

Volume 22 Number 2 Arts Issue

Article 15

December 1993

In Green Pastures

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Recommended Citation

Vanden Bosch, Mike (1993) "In Green Pastures," Pro Rege: Vol. 22: No. 2, 16.

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*In Green Pastures

by Mike Vanden Bosch

My mother could not see a Holstein cow with her calf in our Iowa pasture without saying when we'd pass, "How beautiful!" At first I looked but later barely turned my head to see.

I knew where beauty was.

I'd seen glossy brochures of the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone and whined because Mom couldn't take me there to see them.

If she had pined for faraway beauty as I had pined, I thought, then her soul might touch mine.

Much later I traveled far to behold
Yellowstone's geysers and the Grandest Canyon.
My heart was stirred—but less I fear
than my mother's had been at seeing
a black and white cow and her calf eating grass
just east of the crick in our green Iowa pasture.

*This poem was published in the 1993 edition of Lyrical Iowa.

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