above.

The cool breeze created
eases the heat of the sun on our bodies.
Fighting with the bright smile,
our eyes squint and shift.

Our lashes ease the sun's power
as it towers us, leaving shadows
shifting and distorting both our
bare bodies and the house upon the hill.

As the sun towers us leaving shadows,
the fresh greens continue to roll for miles
day after day while we and the house upon the hill
remain on this grassy table--exposed. . .

