

ROCKING-MAN

Back and forth in dimming room
the slumped man asks nothing
from the toy horse,
his cry climbs onto its hunched spine,
man rocks a horse
who rocks him back. In silence,
in master's shirt, rides out.
Squealing toy shares his bloodied horn
for the man's left hand to grasp.
The other holds high his sloshing flask,
and leaking out behind him seeps his shadow:
begat in lactic brine, and slaving, allied,
shares him pacing back and forth in static track:
fathered, horned, a giant: "Here I wait for you look back."