

MAGNUS CAMERON

Hunting the Skunksheep

Curious is this creature,
for never 'twill be found.
No matter how much you seek it,
to the shadows it is bound.

Comparable to the Haggis
of Scottish Highland fame,
this mythical, uncharted beast
is of ilk, much the same

If you search high and low,
or near and far abroad,
your efforts will be fruitless
and soon you'll grow quite bored.

But fear not! It will come bleating
to thee unbeknownst.
Deep, disguised within a flock,
towards it, you are coaxed.

Lured in by the black-white coats,
and spots of luminescence.
It bides its time. It waits its turn.
It prepares its potent essence.

As your fingers caress the wool,
it watches you. You human fool.
the predator observes its prey.
Oh my! It has longed for this day.

You draw closer, you draw near.
Ignorant you. Nothing to fear!
It waits its turn. It bides its time.
It sights your face with its behind.

It presents its rear, you come in line
and then with aim so true and fine,
it sprays directly into your eyes,
from the crime scene, swiftly flies.

The scent it reeks, nausea creeps.
Onto your cheeks, tears gently weep.

At last, the hunt is finally through.

You didn't find the Skunksheep:
the Skunksheep found you!