

**BAARACK THE SHEEP**  
BY JONATHAN SHELLEY

As if being in a sun baked car  
Or wearing a jacket in the tropics  
Baarack wandered the cliffs down under far  
With fleece overgrown, back to eye sockets.  
For five years, they say, he had ne'er been shorn  
Of that sheepish hair that was daily worn.

A great weight it is to carry one's growth  
Including the sticks and brambles within  
Not to mention the risk of sudden stroke  
From the heat or overwhelming chagrin.  
In darkness he lived, a seed in his eye,  
One tumble over would be a goodbye.

What sweet relief to be freed of that wool  
Forcibly worn like gross living armor  
Baarack's endurance prove nature a fool  
What doesn't kill only makes one stronger  
So let's remember, Baarack the sheep fans,  
This vigilante was not saved by man.