

Heaps of Sheeps

Robert Wyatt

I realised my fists were clenched,
I stretched my fingers to relax.
Still not sleeping, I tried counting sheep.
One by one,
They leapt across the fence
Constructed for them,
Right to left,
Across the fence I had constructed.
Having jumped,
They refused further direction.

Each sheep, where it landed,
Refusing to exit, remained.
(Certain a vast writhing heap
Growing fast on the left).
Try as I might,
I could not stop them entering
Once again.
Try as they might,
Not one could leave the stage.
I realised my fists were clenched.
I stretched my fingers.

Each sheep were it landed,
Refusing to exit, remained.
(Creating a vast writhing heap
Growing quickly on one side).
Try as they might,
Not one could leave the stage,
Try as I might,
I could not stop them entering,
Once again.
No longer daring to close my eyes,
Still not sleeping.

I realised my goose was cooked
I wondered shipshaped on the shore.