

**"Highway Meeting"**  
(By You Never Know What Will Happen)  
**By Robin B Lipinski**

Gravel stone or melted asphalt, heading North to South.  
Divided by yellow dashes to let the drivers know.  
Night or day, it never ends, car after car passes.

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Born earlier last year, it was her first.  
A meeting with him led to the calf growing, to a pending birth.  
In early season, it was almost time for the miracle of life to happen.

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Spring: Season of change.  
April: Moose calving begins.  
May: There he laid, this little fellow, a new young bull waiting to grow.  
June: Walking now, there is joy in his jumping.

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The smooth path of man became more and more traveled.  
The growth of the calf sped up like the lupine color was showing.  
The season of summer is here.

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One after another, they came and they went, traveling like tourist's possessed.  
At this time, the sun never sets.  
Yet night, be it bright, a person still sleeps.

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Swerving the RV, the tired man awoke, just in time to see the cow moose mother standing.  
Thump! A simple sounding word, meaning death for the mother as she now lay on the ground.  
Young bull running away, running to meet his new fate as his mother had been taken away.

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Nothing in the North is wasted.  
Not life or death.  
Not even leaves on a tree.  
Not even the dead cow moose.  
Now resting on my plate mixed with mushroom gravy.

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The End