**SHEEP**

I Would Really Like To Be A Sheep.

Not Sure If A Buck Or Ewe.

But When They Sheared My Fleece.

Or Ate My Lambs At An Easter Feast.

It Would Cause Most Terrible.

Angst. Woe. Grief.

I Would Not Be Able To Cope.

Give Up All Hope.

N'er E'er Know What To Do.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 12/30/15.*

*Fairview At One Thirty.*

*Copyright. C.*

*Universal Rights Reserved.*