

Poet's Cattle Call

By Cactus Jack McCarty- Ritten while waiting for cows

to come in to the feed grounds March 7, 1996' sarcastically eclectic.

**“Come, though hungry mother kine, to
Where they feed doth wait for thee”**

*Beauty calls ye without shouting:
Hearken! Neath ye life is sprouting,
Breeze and heel-flies waltz an outing.
Winter's passing leaves a doubling,
“Lambs and lions” try the routing.
Promis'd snows a hollow louting,
Clouds not weeping, only pouting.
Windmills rest- a day of slowing.*

**Drawn by hope, maternal lowing
Fills the trails with bovine flowing.
“Bring with thee thine offspring growing
(Mothers, daughters, sons in line, too)
‘Til they wean as feed for me.”**