Foundering

Mary C. Fineran
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The rains that do not cleanse us continue. Outside our gate the street’s edge runs undetectably to mud. Sunday papers swell and choke the flooded ditch. They say in the country crops are bursting. Horses bloat and founder, cry from the too-green fields, sink through curled and useless hooves. We no longer promise each other anything. When we walk through town I watch your face in store widows, listen to stone footsteps echo on the bridge. We pray for lightning, thunder, snow, any human resolution. Nothing changes. I have the same dream every night: teeth soften, lose edge, loosen. The rusty taste of blood, tongue pushing pulp, the endless falling out of things grown familiar: echoes of rain on roof, the fevered horse’s plodding search for drier ground.