Milk Fever

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Milk Fever

by Jensen O’Rourke

As he walked down from the big barn to the back pasture, he could feel the drizzle driven by the south wind striking his forehead. The clouds were low over the small valley. The cows had gone to the edge of the forest to avoid the brunt of the harsh wet weather. He could not figure where the cow had gone to have her calf so he started into the forest.

"I wonder whether she’s dead," he thought. He could imagine her lying in some ferns, bloated, with the new calf suckling at her cold udder.

It was quieter in the woods. The wind gently filtered through the tree tops and whispered in the pines. It was drier in the woods and he could hear dried birch leaves crackling under his rubber boots.