

# Sheepo

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Shiny combs and cutters idling on the hand piece,

Oily wool from the bale in the corner,

Dust starts settling in the gap in the door,

Shrieking sunbeam motor starting up.

Sheep voices; the sound of an ugly choir,

Rattling hand piece heating up,

Gun barrel grey,

Ringer yells "Black Wool!"

Taste of salty Sweat,

Orange sun burning through,

Blue smoke rattle,

Shearers swearing.

"Tarboy!"

Screech of the pen doors,

Sheep looking for a quick escape,

Shearers grip on the clattering hand piece,

Bent and cramped back.

The hot stink of toil,

Clean shorn,

Eyes swift on the sheep catching the time,

That last hour trying to beat the ringer.

"Sheepo!" ...