Make for the Mountains:

I watch as the rancher corrals the cattle to their pens,

Each clone marching through the twists and the bends.

Their dragging heels stir up brown rocky dust,

Their eyes glassed over and their skin turned to rust.

So they go to the command of common man,

In mindless obedience as best they can.

But, lo! now here’s something swell,

A young white calf has escaped from his cell!

To where and but why I can’t yet tell,

But run, young one, head for the dell!

Make for the mountains and fly to the trees,

Dash to the fields and row to the seas.

Prance up the hills and bounce to the dunes,

Climb to the peaks and swim to lagoons.

For you, good sir, have been born again,

Away from the lies and outside of your pen.

But a great rumble proceeds in tow with a crack,

And the once hopeful youth now lays on his back.

Shot dead on its flee to freedom’s allure,

For life in a pen it could not endure.