

Cow Pie ©2006

by Alan Chenworth

I was remembering back to when I was in my youth
Of a story so bizarre, you'll probably believe it ain't true.
It was early in the summer when school was just out
When work came first and farm chores was what we were about.

My Aunt called—to see if my cousin could come and stay
She was looking for a place where John could run and play
“There was a lot of crime”, she said, “and it sure seemed a pity
That they didn't have much of a yard at their place in the city.”

For quite a while, mom and her talked on the telephone
And when she hung up, she made the arrangements at home.
I was to teach him hard work and country living
And much to my dismay, it was my room he'd be given.

One morning, early in June an old Chevy pulls into the drive.
And Mom calls out—“It looks like your cousin has arrived.”
He seemed nice enough, but lord what a sight!
The first thing I noticed was that his suite was too tight.

Well! There he was, a chubby boy about my height
And I couldn't help but see that his skin was pasty white.
Now, we was all tanned dark from hours under the sun
And John's pale white skin stuck out like a sore thumb.

Mom gave me a nudge—“Don't just stand there and stare”
Then she said, “grab his bags and get them upstairs.”
We went all through the house and I showed him around
Then it was up to my room before he uttered a sound.

The first thing he said as his bags he unpacked,
Was “I have to go—Where is the bathroom at?”
Well now, the sewer in town was brand spankin' new
And while some folks used it, we used the loo.

“In the corner of the yard”, I said, was an old outhouse
“Just head out the back door and follow the trail south.”
He looked quite aghast as he said with chagrin—
“You've got an outhouse?! But what'll I do if I fall in?”

Now, it didn't take me very long to figure it out—
That he didn't know what country life was all about.
See, when he came back to the house he had a big frown
Cause he couldn't find a way to flush it all down.

And he wore his fancy swim trunks down to the pond
While the rest of us didn't worry 'bout what we had on.
But when he milked the cow I knew he was naive
He never even noticed she only had one teat.

Now, I got into trouble sometimes when I was young
But, looking back, this was the meanest thing I ever done.
John was my cousin and I never meant him no harm
But an idea came to me while working in the barn.

He'd worked real hard to try and fit in
Even trading his suite for a cover-all bib.
I'm not sure what came over me, but I had to know
What his limits were and just how far would he go?

"Now, there was something", I told him, "He'd just have to try."
If he knew what he was missin', Oh, he'd just die!
See, every morning nature brings a real country treat,
And every country boy knows it's a meal complete.

"That bacon and eggs" I said, "were just a good start;
You city boys are missin' out on the very best part.
Down in the pasture low, bathed in the bright morning light
You'll find a warm, soft cow pie, all fixed up just right.

He gasped and stammered, his eyes open wide,
"I've never heard of such a thing as eating cow pies"
"Well, think about it" I jumped up and said
"There's probably a lot worse things you've already had."

"Now remember, milk, eggs and honey come fresh to you
Each and every day with the fresh morning dew."
And if you think about where they come from
You'll probably see why a cow pie ain't that wrong.

All creamy white and wet and warm, you just might forget how
Your cup of milk came squirting out from under a cow.
And you know where an egg comes from and it tastes just fine
Though its' hard to believe its just a shell full of slime.

A spread so rich an golden and unusually sweet
Natural honey is an uncommonly good treat.
But surely that little honeybee you would rebuke
If you knew honey was little more than masticated bug puke!

"Milk, eggs and honey—these cow pies are just the same
They look really bad, but are actually quite tame.
They're rich in fiber," I told him, and real good for you.
"That's why they call it cow PIE, cause nothing else will do."

"As for the taste, It's not like anything you've ever had
And you must be warned—at first it might taste kind of bad.
"To be quite sure, it's something of an acquired taste
But it won't take long before you'll like the creamy paste.

"Why, it was just this morning at the crack of dawn"
I said, "I ate my breakfast down in the pasture long."
He looked a bit dazed, but shook his head with a nod
When I told him that's how we country boys grow so strong.

Early the next morning, as the speckled rooster crowed
I gave him a spoon and we went to the pasture low
We both looked around till I found one that was just right
It was big, round--steaming in the morning light.

"This one looks real good," I said, "and it should do just fine."
"Just sit yourself down and take your own sweet time."
As I turned to go, he asked, "Are you going to eat?"
"No thanks!" And I left him with the words Bon Appetite."

It was twenty minutes later when he walked back in
His face was pale and showed the evidence of my sin.
"The first bite," he said, "was bad, and the second was worse."
"The third one made my mouth go numb, and the fourth one hurt."

"I don't know how you eat this stuff, it tastes mighty bad—
And I don't feel so good, and my tummy is down right sad.
I'm getting dizzy; my stomachs all tied up in knots—
Do you have any pepto? I could use some a lot."

Right then I notice he was green and starting to tip
When mom walks in, stops, and puts her hand on her hip.
I knew I was busted, but couldn't hide my sly grin
When mom turned and asked me, "Is that cow poop on his chin?"

Now, I've never seen the old willow tree look so thin
And when mom was done, I wasn't sure I'd sit again.
As for John, it took three days before he could get out of bed.
And for a quite a while there, he was hanging by a thread.

There's a moral to this story, the doctor said to John
One he should remember if he wants to grow up strong.
Eat milk, eggs and honey, but it's written on High
No matter what they tell you, don't ever eat Cow Pie!