

## The Hair Pillow

**Shudder To Think**

Veins and a rope. Gold hair wrung out. Laughing. From back of the  
sheep-shack,  
a high bleat hum. Veins map the hair pillow. Strung out. I'm sleeping.  
Its the kind  
of a nap, though, you don't wake from. Sky of gold. Pink and lazy in  
pond I lay.  
Take it slow. Drunk and crazy in a pond I lay.