

## *Angela Regas*

### STOLEN

It was the horses that did it. I never seen em—  
Wild, spitting, the sweat and spit flying like bits  
Of fire—I never seen horses like that before.  
They werent black, not stone black or ash  
Or black you can stick your hand through  
Reaching for the candle.

They were like dirt  
But not the dirt that clings to barefoot flowers  
Full of air and worms and warm things;  
Empty beetle shells dropped off their hides, like  
Amazed burnt moths.

Dont you see? I couldnt run  
Away, not with their breath coming through each petal  
Towards me. And all the flowers I put between us  
Died a little: wine to blood, white to gold, sky to sea.

It wasnt the pomegranate that brought me back, every year.  
It was that first, wild breath—