VII

here we come flocking defaid undivided as fluffy atoms massing where a thought becomes contraction of muscle hoof prints in soft grass as we come through cloud glimpsed through heather in sheep's clothing where the wolves have gone this hock or pastern could be mine or hers or his or theirs or anyone's the sky held up by multiple blue screens tipped at an angle where only the lost ewe wanders sheepishly or trots full pelt into the sodden landscape watched by a hollow socket shrinking to a speck or a tangle of wool caught on the wire