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## My Cow

Howard McCord

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HOWARD MCCORD

## MY COW

The stones rattle on the hillside  
in the fog: the brindle cow is lost,  
or drunk again on jimson weed.  
She wants to fly, thinks  
she is flying, but her hooves  
run out of air deep in the heart.  
She shakes her head like a dog,  
and lows with long, dizzy notes  
slipping from her throat, the white  
depths groaning under the press of flowers.  
She is dreaming, and clambering  
toward the moon, or a sunrise  
spliced into the night.  
The light from her bones blinds her,  
the soft edges of stones reach out  
like bramble fingers, pluck at her ribs,  
pinch her ears. She's speaking Chinese  
now: "Wan wu chih mu" she bugles,  
calling on The Mother to tame  
the stones, melt the snow  
that burns in her four bellies, get  
her back to earth.

I follow two miles in the fog,  
find her the lee side of a watertank  
in soft repose, belching,  
smiling like an old man.