

# Goat That Departs

Sasha West

Go with my sorrow on your back, lathered into your warm fur;  
Go with the guttural “baa” my daughter makes at your picture;  
Go. With what has failed still now to happen, laden your belly  
And back. I heard the methane plume has become a kilometer,  
I heard there was drilling in the ocean. When I wash each dish  
And my body and clothe her little back, I am thick in the middle  
Of the problem. Go, warm goat, with what I give you to depart  
With—with what we wish rid of. My husband sleeps soundly  
In the dark early morning; the clock ticks the daughter kicks  
The vapors rise. We are all the time in the middle of it. If I could  
Walk you out of the village to the desert with my worry tied  
To the clapper of the bell on your neck, clanging. I have heard  
You will eat anything. Your belly distended from the silt and  
Dead birds. Somewhere they throw from the highest building  
The people they decide are evil. Their corpses would break  
Your back, goat, you will need a herd to take from the city  
What we have to pile on you—the storms that will pummel  
You with a saddle of hail. And my fear that scrapes, scrapes the  
Living world in its contours. Into the hills, go, into the burning  
woods.

