

## Little White Lies

We take pictures  
from the top  
of the car.  
Little white lies  
framed  
between the fence  
and the power lines.

And we wonder  
if it's considered  
a nuisance  
to have to enclose  
a mountain  
on your land. Or  
to spike  
the rainbowed slopes  
of ancient folds, so  
the fence claims your hold  
even there. Or what it says  
about one's willingness  
to do so.

And we search  
for the hole  
that the sheep slipped out.  
And we pull for her  
as she's chased  
by the herder  
with the smock of stripes  
that blends with the strata  
as a steadied relief.

And when we look  
at the picture,  
later, we're astonished  
by the way a flock of sheep  
can appear  
as a carpet of sage.