Winter Cows

John Gorka

The cows in the moo yard are making their plans
For the long winter nights and the cold winter handsSome out in the fields are covered with snow
The black ones turn white and the white ones don't showBig lamps in the sunset, between bovine dreams
Their icicled udders are waiting for springAnd up from the road comes the sound of the wheel
Just an old ice cream wagon, they say "I know how you feel"Some dream of India, where their cousins are stars
But they don't like the crowds, so they stay where they areAnd some dream of Florida, of roaming the beach
With metal detectors for gold they can reachWell, what can you do? It's the ice or the flies
The temperature slowing, the tails going by
It's a dairy existence, and I must conclude...
Cold milk in a bottle still beats frozen foods
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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