

painful udders, so I turned around and faced again that continual slap of air rushing to escape from the cold north. Steaming bodies, warm and damp from sleeping in fresh manure and straw, arose from their beds, as I yelled a cow's reveille at the top of my lungs. A few refused to be moved by mere sound, so a friendly kick or two was needed here and there. Once they were up, they stood stiffly, hunched their backs, coughed up breakfast, and started out on their half-mile freeway to work.

We were heading home with the wind at our backs. My nostrils thawed out; my eyes cleared themselves, and I breathed deeply of a familiar air. It was a quiet, beautiful morning.

Prohibition

by Ken Kaiser

Architecture, Sr.

No drinking until five and it's always five or so
 something or other; hours, years, seconds
 or maybe apples or peaches which can't
 be divided into one another or multiplied
 for that matter—one never knows,
 and even fewer care these days at least
 so it seems which may or may not
 be obvious to the casual (or otherwise)
 observer. And so we'll raise our glass
 it being now five past five
 in the P.M. of our Lord nineteen hundred
 and the devil may (he will anyway) take the rest.
 So drink hearty gentlemen and the ladies too
 for the glass is falling and the sand is scattered
 on the dusty floor.