REFLECTIONS

Goats

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A long day of electronic subversion, seven
computer crashes in the last hour, the phone blinks
incessant missing messages which the repairman
can't explain and tech support says "Ma'am your
new TV is haunted" as it clicks on unasked at 3 AM.

Boiling on the edge of rant, I walk through the ER
parking lot—one last call before home.
Summer night, cooling, as Scorpio wheels
across the southern sky the hill rings with metallic
clangs answered by bleats: Maaa! Maaa!

We've got goats: billies, nannies, kids

hundreds moving over the near-vertical
slope, their munching the sound of a distant sea.
A gift of pure hunger simplifies this day,
shakes loose bubbles: something
like laughter, something like tears.

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