

8-11-80

This is the body of the lamb  
The warm condensate forming chilled aura  
Rising in full sun on the mount, the  
Sightless eyes surveying the landscape  
Below as successfully as before this  
Last resting, the ear's channels  
Plugged with congealed floods, the  
Thick tongue purple in the light of day.  
The herdsman comes again in the  
Aftershock of the killing, he had run  
In revulsion at his sacrifice of this  
Most promising fruit, he comes again  
To proceed with the new ritual,  
He needs to keep flies and  
Vermin from the body one week  
And one day to bring prosperity to the land.  
He knows in this time the corpse will become  
Bloated by invisible carion, the  
Herdsman cheers himself with thought  
Of his neighbor's blessing from this rite.  
The flies and beetles he keeps away  
With the breeze of the fan or a poke.  
He strokes the air above the lamb  
While daydreaming of the riches of  
Eid panorama in the valley below