Of course from the outside, I couldn’t see the holes in their brains. Just the stiff, lopsided way they held their heads, their enormous appetite for sex (each one fucking many times a day), and in the last stage, the furious itch at the base of the spine they couldn’t relieve, turning their creamy wool bloody. It was, I dare say, difficult to see my flock in agony this way. Their gentle, shallow eyes now angry, mechanical. I thought: All my unborn children will be devils. It seemed an omen about family, or man’s folly, that I couldn’t quite discern, but what good is an illegible message? The idle winter came on again, harvest in, and the bodies kept falling in exhausted quakes to the cold grass. In this season I watched my labors fail, my small power taken. If, in His wisdom, He revealed just one greedy secret to myself, I might believe His goodness. But I am no use to God nor victims of possession and disease, nor art, and I never made one penny from those sheep.