

POET'S CATTLE CALL

by Cactus Jack McCarty - written while waiting for cows to come in to the feed grounds March 7, 1996. Feelin' sarcastically eclectic.

"Come, thou hungry mother kine, to
Where thy 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 doubting,

"Lambs and lions" try the routing.

Promis' of snows a hollow touting,

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."