

All the Pretty Little Horses /  
Chris MacCormick

In the field where I slept  
last night, the hushabye lamb was mewling.  
It didn't want to be dead, its black  
underlip moved up and down  
in the dew, wasp slow,  
and the breeze in the cotton said  
oh yes, yes.

All morning under honeysuckle  
bees picked over a beached carp  
and duckweed rolled  
slow as smoke.  
Hurry home.  
Bright bones know a place  
by blue water.

A wind fresh as mint will  
shine your shoes when you  
cakewalk to heaven.  
They will light your cigar,  
wrap you in a kimono and beat you  
supple as kidskin.  
Hurry home.

Chekhov Variation / John Morgan

Chekhov, here's a story you  
didn't write: on a banker's