

# Robert Wyatt, Heaps Of Sheeps

I realised my fists were clenched,  
I stretched my fingers to relax.  
Still not sleeping, I tried counting sheep.  
One by one,  
They leapt across the fence  
Constructed for them,  
Right to left,  
Across the fence I had constructed.  
Having jumped,  
They refused further direction.

Each sheep, where it landed,  
Refusing to exit, remained.  
(Certain a vast writhing heap  
Growing fast on the left).  
Try as I might,  
I could not stop them entering  
Once again.  
Try as they might,  
Not one could leave the stage.  
I realised my fists were clenched.  
I stretched my fingers.

Each sheep were it landed,  
Refusing to exit, remained.  
(Creating a vast writhing heap  
Growing quickly on one side).  
Try as they might,  
Not one could leave the stage,  
Try as I might,  
I could not stop them entering,  
Once again.  
No longer daring to close my eyes,  
Still not sleeping.

I realised my goose was cooked  
I wondered shipshaped on the shore.