

The Zen of feeding cows.

If the fucking tractor starts,
then feeding becomes
an occidental Tai Chi,
slow and simple and perfect in the flow
from stack to field to expectant mother cows,
patient, waiting for spring,
green grass and birth.

But if the fucking tractor grunts, ah, ...
then we begin with true Zen practise.

First, we must control our base chakra,
and whistle, instead of beating on the
sonofabitch with a pipe.

Then we tiger torch the old bitch
and wait, leaned against the fence
at forty below
watching the sun track
the pale southern sky.

Resist the temptation
to try the starter again
and hurry life.

Wait, watch ravens.

Then, when she pops and roars,
your smile is as the Buddha and
you can climb aboard and submit
to 15 more minutes of silent waiting,
contemplating the dharma of
a slowly climbing temperature gauge.

Then hay and diesel noise
and gates and waiting cows
yell at the dog
chop strings,
pat a cow's butt,
lay green sustenance sufficient
for 200 head, then head home
to the kitchen fire.

To sit, with warming fingers,
coffee steaming,
and look out and watch other beings,
also chewing their cud.

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