

(A Poem for Two Voices)
Getting the Cows

The sky is red.
Wet grass droops low.
The spider's web
takes on a glow.

A jay reports
that morn is here
and birds must rise
when light appears

A heavy mist

the forms and shapes

Where are the cows?

Will they respond?
Perhaps --- say,

I call and whistle
wait and watch.
My clothes are wet.
I slip upon the rocks.

Did they go south?

to find the best

I hear the neighbor,
He's calling, too.
Our voices pierce
the morning dew.

Then -- listen! Look!
They're over there ...
the family herd
for which I care.

They're coming now
up the winding lane.
It's milking time.
I'm glad they came.

I walk behind
the last in line.
They know I'm there
and they are mine.

Loretta Kuse

Jay! Jay! Jay!

Jay! Jay! Jay!

still wraps and hides

that stand outside.

Their shapes are hidden, too.

"Mooooo"?

Come boss! Come boss!

Slosh, slosh,
Sloosh -- bump.

Did they go east

on which to feast?

Come boss! Come boss!

Come boss! Come boss!

Swish, swish.
Swish, swish.

Swish, swish.

Moo! Moo!

Mooooooooo!