

*Barbara Claire Freeman*

YOUR HORSE

I was not a horse  
you were not a man

*then*

my flank turned  
to take the spear

hooves held ground  
till you walked away

*didn't know you'd lived until at 3 a.m.  
the world began to bleed*

That it was a death  
without rapture

does not matter  
That I died without a name

does not matter  
That obedience

is good for the soul  
does not matter

but that *a man cannot  
marry a horse matters*

If while you are gardening,  
laughing, praying, or playing tennis

the body of something  
familiar & beloved

but not human returns  
If your throat constricts

& your muscles will not function  
If your feet get so swollen

you can't take a step—  
then you will know,

heart's blood,  
I was the horse

you could not marry  
because a man

cannot marry a horse  
*but I was your horse*