

Eight Pound Cows

Dr. Barbara ten Brink



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by

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AuthorsPress

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The Haiku of Barbara ten Brink, Volumes 1 through 6, 2014-2019

Traveling with Isaac Newton, Authors Press Publishing, 2020

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Eight Pound Cows

I wish my cows weighed 8 pounds. I would hold them on my lap and comb through their fur picking parasites, mats, and leaf litter.



I'd wash them in the sink with perfumed oatmeal soap or take them to the groomer for the total package: shampoo, cut, perfume, hooves, bows tied to their funny little cowlicks where they don't grow horns.



I'd hold them in my lap as Hal chauffeured us all over the countryside. They'd jockey for the most comfortable position. I'd rub their ears and stroke their muzzles. I'd let them lick me with their sandpaper tongues all up and down my arms.



I'd take them to cow
obedience school to learn to be
good little dogies, to get along
little dogies whoopee tí yí yo,
get along little dogies. Maybe
they'd be good little students
and become therapy cows to go
into the old ranchers' home and
provide comfort to the elderly
cowboys.

Whoopee Ti-Yi-Yo Git Along Little Doggies

As I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing for plea - sure, I
spied a cow-punch - er all rid - ing a - lone; His hat was throw'd back and his
spurs was a - jing - lin', As he ap - proach'd me a - sing - in' this song: Whoop - pee
ti yi yo, git a - long lit - tle dog - ies, It's your mis - for - tune and
none of my own. Whoop - ee ti yi yo, git a - long lit - tle dog - ies,
For you know Wy - o - ming will be your new home.

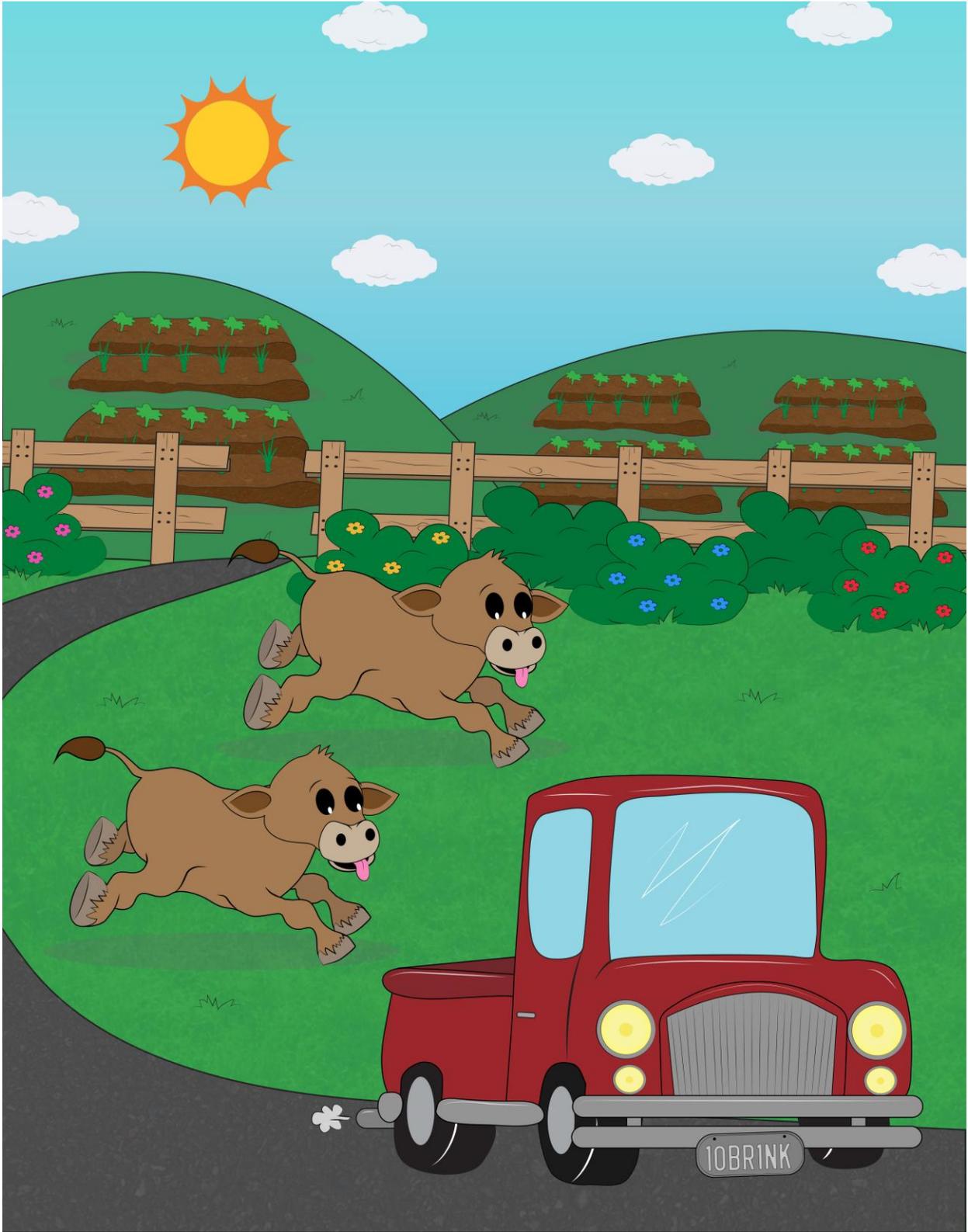
REFRAIN.



