

## **Following Cow Patties**

Following cow patties through the brush on the floodplain  
fields of stones blackened by the elements and time,  
I come upon a nearly perfect circle of them a foot or so across,  
ten or twelve each an inch or two in size, with one white  
quartz piece at the center and little likelihood  
of a human hand involved there miles from any road  
out on the flats a day or two since the latest chubasco  
where sand, clay and stones are moved by every storm.