

Horses When They Run Back into Burning Buildings

There's no map, no logic
that could ever lead me

from these woods where the ghost deer run all night—
old rust of fallen logs, bird silence or crow call.

Low, bruised sky,
under every deep,
another deep
a lower gasps open, a worse, a man's love

creates something terrible.
I think—

fine.
Alter me a little—

I make the worst
of the gloom smoking the footpath, I become the poison, I'll be done
with life, fly the flags of the grave. The lighthouse goes extinct.

But somewhere through time's mirage, there is a child sleeping
with her cheek against a blue velvet couch

who still matters and still believes
in the unseen, neolithic magic of seasons,
that a coming spring will flame the way

for January's getaway,
for May's lengthening days.

For her, I could try at the impossible,
hope against this stolen year—a strange leap

but I'll take it.
The sun will dazzle
the rough-winged crow and every ghost

to vapor. There could still be so much light for you,
my this for you,

my very I for you.