I'd give them treats to sit, stay,
and beg, and extra special
treats, entreats, and pats for
being housebroken.



It would thrill me to see them romp in my backyard. In the pasture, they'd kick up their heels and run after the truck in anticipation and nose around my work in curiosity.



In the city, would they overcome their shyness to greet passersby? What a hoot if they would visit with all the neighbors walking their dogs and pushing baby carriages past the chain link fence. People would smile to hear moos in downtown Austin.



I'd put them in rhinestone collars and leashes to take them on walks up and down the boulevard.



Instead of nasty dog poop that must be picked up and discarded, we would gather cow patties to mulch into the dirt around the flowers, shrubs, trees, and vegetables.



They'd come when I call:

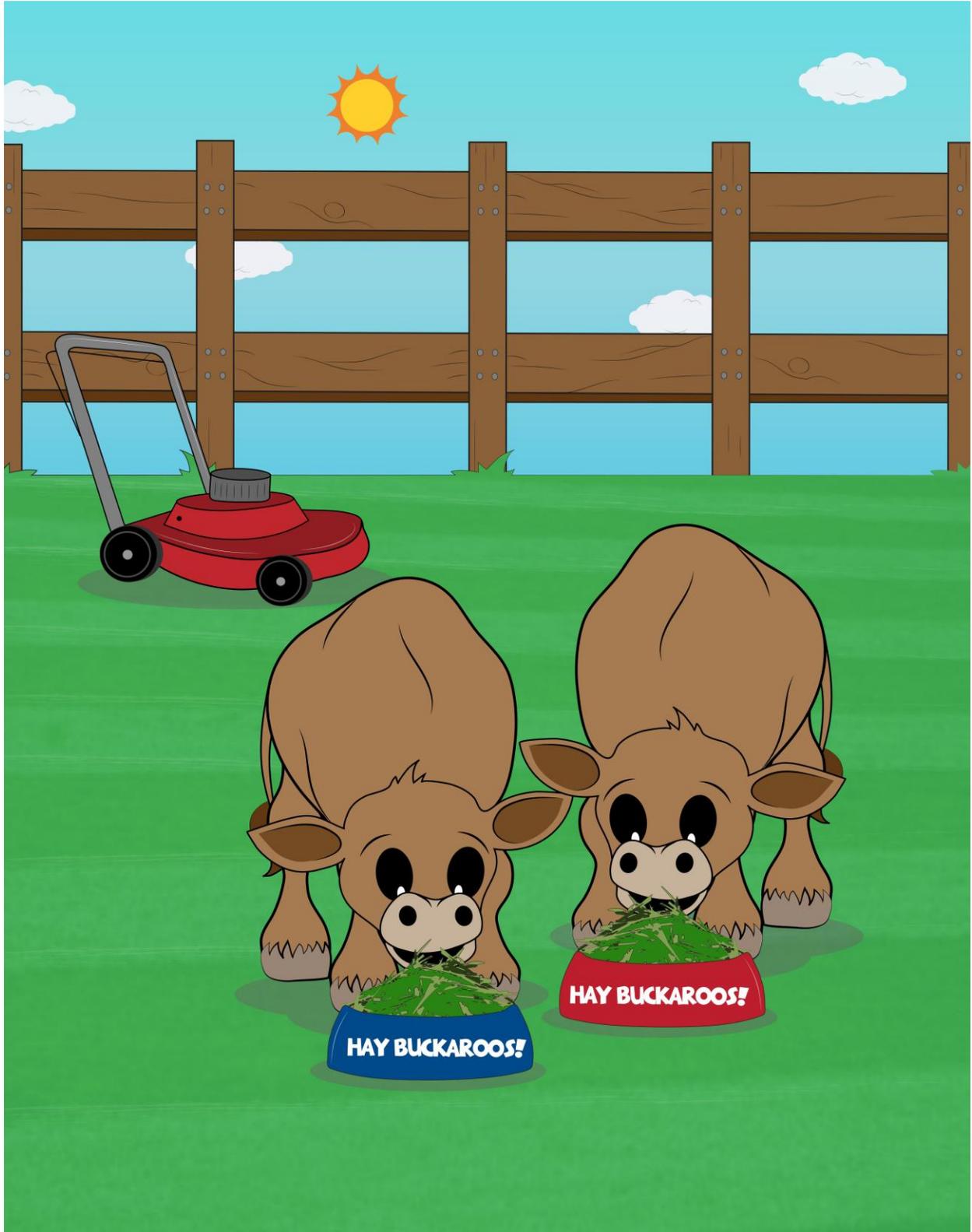
"Time to come in!"

