

The Cow

An Oreo Cow at the helm
Hiked up her boots
And advanced the throttle—
Full speed toward the sunrise,
Sun dancing on the water,
Waves slapping against the prow,
Recalling she left the burners on.

Dropping anchor in the shadow of an ocean liner,
She climbed a ladder let down for her.
"Cowabunga!" from impressed passengers.
With no fear of heights
She flung herself off the high dive
And wet everyone around the pool.
She would have danced but lacked a partner.
On the nude deck, females had two milk sacks
With one spigot each—freaks.
Diners without napkins at their necks
Forked food like farmers gathering hay.
A steward offered her drinks.
"Water . . . not tap."
Walking through a shuffleboard game,
She barely avoided a disc.
The captain was cute
But had only two legs.
Sunning on the deck suited her,
But she had forgotten her sunglasses.
Hearing Maria Callas singing
"O, mio babbino caro!"
"O, my dear Father!"
She remembered Juliet—and softened.

Seeking other than pleasure,
She bid farewell to her new friends,
Climbed down the ladder and cast off,
Setting her course into the rising sun.

