

Observing Sheep

Am I watching sheep, or are sheep watching me?
Incuriously curious, their luminous blank eyes
stare out from soot. Ravenous dreamers,
they inch up the hill growing back their wool,
the sound of cropping like tearing cloth,
rustling in a wall. . . . On the hill top they stand
with postures more singly vocal than ever speech,
then leap or waddle to another field,
reclaiming privacy.

Birds rise in air, tracing on a glass map
the instinctive flow of sheep, old migrations
of whales and stars — signs unfolding into silence,
as is the watcher, who falls from time.

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