

The Residents, Bossy

Sat upon an empty box of Cheerios and settled
Through the cracks of wooden floors
Forming little cone mountains
Fertile soil on which to rest
My dirty little white stone
With dimples to keep it from
Rolling down the dusty trail
Brought such straight rows
Like corn and peas
And foot caves in cold dirt
And the sore throat that follows
"Everyone always knew it ended this way,
But I still don't understand why...
Milking the cow didn't work."
She was warm and had a rough
Mus-cular tongue for licking
Salt blocks and brown eyes like a cow
And her name was Bossy.
We didn't eat her I don't think
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