The Autumn Shepherd

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She gets up and shuffles across the hall to her room. The bed creaks as she climbs in. I hear father groan as he turns over in his sleep.

Long after I hear mother's deep breathing blend with father's in sleep, I lie awake thinking . . . Something could have happened . . . The thought sickens me so that I cannot sleep . . . As I lie there, disturbed with thoughts of what might have been, the gray dawn gently breaks.

_Jan Kahn, Sci. & H. Jr._

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**The Autumn Shepherd**

Brilliant autumn creeps across the land.
The sheep are wandering through the hills
Stalking grass; a placid summer occupation.
Unrestrained, they grub along worn paths
For new fare. Gaily dipping bald faces
into swift streams,
They avoid still pools.
Few seek protection amid the rock —
The bell and bleeet are comforting.

As scattering leaves rustle strangely
in the wind,
Fear possesses the meek.
Cold nights and chill days
Announce the coming shepherd.

Now it's time for the processional,
Time for descent into the lowlands,
Time for dusty flocks to feed on a multitude
of brown grass.
How obediently the flock returns before the snow.
The crook and the rod are so comforting.

_James Sage, Sc. & H. Sr._