What as we the Shepherds Good
Without a thought do right?
We fend off wolves with crooked staff
And lie ourselves awake
Squinting in the dark, hoping
The lurking Truth will wait
The rising moon
The warming fire
The waking of the flock—
But knowing as we strain to see
When bonfires fade to ash
That mourning has its coming time
And Truth is seldom late

by John Townes