

Breakfast Walk

The cows recoiled
at the sight
and sound
of wheels.

You sat quietly hooded
snuffling Teddy
peppery with love
watching.

I reached a hand through wire
to scrub rough hair-tufts,
looked for udders.

The young
cast an eye to Mother:
Can we eat?
Shall we run?
Can we eat?
Her steady footing,
her calm beneath my hand
said Eat.
You sucked your bottle.

Marie Little