



CATTLE

Always their backs are turned
to the sky, their eyes and feet

fixing this moon of earth.
They listen without changing

position over the whole curved
field, heads and ears cupped

to the green ryegrass stems.
Their borrowed bodies tightly

drawn to meat and leather,
hot and soft as the dress-glove

they will come clean of.
Even their loud killing-shock

by us, turned back, rattling
still our locks and windows.

Jane Thielsen