

ADITI MACHADO

THE ANIMAL

To the place he will sit down to die,  
his quiet broken by a distant bell  
held in the hands of a boy:

          this is where I go, as if  
to an attic; this is where I expect  
it will happen, amid a vatic breeze  
in the grass in the sun  
surrendering itself to a wound,

and the coming to a place  
is sometimes enough, and even more  
is the coming to it as sheep  
from a point to the far right  
with a boy and a gathering  
sound of bell, from within  
a thick of pine: this coming,  
from a nowhere, upon a beast:

          the white of sheep invades a field  
as a circle might empty wildly  
into another circle.