

...march 23, 2009...

a jersey cow –
completely black –
called bubbles –
i met her on
my cousin's farm
in aldergrove –
but that was thirty
years ago
and more –
only her great
great granddaughters
still live –
even ken
who named her –
has passed on
into that greater
essence that
surrounds –
but i am here
with bubbles
on my mind –
sipping pop
and celebrating
spring –
remembering
ken telling me
the tale
of one late night
within a grove
of trees
he stumbled on
a tiny newborn
calf
starlight coat
alive in tiny
bubbles –



it was as if
the fairies had
emerged
gifting him
with an enchanted
being –
now every time
that bubbles comes
to mind
magic
reawakens
bubble time.

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