

Our un-outwitted spouse
Replied she had as soon
Believe it was the cow's
That overshot the moon.

The parabolic curve
Of her celestial track,
As any might observe,
Might never bring her back.

The famous foster nurse
Of man and womankind
Had for the universe
Left trivia behind.

And gone right on astray
Through let-down pasture bars
Along the Milky Way
A-foraging on stars.

Perennial as flowers,
To where some allege
This universe of ours
Has got a razor edge.

And if she don't take care
She'll get her gullet cut,
But that is no affair
Of anybody's but —

The author of these words
Whose lifelong unconcern
Has been with flocks and herds
For what they didn't earn.
1962 "In the Clearing".