

Goats

by Sam Smith

How else in the trauma of living can our souls keep faith?

'There will be goats in the garden' you said.
Why else would you borrow 'Goat Husbandry' from the library
and read it on holiday?
'For the grandchildren' you said, and
I believed you.

'It's love that makes the world go round' you said.
It made perfect sense to a child, love an infinite energy,
powering space.
You seemed so sure, and
I believed you.

I didn't know then that adults need to dream.
How else in the trauma of living can our souls
keep faith?
I was just too young to understand, but
I do now.

Bribing my heart with sweet ideas, you shared
each self-confected dream-rush that helped you
bear this world.
I feel that rush too now, and you'll be pleased to know
I pass it on.

I stopped believing in the goats by the way, but
about the love

you were right Dad.

