**Agnus Dei: 2001**

When the days grow longer, they come,

White as newness. Life and soul of the flock,

unlike their dingy elders.

In a good year, grow stockier,

Turn into sheep. In a bad year

Leave the world in summer, behind screens,

Smoke, silence, smell of disinfectant.

This one comes with the early lambs

Always. Doing the things lambs do,

Lord of the dance in the meadow.

He knows where he’s going.

* U.A. Fanthorpe