

Kevin Jackson

Shared earth

Sheep-lit pastures
stretch to an invisible river.
One branch of
a branching artery. Warm-wrapped,
like the sheep
and our own blood, we walk.

And where we walk,
cows advance, persistent
on enormous limbs,
younglings in tow. Mithering thoughts
startle up, settle back, as our eyes
touch, meet the same pain.
Soothed,

our feet sink a little more into
the welcoming earth.