



### Sheep, Wolves, and Sheepdogs

Darkness fades into light. The sheep awake and gaze over their land. A shadowy figure lays dormant among the grass. Death has been here but the herd remains whole. The routine of the day overwhelms their thoughts and soon anxiety is replaced with hunger. Nutrition is provided, on time, as always. “We are the sheep,” they say, “we are important, without us there is nothing.” Vultures circle but they pay no mind to the sheep, and the sheep to them. The shadowy figure is removed from the land and from thought. They go forward in their daily endeavors, no cause for alarm, no cause for concern.

Late in the evening a new figure arrives. It makes itself heard, it makes itself known. The sheep are disturbed for they remember this noise, they wish it would leave. As the night sky ascends the sheep take their place. The day is complete and it’s time for rest. The new figure takes watch but the sheep shift their eyes, they

say, "This outsider is not one of us." The sheep drop their guard and drift off to sleep, they feel safe.

The sheep awake to disorder. There's trouble in the wind. The herd is incomplete. Some sheep are sickened with panic, others think of their hunger. There are signs of struggle. Earth is clung to, but death comes and rips it from their grasp. Nutrition arrives and their thoughts settle. "We are the sheep," they say, "we are important, without us there is nothing."

by Kent Kean