

GILLIAN HARDING-RUSSELL

Sheep Alone

After you have brushed your teeth
and turned out the light
your frame of black window
inside the train of night

shadow of clouds, lost
on the opaque frost of glass
rosaries of careful sheep
flouncing over the moon into the starry beyond
down the vale of sleep and dreams
and prayer

bumping into walls
inside the mind
the unfathomed well at the centre
that draws you must
avoid
through the weed-draggled garden
dunderhead stumps and roots
to trip on you remember

travelling fast, fast
through the black
on this same train of days and nights
tomorrow will be another day
you hardly believe after the last bedside lamp
and fluorescence of hope
is switched off

But you feel you know the tug
and back throw of time on this express, pushing forward
in the memory of its wake and silver stream
headlight moonlight woolly and turbulent
headed somewhere, destination
without conjecture.