Sheep

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These sheep are quiet, 
an envied patience 
that comes naturally. 
My eyes dwell on the thick 
thick coats, quarter-sized 
curls of silver, laced into 
strands of dusty brown, 
dense wool of the Lincoln 
breed. And my pulse slows 
as I lean into the broad 
white boards of their pen 
at the County Fair, 
touching their oily coats 
and speaking to them, as 
their contented eyes 
speak to me.

On the METRA 
heading into Chicago 
we pass 
a long train 
heading out 
on the next track. 
Through the window 
I don’t see a man stab 
a beautiful woman. 
No gangster presses 
a pile of cash 
into an open hand. 
No sign of any conspiracy. 
All I see as I stare 
are reflections of the people 
in my eastbound car 
but 
I have to admit 
we all look suspicious.