



Annaleese Jochems

Horse

There you are O lonely, lovely horse in moonlight
All flank and bone
suddenly but naturally

dead

There the horse was

And there the horse is now

And when the moon abandons you?

The stars will eat your sparkle
O horse, dead and delicious

The earth burped you out and
will have you again
I am no authority on things

I must go home for dinner,
but I don't want to go home
where I play my unrequited
love like a banjo, knit itchy scarves and watch mediocre violence
on television

O horse,
let me fit my head
in the dent of your collar bone,
lounge my arm over your belly
we'll let the dew collect
in our hair and
(oh horse, you're so hairy!)
contemplate height, depth etc.
Horse, I will not kiss you.

The moon like an aching breast
Where is the milk? A man will say to a woman
It's off. The woman will say
It's true, even the milk will leave us