**COW. TWO.**

I Would Really Like To Be A Cow.

But Then You Might Try To Eat Me.

But I Might Be One Anyhow.

In India.

Then You Would Revere Me.

Completely.

I Could Wander.

Where E'er I Chose To Roam.

In Temples.

In The Street.

Throughout Your Home.

You Could Never Fantasize. Cheat.

You Could Never Even Wish.

Or Want To Have Or Taste My Meat.

For I Would Be A Holy Cow.

It Would Be A Major Foul.

If You Were Try To Touch Or Harm Me.

Hindu Religion.

Does Not Allow.

Faithful To Hurt Or Kill A Cow.

So You Would Always.

Have To Treat.

Me. With Utmost Respect.

As I Would Studiously Expect.

Gentle. Kind. Sweetly.

*PHILLIP PAUL.  12/30/15.*

*Fairview Inn.*

*With Fifth Cudo To Lisa.*

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