

Sine metu mortis

At once you lift your gaze,
A blank-eyed stare
Just slightly curious
Concerning us,
Then drop your head to graze
Without a care
On grasses succulent
To any ungulate.
With languid blood
You bask in morning sun
To chew your cud,
But what surprise could stun
A ruminant
So little luminant?
Serene incomprehension!
You feed, and drowse,
And feel no change
To watch your butcher's henchmen
Near the slaughterhouse
Beside your range.

Stephen Wentworth Arndt