

Unknown

"Cows"

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COWS

John Gorka

The cows in the moo yard;
Are making their plans;
For the long winter nights;
And the cold winter hands.

Some out in the fields;
Are covered with snow;
The black ones are white;
And the white ones don't show.

Big lumps in the sunset;
Between bovine dreams;
Their icicled udders;
Are waiting for spring.

And up from the road;
Comes the sound of the wheel;
Just an old ice cream wagon;
Say, "I know how you feel."

Some dream of India;
Where their cousins are stars;
But they don't like the crowds;
So they stay where they are;

And some dream of Florida;
Roaming the beach;
With metal detectors;
For gold they can reach.

Well, what can you do?
It's the ice or the flies;
The temperature's slowing;
The tails going by.

It's a dairy existence;
And I must conclude;
Cold milk in a bottle;

Still beats frozen food.

@animal

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