

## THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT

Having lost the object I am not without process.  
Like a fallen beast my leg still twitches.  
Like an unwound clock I still tick  
for not having found reason not to.

I was by trade a herder  
—Mobile self-powered things  
that are persuaded by stick or argument  
to my preference.

*One day my preference had worn to simple whim.*

My charges looked up at me  
and wandered into the hills.

There is nothing left for a head like mine  
save the growing of hair  
that the barber might not suffer a life of idleness,  
for what is there now to think  
except  
what is there now to think?

I stand before a mirror and raise my shepherd's crook  
and order myself to bed.  
Naturally I dream of sheep  
as they must me in the distant hills.