Come with Me

Join me
in the pasture
where placid brown cows
cut paths
across the slope
and trample ripe
mud near the spring
that sprouts
in the knoll’s crease.

Listen to the small
explosions of their tasting,
long inhalations
of their drinking.

Sit beside me on
the familiar boulder
where moss grows brittle
in the bright eye of the sun
and miniature grey lichen columns
bear red-tipped bowls
across the rusty quartz.

I haven’t gone for years.

How could I have known
I was waiting
for you even then?

SCUDDER PARKER
Middlesex, VT