

The flock and the star

Whispering for you
I move among the flocks,
Their feet are restless
As I touch their coats;
I'm watching for your movements.
The moan of a lamb
Sinks with the sag of the wind,
Presses against the night,
To the star that dwells apart.

Publication history

First published in this version 2007

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To cite this poem:

MLA Style: Robert J.C. Young, 'The Flock and the Star'.

2007. [access date]

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