A Lesson (for my students)

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The bus turns down
At the end of the road
The lambs run to the edge
Of the whitewashed fence,
Hop straight up
On the other side of the children
Off to school, heavy-lidded,
Caped in dreams.
I think, stock still at the desk,
About how to jump with a cape like that.

The yellow bus blinks red.
The fresh faces nod to the lambs.
They leap and shudder,
Baa and butt, rub themselves
Along the lines of wood.
A boy reaches through the rails,
Scratches an ear, lets a tongue
Lick his hand.
I shut my book, switch off the lamp,
Ease out the window.

--Dr. Bruce Sweet