



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-lipped 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**



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