**The boys**

**By Stu Bagby**

It’s a funny old world   
I tell the boys.   
It seems that Bonnie Prince Charlie   
was born in Rome.

‘Och, si,’ they nod, well,   
they’re Aberdeen Angus after all.   
I call them boys   
but strictly speaking they’re steers,

Or castrati you could say,   
though it’s a word   
that they might flinch at.   
And to one who has a raw spot

I say, ‘that is a graze,   
and when you eat the grass,   
that too is grazing.’  
They mull this over

As we wander to the boundary fence   
where Henare is finishing up.   
He offers me some   
of his trimmed-off branches.

I look to next year’s firewood,   
the boys make eyes at the foliage.   
‘ Yes, thanks, Henare,’ I say.   
‘ Si, grazie Henare,’ sing the boys. ‘Grazie, ciao.’