

## Lambs

Look at us pointing fingers into tree-knots  
and animal nesting spaces; a too-hard slap  
on the back and not wiping properly;  
what we do with our bodies in the mirror  
is our business, inverted (back bacon etc.)  
keeping a breath to ourselves no shame  
in that but let's not pretend our dicks  
don't spend most of the hours the universe  
sends soft and curled like the ears of lambs.  
O French boy never slide your arm from  
the shoulder of your friend; you bigger  
boys, come bury this pet with me.  
It's been dead a long, long time.