Because they sauntered into the dusk,
black and white and tan,
redefining green as they moved
across the juicy fields,
patches shiny as patent,
rich as cream sherry.

Because in the shimmering light
they looked satisfied with themselves,
tight udders eased.

Unhooked from machines,
prodded out of the yard,
they sashayed through the gate to paradise,
heads already down, nibbling
a springy dinner in slurry season,
air sticky and ripe.

Because when they buried their muzzles
in the feathery pasture
they ruminated on pleasure.

Because being cows they knew
what to do with deep grass
swishing against their knees.

Because in understanding where to graze
and how to space themselves
they drew the landscape together,
balanced the round hills
with the angular barn,
the barbed fence smothered in hedge.

Jeri Kroll, 'Why Cows? Irish Landscape Art',
Transnational Literature Vol. 5 no. 1, November 2012.
the toasted coconut of new-mown fields
with a lone oak halfway down the slope,
a steady line drawing parallel

with the narrow lane above
and me, a point on it,
now somehow part of this perspective.

Jeri Kroll