

The Cattle Battle

When I pull into the full parking lot
at the Newton Free Library, two women fight
for the same spot.

It's not pretty to see a heifer's
hind legs twist, shake and drag. Always
the same footage: the cow circling,
caged alone. Her head slams
side to side, almost spineless—crazy
back legs out of control, weight in tow.

Spent with another lover, I drunk dialed
my first girlfriend. Claimed I was sober
but whiskey talks. Unsteady now, I should've
written a letter. But there's something about
breathing: being in its face, hearing a kind
of heaviness on the other end.

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