

IN RESPONSE TO THE HERD

Kyle Parris

Beware The Bovine, young Darren,
a craftier foe you won't find.
Their docile appearance can put you to sleep
and sleep is where They'll find you
curled up in the covers dreaming of times
They'll soon make you forget.

The Bovine, young Darren, have a master plan,
a plan to master all time.
Nostradamus saw first inside his crystal ball
a sight too gruesome to speak.
Thousands, no millions, of revolting Bovines
Flashing Their horns, stamping Their hooves.

Thousands upon thousands of people will fall,
and those that meet death will be lucky.
The survivors, slaves, working the fields,
gathering hay for the Fattened Calves.
Their rule will be one of hatred and deceit
and stretch far into your future.

But, my young Darren, there's hope for your time
and what I tell you,
you must promise to keep
forever in your memory,
telling only those you trust,
(For the Bovines have spies among us).

A Bovine's flesh cannot be harmed
Unlike Their cousin's, the cow.
A Bovine's weakness lies in Its head
Its ego too huge to imagine.
Egos so terribly, horribly huge
you need only mere insults to maim Them.

Obscenities work best in wounding esteem
But don't repeat these words to your mother.
"You Milk Producers!!!"
To passing Bovines you encounter.
Take heed, young Darren, keep feelings sour
and The Rebellion will be delayed.
This knowledge I give
To one day share
and keep alive The Fight.