

## *Idle Thoughts*

# *Wool-Gathering*

WHEN a lamb becomes a sheep,  
Its crowd-appeal goes down a heap.  
It doesn't gambol, frisk or play,  
But seems instead content to stay  
Standing blandly in a field,  
Its thoughts, if any, well concealed.  
Its life, quite clearly, is complete  
In God's design as woolly meat.

True, it helps me off to sleep,  
When I count it, leap by leap,  
Over hurdles, stiles and gates:  
Dreamless slumber emanates —  
But broadly speaking, you can keep  
Your average enigmatic sheep.

Imagine then, with what surprise,  
One afternoon, I rest my eyes  
Upon a field where several graze,  
While one has set out to amaze —  
And certainly, I'm all agog  
To see it sitting like a dog,  
On its haunches, out of choice,  
A latterday His Master's Voice,  
Sitting upright on its base,  
Gazing blankly into space,  
While the others all ignore  
A feat they must have seen before.

There's one result of all this — *viz*,  
I now know what a sheepdog is.

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