

I

in the hoof comes the heft  
or the drift of it  
a slow word inching  
by teeth marks over the hill  
a lifetime finding  
the good grass the shelter  
what wandering did we learn  
from the voice that pulls us back  
all we like sheep  
in the heft comes the weight of it  
pulling the wool over ownership  
I know my own and my own know  
nothing but this pattern repeated  
land knitted into bleating  
graphs of profit and loss  
in the drift is the learnt  
map of *cynefin*  
meaning what you know is  
moving in the same circles  
and what you know is  
ownership eating the life  
out of the slow hill  
the pattern repeating  
and the word for it