

PONY

ankles

mine jigs
as he unravels the week

on my arm a wound
worried by nail

we'd spent the days
running

he said, 'lay down sally
was a national shame'

mostly i'm running
the heat fills my sides

when i'm under time
the day rises

like wheat
in the window sill

(
once i ran over
the hill's crest

and dipped into the stream
in my sister's knickers

the cool trickle carried
pubescent seed
)

his eye cocks
like a finish line

'you're a good sport',
but i've lost my shoes

he's all soccer mom so
lends me his

i gasp for air
at the cool pine trees

a stitch in my side
opens up like howe sound

now he's talking game

and strategy,

'there are two ways to shepherd sheep:

tender them grazing
from hill top
killing off wolves

or tend them close
with a crook
to hook stray ankles'