

# 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  
sallysally@usa.net