Standing staunchly, sturdy legs grip the firmness of the ground,
Broadset eyes are wary as you keep apart, watching me feed the Brahma
Traced hard and dark in your brief history, the human smell scatters disjointed visions through your memory
dusting your dreams with fear
Now, the sun's welcome rays pour down yellow hot on sibilant pastures blessed with others of your kind
Rain sodden grasses, spongy underfoot must call some bovine heaven to your mind
It was not always thus
Your ragged, rusty coat, once red and white The innocence torn forever from your eyes
Bespoke that other place, that other time
How did one single steer get here?
How did you escape the veal crate, the rodeo ring, the feed lot, the slaughterer's knife?

Mary Sternberg

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