

TO A COW

M. James

They took your calf away last night,
So that is why you moo
And all the beasts in sympathy
Mourn from the field with you!

Commiseration flows from me
It flows from every part
As lying still I hear that low
From out your bovine heart.

Maternal anguish racks your frame
And yet you cannot weep,
Just bellow sadly to the stars -
But please, I want some sleep.