

Atonement

by [Sofia M. Starnes](#) in the [October 9, 2019](#) issue

We've paid too little. The winds have died down
as we had begged for; our sore knee is be-
having nicely; it will not throb. Atone-
ment, seemingly endless, has passed. Are we
being lambed, through winter, for an irre-
levant price? One bleat, over a hundred;
one sheep, for ninety-nine. What of kindred
creatures, whose worries we promised to watch?
Each beat is everyone's heart. We're led
to the gate, untouched; his blood on the latch.