

## Before The Memorial Day Weekend

Friday

Hot. Humid.

Turnpike boiling with traffic. A volley of horns. A shootout of curses.

*(F-ing orange cones)  
(goddamned if I'll let that gonif in)*

Why not take the country bypass.

Farmstands. Corn. Strawberries. Pie.

Century-old houses with gambrel roofs. One  
school bus, lights flashing. Two bicycles. And

-- sheep! Black, white, brown, all fat, curly-wooled, ambling with their lambs in a surprise of long grassy pasture. Seemingly comfortable, despite their winter coats. Encased within the auto glass, I am a shepherd sealed in air-conditioned sunlight, where humidity doesn't count. Thinking *I'm a lucky woman and I want to stay that way.*

Saturday.

Hot. Humid.

Turnpike quiet.

Revelers at their barbecues.

Still,

I choose the bypass for another dose of peace.

The field was empty.

But my Friday eyes saw sheep.

Lambs. Do you see them?