

## Eclogue XXV

by Frederick Smock

On a day of alternating sun and rain  
I think of the sheep on a Brundisien hillside  
flocking around Virgil  
as an old man, his *Bucolica* completed,  
the harmonies of time explained.  
Virgil sits in the shade of an ilex tree,  
the rain murmuring above him and around him.  
The upland sheep seem oblivious,  
munching on myrtle roots.  
Virgil with his turtle eyes looks about him  
at the cool waters and the reeds  
flowering on the riverbanks and deems it all good—  
ewes calving on the flinty ground,  
their udders swollen with milk,  
the billy-goat keeping them all safe.  
No one fearing the lion.  
The humming of the bees making him sleepy.