

Classic Poetry Series

Ernest G Moll

- poems -

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Farm Scene

They come each morning to the gate,
are milked and wander off to feed;
six cows, a calf and in the lead
a brindled bull, old, fat sedate.

And every evening they are back,
loafing along the quarter-mile
of dusty lane in single file,
the old bull trailing up the track.

I would not load with thought that brings
meanings deep-conjured in the mind
this quiet scene-but here I find
the rhythm of eternal things.

And envy him who takes his pail
jingling to met them at the gate;
sun-up, sun-down, that constant date
which neither he nor they will fail.

I envy him whose life allows
him the cool blessedness; to stand
and simply watch the coming and
later the going of the cows.

Ernest G Moll