HORSE

Muscles strap about floundering legs,
the barrel of his chest—
the skull, long, solemn, vacant, concentrates
on the fly dropping eggs
into the warm slab of his turd.
When he gallops, I pump the burden of his girth. Hooves
slogging mud become the spongy
flow of blood through the heart’s valve.
Afterwards, I put my face
to the iridescent horseflesh.