

Speckled cows graze in humble pastures,
blotted against the richness of a long hill,
while a chance cloud above keeps them in shadow.

Heads bent in the invisible vassalage,
they are the sweet wet-nurses of the world,
heavy with the good milk that streams from them. . .

There was the young Jersey that went rioting madly over
the pasture, her long yoked passions buffeting her
against the wooden enclosures, and died with a rail
piercing her udders, so that the blood mingled with
the milk.