

4. Poetry pifold

Rough and untended they roamed
in herds, crossed the paths of my life,
trampled the tended patch
where I plotted how to proceed.

In my twenties they were sexy,
pranced, in heat and in rut,
neighed their nonsense,
their romance on the cheap.

Untidily lined, not properly broken in,
they stamped their stanzas
into disarray, unbehoved
in their unruly revelling.

Later, their will to power wilted
and they grazed more
attentively, chomped, smacked
their thoughts more carefully.

And now, grey in mane,
they home in, congregate,
rounded up, rubbed down,
aligned, the stockman tolerated.