

all around the black. There is some
small bleating from the calves and the cows'
nostrils flare only once
more, or twice, above the dead dry

metal troughs. No more fat tongues worrying
the salt licks, no more heady smells
of deep green from the silos rising now

like huge twin chimneys above all this.
With the lofts full there is no stopping
nor even getting close: it will rage

until dawn and beyond,—and the horses,
because they think they are safe there,
run back into the barn
which is burning. . . .

Three Admissions / Howard L. McCord

Everything the fox knows
is kept in a stone at Axum.
Small, but hard to move.

The horse comes at night
to peer in my window,
his eyes white and quiet
as empty coffee cups
on a kitchen table.
He watches till just
before sunrise,
then walks away.

I drink in the afternoon,
and learn strange words.
A bar—without drunks—
is the only corporate body
I do not find contemptible.