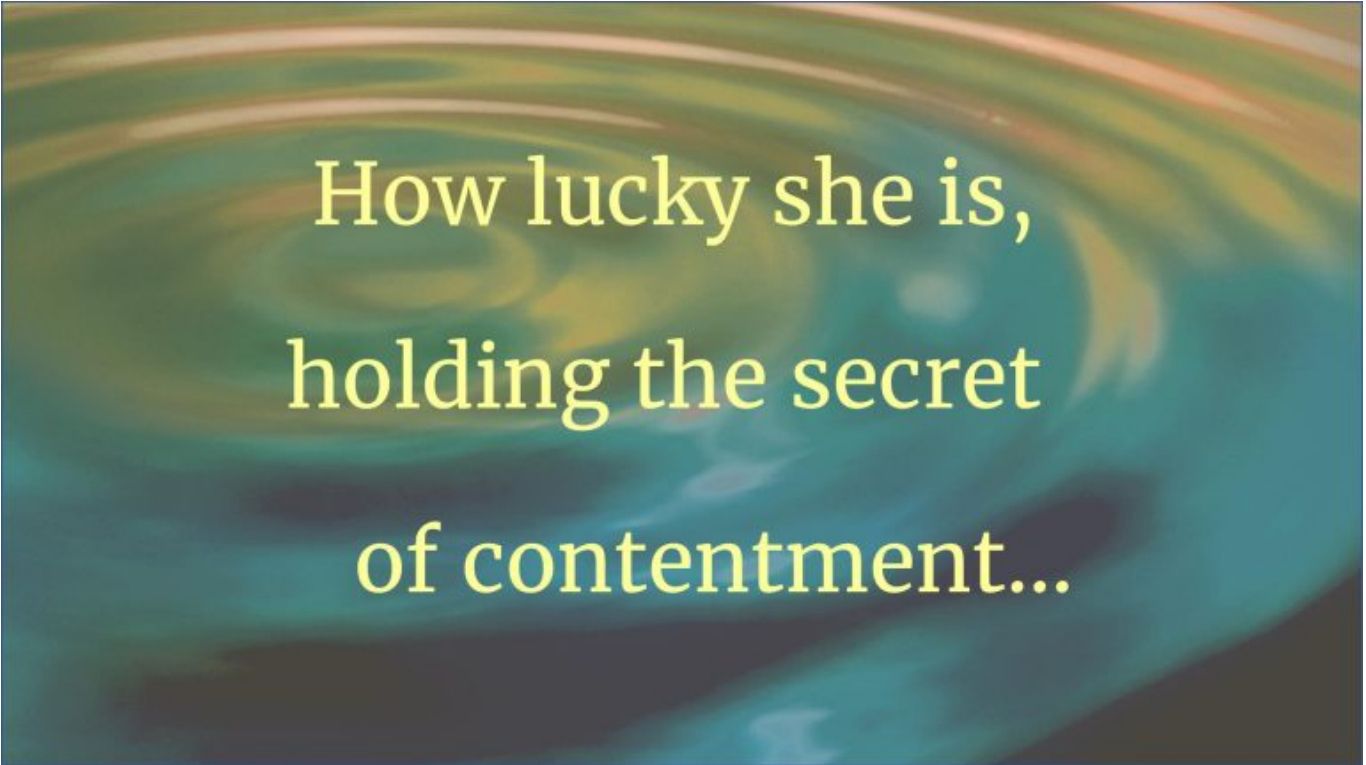


# Enough

Category: Poems

written by Lynette Lamp | April 12, 2024



How lucky she is,  
holding the secret  
of contentment...

Her idea of a date is splitting  
a six-pack with her husband  
Friday nights while milking the cows,  
still weary from her day job.  
Swollen udders demand attention  
twice daily regardless  
of her daughter's ball games,  
her mother's terminal cancer.  
She uses the time between  
to tend her life. But milking is joy  
rather than drudgery—time  
with her love, and the animals,  
the sound of their calls and heat  
of their huge bodies as milk  
streams into the pail.

One child for her. She wanted  
more, but shrugged off an offer  
to see a specialist. She is happy  
enough. Her child is sunny,  
golden-haired—like her mother,  
predisposed to love the world.  
How lucky she is, holding  
the secret of contentment  
in her strong, calloused hands.