

The Cow with Poetry in her Tracks

for Opal Whiteley

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Dear Cow,
Who moo's moo,
I wonder sometimes
How you do?

O Cow,
You are beautiful and fine—
I see the stars
In your brown eyes shine.
I see you walk,
I see you sway,
I almost hear
Your footsteps pray.

There's poetry
In your cloven tracks—
Runes and rhymes
My poor mouth lacks.

O Heavenly Cow,
Whose footfall prints such poetry,
Whose head bears moon as crown,
Who moos aloud melodiously,
Whose voice is velvet brown,
I love you true,
O yes, I do—
I really do
my
moo-moo
Moo.

