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The Shepherd's Lament

Russell Edson

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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.