

The Ewe · *William Heyen*

Ropes to her hind legs and the elm's branch
held her just above the ground in silhouette.
I'd almost run into her, but veered away in time,
and now knelt out of range
of her bulbous eyes, her cavernous ribcage.

I was alone, stared, and the dead ewe,
plane of silver flesh and flesh-shadowed bone
flamed into light, flew downward into the ground,
and disappeared. When, from this other world,
she rose into silhouette again,

I crawled closer, as I remember,
looked up into her eyes, and entered. . . .
And last night, kneeling within a dream
under her eyes again, I entered, and here,
in this cave of silence, at the poised

center of being, in the ewe's skull,
I received her light, but the human
power of color, the sunset lavenders,
the moon-silvered meadow,
the curved sledge burst with stars.