

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—