

COWS DON'T SING

Cows can't sing; nor can they dance.
The gift they offer for humans to gobble,
Is milk from their udders, in abundance.
Telling talent, noteworthy and noble!

Painting and sculpting that some bring,
Like writing and poetry, mighty inspiring.
Math and science, abstraction and reasoning,
Music and dance, divine, intoxicating.

Savants' memory, and auctioneers' shrills,
Sleight of hands that helps magicians fool,
Swindlers' cheating that relieves one of bills,
Special talents all, most consider as cool.

Unsung qualities that inhabit most humans,
Hidden talents, like an old lamp's glitter,
I wish here, with this poem, to illumine,
Talents that let the owners shine brighter.

Ordinary folks, sporting ordinary lives,
Making sacrifices so their families thrive.
Keeping tidy homes, talent in kitchen,
Inspirational coaches, gift at teachin',
Students who excel, athletes among them,
Quick-witted comedians and orator gems...

Folks with talent lurk in every nook,
If only you know just where to look!