

Lots of Snow at our family farm 2008

Into layers of clothes
we dress,
leaving openings
for many a
smile to make-

we grab shovels
from the barn
then run to the nearest
hill to sled-

our dog joins in.
jumping up
and down through
the snow.
like a rabbit
first time
in the cold-

on top the hill,
we hold our
shovels handles
firm and
down we go-

racing over bumps,
betting on who
gets bucked off
first. Our dog
chases us down
trying to latch
his muzzle to our coats,
to pull us off
for fun-

On the way
back home,

our dairy cows,
meander out of their
sheds, towards us,
stretched their necks
over the fence,
poking their noses
in ours faces
to say hello-

Nearby the cows
My mom's horse,
we named, Lucky,
obsessively grazes
her hay. Mom
found her loose
in an un-fenced pasture,
Dragging a lead rope with
no owner nearby-

that night,
i dreamt our cow
named, Mama,
was making us cocoa.
Mixing together
her milk with shredded
chocolate and stirring
with her eyes
over the pot.
Watching to make
sure it does not
overflow-

Mare turned out in a field with her herd to cool to graze to massage

off to the mud
she gallops.
to roll to cool
off sweat. mud
dries and flakes,
like a clay
mask, with no
pores to open
to pus-
she smells
grass snapping
it's fingers,
to be trimmed
to be fertile
once more-
her tail whips
both her sides.
firing bugs
that bite
and suck-
one joins her
for a mutual
massage, gnawing
their teeth on each
other's withers
groaning relief
(free of charge)-

their heads jolt up
smelling their
employers, trudging
towards the gate-
mare snorts
to her herd
asking, shall

we give them
a chase, or just
submit on
auto for work
today-

Spring

When I check on my father
he cannot tell if anyone
is in the room
so I shut the lights
and he doesn't stir.
His lips rattle lightly,
not asleep, not really awake.

As I turn to leave the room
I spot on his dresser
an old horse-show ribbon,
it's only fifth place
from some obscure show
I showed in years ago --

Looking at it there
I wonder how
I will get through April, May, July,
because I feel as small
as the gesture
his hands made, as he carefully
placed the ribbon there.

Horse's eyes

How does a horse look
at me? I Bet he looks at me
like a two-legged roasted pig,
only the apple is in my hand.
Sometimes, I look into a horse's eyes,
trying to see what he sees,
as if I'm looking through a spyhole
of an apartment door-
My nose is huge, leading my body behind it-
Like a political cartoon narrowed,
unimportant; an inquisitive, friendly
rodent. Poor horses, what
patience they have to deal with us
humans.

My daughter, Tess, helping me log into zoom

with my harrowing hapless frame
with no attention to gain-

“Oh Tess help! How do I get into zoom?”
I plead in a high pitch screech-

“Mom, what is it now?”

“Ugh my class starts in a minute
and I don't know how.”

She comes into the study,
“Calm down, press here.
It starts in a minute, Mom.
Why do you always wait?”

Time doesn't handle
me well-

“i'm always behind
i'm so unorganized
i'm too old for this.”

“Write down what I just told you,
so you can do it by yourself, Mom.”

but it's too late
i stare
at all the boxed-in faces
looking straight ahead-
like the brady bunch
but no matches
of hair of smiles
or age-