

Tug Dumbly

Cows in Flood

Down a chocolate river they sweep
past the futile farmer on the news.
Funny and terrible how they float
like yin-yang kegs, unswan legs
working under, cowly bewildered,
dumbly befuddled, to somewhere
down the frothing flood drown.

They only wanted to crunch grass
and hardly begrudged the milk meant
for calves gone to pub schniddy plates.
Their earthly needs few, and innocent, really,
of the methane they gave, that by some
dark chain they grazed in green ignorance of
goaded the sky to this Noah rain.

It's probably ironic, to someone,
how they helped lay their wet graves.
God moves in mysterious ways
and Man and Pan in ways apparent.
But, karma the farmer, curdle our whey,
lock the gate, those cows weren't vexed
to riddle out this weather hex.

The poor farmer, a sentimental fool
for the flotilla of currency he sees float by –
windmill, barn, chicken on a doghouse, mixed
with litres of Old McDonald's thickshake
in those churns bovine. But he believes
the rain will stop. It has to stop.
Boats only burn down to the waterline.

Things don't know they can swim
till they must. Throw cows in and they're
naturals, at least for a while. But you'll
see them again, in the afterlife, softly bloating
over all these silty acres, scooped gently
into mouths of earth movers, when the sun
emerges, shyly, like a child from a massacre.