Neck of the World
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He leaves the speckled horse by the river. Sounds of town fade like tin as the horse and he start in opposite directions. *You are the brow of wind awake in fervor, in jungle, in egg.* He stops, casts a fly to the current. Steelhead, their berry gills spreading, waver in the slimed grass. The sun stays on his hands and burns. *Selling tickets for what sermons deem a name you have defiled, you who scrawl a map.* And hoofing slowly, in the way a horse will, away from the bank toward a cluster of young birches, the horse recognizes the sweep his tail interrupts the flies with, the rhythm of withers, the grains in the meadow.  

_Snow graduates in skeins drawn across a land hidden within the hidden craw, snow now blurring in the chest around a foursome of stones not carved from your parent but the air’s blue gristle._  

_The meathouse’s turning under your decades, a clutch of great auks rising black as captains through the ice._