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How does a sheep know where to go molecular frisking in clouded sun all the tuneless organs a shepherd's pipe singing an embryo music machine of sheep and human fleeced and plugged in the eye's memory remaking itself in darkness out on the mountain browsing image after image in the chomped grass it's no longer certain who I'm following or who follows me in the huddled mass where I belong in that I'm coming after the others and before and alongside in the press of one body against another not forgetting the rasp of a bleat asking where are we going the same unanswered question