

SERRE BOURSON

A flock of sheep climbs down the mountain track.
The shepherd follows close behind.
Tomorrow morning they'll return here,
The clumsy sheep bell keeping time.

As I lay me down to sleep —
Night creeps up the mountain's spine —
I pray to God my soul to keep.
Many are the stars that shine.

Morning finds the mountain still unmoved.
A lone hawk circles in the sky.
The valley wakens from its slumber.
The sweet grapes ripen on the vine.

A flock of sheep climbs up the mountain track.
The shepherd follows close behind.
Shepherd, keep thy vigil sharp —
Forsake the one and find the ninety-nine.

James Geary
June, 1993