

## Wandering Sheep

*09 September 2021*

Up upon a hill,  
the sheep go wandering.

Nearby cars zoom thoroughly  
over the highway.

Not a few sheep find themselves  
in drivers' seats  
at eighty miles-an-hour.

Would they not prefer to graze  
on some unfettered hillside,  
near the setting sun?

They are still sheep,  
though silly ones.

I think that they should think again.  
The hillside is still there.  
It has not changed.

It grows less full,  
but some say  
this is part of its purpose.

The cars make terrible noise  
where wandering sheep once spoke  
of pleasing vistas, unknown springs.