

**LUCY ANDERTON**

**Toward the single point of slipping**

In the slash of rain is a lamb  
strung apart through a mess  
of barbed wire.

And I saw it.

No.

I see her.

Red, wet guts,  
and white.

The dogs not startled, hanging  
barely at bay.

There is,  
as you know, already nothing  
to be done.

I am hiding.  
From my father.  
Up the mountain.  
I am hidden  
and the cries  
overcome me.

No way to cut open  
and run. We all

stumble: out  
holding our dear  
guts in our hands. And always

the teeth  
that near and near.

And always the watchers  
who do nothing.

Nothing now  
to be done.