

The Slow Goat

Up the hill and down the road, the goats are on their way.

The wind begins to blow, and the grass begins to sway.

The path is narrow, so the goats slow down.

They know the way to the meadow and back to town.

A soft rain begins to soak their coats, but they walk on still.

One goat thinks it's too far and too muddy to make it up this hill.

He slows and slows and begins to roam all along the coast.

He doesn't follow the other goats. He likes this grass the most.

With his tummy full, he lays along the road to wait.

The other goats will be back soon. He knows they are never late.

His fellow goats approach in the sunset's glow.

Back home they go, down the hill slow, slow, slow.