"Time to eat!"

"Time for a bath!"

"Time to settle into bed!"

They'd have designer beds in assigned colors in every room in the house. Their water bowls and food bowls would be cowpoke, rodeo themed of course. At meal times, I'd mow the yard and stack the fresh cut grass in the bowl labeled Hay Buckaroos!



They'd nuzzle my hand with their black wet velvet noses looking for security and assuredness. Eight pound cows would make great pets: Great, fat, furry, black, silly, docile, pets not unlike two, eight pound, white, furry, fluffy, poodles I know.



Engaging with the Text

Thank you for reading *Eight Pound Cows*. I sincerely hope you were entertained by it. Here are some suggestions for you to engage more deeply with the text:

- Illustrate an event in the story
- Write a chapter to take the eight-pound cows on a new adventure
- Describe some mischief the eight-pound cows could get into
- Write a sequel
- Keep a journal of the antics of your pet
- Draw your pet in different scenes

My challenge to you is to continue to read, write, illustrate. Remember, a book and your journal are tangible and printed media, an inseparable instrument of the human being and a wonderful door to imagination and knowledge.

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Imagine how fun it would be to have pet cows as cute and little as small dogs. Small like Eight Pound Cows!! It would be so fun to wash them in the sink, to teach them tricks, to take them for walks on rhinestone leashes.

Visit barbaratenbrinkbooks.com for more information.



Dr. Barbara ten Brink bought a twenty-acre ranch-ito in Gruene, Texas (population 20) where she builds fences, hoes cactus, and runs cows. “Every weekend, I feel connected to my grandmother, also a farmer. Granny’s reputation, her larger than life persona, her involvement with the entire community, her enthusiasm for work, her philanthropy are models to which I aspire. Working on my acreage, I imagine Clemmie working on her cotton farm. Harvesting mustang grapes, I visualize Clemmie canning preserves, making jellies, putting up stores of black-eyed

peas, okra, tomatoes, and other produce she grew on her farm and shared with all of Brownfield, Texas. Every time I work at my ranch-ito, I channel Clemmie. I talk to her, ‘Dear Granny, Have I done enough? Have I worked hard enough? Have I accomplished one-tenth of your humane accomplishments?’ I aspire to.”