I didn’t match the noise, the bellowing
with anguish of that kind, but Tracy did.
I did notice the plethora of rooks and brethren
on wires, in trees, even over the fields —
their croaks were deep and rich and disturbing
outside the usual ontological scratching.
We showered. I looked out towards Mount
Gabriel, the radar domes glowing through cloud.
The corona of rooks had widened, as if warning
shots had been fired, but there was silence.
And then a four-wheeler kicked over,
and a cow called out to the coast,
her voice reverberating deep into hills
burrowed and lacerated by Neolithic miners
frantic for copper to mix with Cornish tin.
A bronze age in the bronze horns and bells
of all cows fallen here. So many reverberations,
so much pain in the most beautiful moments.
This cow is marched down the road, afterbirth
hanging from her vagina, a thread of making
going back to single cells, to cosmology.
Divining her bereft, bloody sway
you’ll contemplate past and future, rooks
notarising an apologue of origins sharp as birth.
And the four-wheeler with newborn calf
slung over the lap of the master, midwife
to economy, the fleshpots of capitalism.