

WALTER GRIFFIN

Blue Horses

Only the abandoned gate
flung wide open to a cemetery
in the dark is the beginning of
my dream. My algebra teacher,
Mr. Hawkins, who flunked me in
eighth grade, is the keeper of the dead.

I tell you, I have often wondered in
sweat-soaked sheets what the square
root of nothing is, what the birds
I drew in my Blue Horse notebook
meant. Meanwhile, there is no one
at the gate. Not even a crow to

dot the sky, nor wind to move
the hinges or make them creak. Only
the muttering of the shades by my
bed in the motel room, my heart in
their rolled up flapping at the gate
where only the pardoned enter.