

Cows

Sun Kil Moon

I drive the winter roads to Navarre after they've been plowed. I look off in the snow and saw the frost-bitten cows. I stare into the big, dumb, brown eyes and in those moments, I felt tranquilized

In those moments, I felt half than [?]. In those moments in the back seat of my Mom's car, I felt hypnotized. In those moments, the AM radio played Riders on the Storm and I fall into a the state of euphoria

So I was pushed [?], and felt something warm and living. Something warm and living nearby that refreshed, and stumbled upon the hill like full of cows. And in Nirvana, there was order and warmth that touched his heart. And there among them was the mountain sermonizer

"What do you see, kid?", I asked Zarathustra

"Same things as you see", the mountain man said. "Happiness on Earth, you peace-breaker."

"Why have you come here? Why have you disturbed them? Do you not know that if we not become as cows, we shall not enter into the gates of Heaven? For there is one thing we should learn from them. And that is rumination."

In the end, Zarathustra talked him back to his cave of haunting. Zarathustra gave the mountain man shit for loving cows more than money. The mountain sermonizer said "Well, guess what? I have news for you, Zarathustra, I have decided that, more than cows, I love you"

Zarathustra said "Enough of your flattery" and poked the (?) with a stick and he ran off nimbly

See, I grew up in Ohio in a rust belt town. And growing up, I gazed off at thousands of cows in my prepubescent years, throughout my teens. I saw lots of dairy cows, Guernseys, and Holsteens. From my perspective, the space between their ears was hollow. They did not know yesterday from two seconds ago from tomorrow. From my perspective, they did not feel happiness, they did not feel sorrow

Cows are harmless creatures, they are innocent. Every small thing they do is tender and sweet and benevolent. I looked back at those drives past with sweet sentiment. It was good to get away from the downtown mass in Ohio cement. Though those drives are sometimes boring and seem very far, I have fond memories of my mom dropping us off at a relative's in Navarre

Cow, Cow, Cow, Cow, Cow, Cow, Cow, Cow

Nietzsche's passage got me thinking about cows and this kick drum going "Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow."

Trigger the word "cow" and everything is unraveled from the word "cow"

And this kick drum sound "Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow."

From this day forward, I saw only them about only about once a month. Sink my teeth into the flesh of a cow. From this day forward, I saw them about only once a month. Sink my teeth into the flesh of a cow. From this day forward, I saw them about only once a month. Sink my teeth into the flesh of a cow. From this day forward, I saw them about only once a month. Sink my teeth into the flesh of a cow

For I love steaks at Harris' restaurant on Havana Street, and bulgogi in Seoul, Korea or in New York on 32nd Street, and brisket at Jack's barbeque on Broadway in Nashville, Tennessee, and beef jerky at 7/11 when I'm on the road and I'm low on protein.

To give up cow flesh entirely and completely at this stage of my life I'm afraid would be very hard for me. For half a century, I have enjoyed the tasty flavor of cow meat. Aw, it tastes so good, my mind's Chop Suey

See, as a kid in Ohio, driving out of town, they'd comfort me, gazing off at the cows. Then later I moved out to California and the most beautiful animals I still see are cows. Driving through Petaluma over to Bolinas Point, there are many cows grazing. On the way to the beach, when I see them, my body gets lazy, my mind gets all buzzy and hazy

Not far from my home is, in New Orleans now, is a closed down dirty plant where they used to be a statue of a cow. Why did I pick a home to a place so close to where they process the milk of cows? Every night I went to sleep and woke up to the milk truck sounds

And when I could barely walk, my dad worked at Overland Dairy, seven days a week, I asked him just today how much they paid him weekly. He said "I don't remember, Mark, that was so long ago. But they gave me two free gallons of milk daily."

I said, "But I remember mom pulling milk bottles out of a silver box a couple times a week."

He said, "Well, Mark, that's after I quit my job as a milkman."

I said "Oh yeah, that makes a lot of sense why it was mom who picked those heavy milk bottles up from the doorstep. Cause you had a new job and you were traveling around."

He said "Yeah, I was traveling regionally and was selling cold medicine from town to town."

I don't eat much chicken. Better find a better finger licking, but I do love fish and I love Creole dishes. Gulf coast stores, just-fried gator and crawfish. I wouldn't be surprised if I died of a heart attack in Felix's in New Orleans. In fact if I fa

ll over there and died, do not get all sappy. If I died in Felix's eating oysters and crawfish, know that I died happy

"God is dead". With Nietzsche, on that, I agree. But where he stands on cows, I can not totally proceed. When I look out at the animals, they radiate serenity. Cows are as close to perfect beings as it gets to me

I look out into the bay and see the prow of an incoming Skyle[?]. The picture calms my nerves when I stare out the window. Like a cow, my brain goes blank and I find peace in the here and now. I'm as calm as a pasture-grazing cow. Their moos, to my ears, are sweeter than a cat's meow. [?] fought many times at San Francisco's Cow Palace. And in the Garden, he fought Frankie Ardez[?]. My favorite part of the movie "Borat" is the part where he tries to kidnap Pamela Anderson, she runs away from the crowd and she's running through the parking lot screaming, he yells "I will give you your own plow." OK, that's all I've got, I've run out of thoughts about cows, at least for now