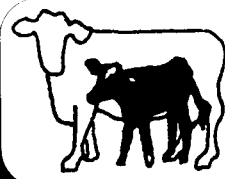


# גידול



## **A Bovine Poem**

*(Dedicated to all those working in the תונקיה)*

You know not my name  
If I'm white or I'm black  
You might just walk by me  
Not even look back

I work in the תפוף  
One not unlike yours  
Same obligations  
Same daily chores

You'll see me with bottles  
Colostrum One  
Toting around my  
Ear piercing gun

I'm usually found  
Knee deep in manure  
Pitch fork in hand  
Smelling of sewer

Been forced to do "zondas"  
Check for infections  
Put in I.V.'s  
Give the injections

Clean out their wounds  
And watch them mature  
Look into their eyes  
So gentle so pure

Been stepped on and kicked  
Have taken some risks  
Shlepped a few calves  
Pulled a few discs

Took a few courses  
For appearances sake  
But usually learned  
By making mistakes

Abramovitz, De Langa  
And Gabi Adeen  
You taught me to love  
Our friend the Holstein

And then there is Shlomo  
From Ramot Menashay  
Who taught me the difference  
Between barley and hay

But I won't regret  
And I must confess  
I loved the hard work  
The sweat and the mess

But all things must change  
It's really quite "תורמה"  
And so we accept  
The coming "תפודמה"

I'll hang up my boots  
Dab on some perfume  
Deal with the changes  
*חמש כמו כלום!*

Michelle Prital  
Ma'ale Hahamisha