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Calling the Horse

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CALLING THE HORSE

You will want to think, in the long day, of
its jaw-works, of the intricate motions of *crop*
and *chew*; of the grid of blood
in the pricked ear swivelling like radar;
of the iridescent skin.

And it will sense this, and come. From past
the fern, past coal, back
in the world of mammals' first clumsy lumber,
something not quite right, a
something the size of a dog, will
try to stretch toward your calling, will feel
the three toes fuse to hoof.

You will want to think of the spray
of tail; of lips independent of any laws
in the cosmos, save *Survive* and *Nuzzle*; of
tongue so large, so bloodstuffed, it's a living
beast with its own biology; think of the flanks,
of the sex like a bell in the flanks'
cathedral shadow; think what fin is
to an angelfish, and the
mane, the mane, will billow, crest and snap.

And it will know this, and cross the isthmus
to your own two-legged stand
on North America, here
where your wantings extend past your skin,
where they reach like a halter — it will
feel itself, in all of its poundage, filling
its own flesh and almost
being a horse.

You will think of the sweet, rank,
specialized stink-and-perfume
odor of horse.

And it will be called, and come,
and be a horse for itself,
and be your horse.