Back of Wordsworth

And don't you just love them back of the Langdales, 
back of Wordsworth & Co.—
all those white jiddle sheep with their impeccable tongues 
plunging their axes round a diddle wind ....
as they gambol through vermillion, piss, then snapdragon up 
among the bracken with cloudlike hooves:
or squat there in the poem and shit black marbles: maybe three 
dozen in a pile?
(O dearest of Winander! surprised by joy!)

But it's got to be when Tom the Ostler vomits back of the fire 
or the good wife passes by with a basket of dried screams on her 
arm—
and isn't this so splendidly by faith's transcendent dower?

Sweetest sheep
I love those evening sonnets, 
their silver springtime show 
as they raise their tails 
and split moons—their little hooves plunging through the daisies in 
a theme of silences.

Many's the time I've watched them in an 1800's sunset 
with their gentle orifices squat-end into a widdle wind 
while Dirk the bankrupt shepherd lifts his diddle smock 
and pees onto a jiddle rock:
or coughs up a bloodied gob of T. B. phlegm by Grasmere's glassy 
lake
... some small rainbows by the cottages that still flutter on a bush 
as a reminder.

Peter Lloyd