

Why a Horse Isn't a Tangerine

I remember riding the color of sunrise.
It was the way leaves fell that distracted me
and I tumbled, tumbling the way
leaves tumble in the forests
you have never ridden through.

It was the way breath fell that made me fall.
When I was on the ground I watched it
rising with my shadow up the barks of trees.
Lean witherers, trees whose fire orange
made first frost surer.

Call him back? I could not. The whip
of the forest answered me with leaves.
The swoon of the leaves answered me with
silence. The lake I was lying in
turned bright red like the mouth of a leopard.