

Inside the Church

Inside the church there was a horse and I knew it
 inside the horse there was a cry all day
I kept hearing the cry of the day was the horse.
 The run of the year was the horse pounding.
The clamor of hordes was one horse heaving
 flanks lathered. The teeth bared
unhindered the horse's mane triumphant.

In wind even in no wind the horse whinnying
 over the bowed heads, galloping over the grass.
The horse, nothing but land and the length
 of the seasons flying. I found the horse prophesied
the horse I knew the horse of childhood
and of death, and of the life between them, running.

Prayer Beads

In a sour chamber, the bleak
aired night coughs memories.

How paltry then, floating on ribbons
as if asleep, the periwinkles.

In an echo of wind
a silence enters her ear,

speaks to her.
I never knew your name.

I've wasted time denying it.
That quiet singular mountain

broods at night. Shouldn't I,
since elephants were hoisted over ship sides,

strapped with highland hemp,
before red lacquer cars were ever owned,

or children scrawled in pastel chalk,
love more even than I do?

Sisters

Huge skies do not tempt me

John Singer Sargent

My sister, single-minded
even underwater knows
the way. She shaves

up the underside of leg
her razor like her mind.
Her blunt hands prod

her cuticles to shape. Her self
regard is practical.
She swims in focus

towards a consequence.
She cannot blur;
wide skies and ambiguity

constrict. No sunset pearl
nor solipsism like the dahlia
whose petals fold upon themselves