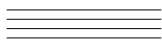


U N L I K E A N Y B O D Y E L S E
I N T H E W O R L D



E L I S A B E T H M U R A W S K I

The cow dips into Trollope,
the perfect escape
from thoughts of the slaughterhouse,
the children whose whereabouts
are unknown. He is cool
as the water under a tree in summer,
delightful even when he interrupts
the plot (damn the suspense!)
to elaborate on a folly, warn
of things to come. She turns to him
on mornings when there's no sun.
He brightens her stall, the straw.
She can lose herself in his cathedrals,
in drawing rooms where men stand
with their backs to the fire
and women with brains and grit,
strong-willed and principled,
can be counted on for more
than serving tea. (The cow identifies
with Madame Max Goesler.) And lauds
his genial grays: no one in Trollope
totally qualifies for villain
or saint. It could be said he loves them
most for their faults, their Pauline
"doing what I would not." Such merciful
understanding. A blessing then
to roam his imaginary county,
to linger in the shadow of his towers.