

# CutBank

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Fall 1987

**E.E.G.**

Lowell Jaeger

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*E.E.G.*

Horses. Horses of cream  
 dancing on green and blue  
 of sky. Arms and legs  
 of my infant daughter strapped  
 fast to gurney rails  
 in a room with no  
 windows, with nothing  
 I could do but sit and watch  
 her tiny fists clench  
 and struggle against the doctor  
 's hands.

Her eyes wild  
 and biting as one-by-one  
 each the wires tethered  
 her pulse to the gray-metal  
 machine that scribbled her thoughts  
 across great plains  
 of graph paper rolling,  
 like long Wyoming miles.

I told myself they could never break her  
 code. I knew the language  
 she had whispered to me  
 long nights I held her  
 close to my denim core  
 until the demon quaking  
 ceased.

And when they lit the strobe  
 to induce her seizure,  
 I saw those tiny lids  
 clamp

against odds.

Because she was mine,  
 my eyes opened to the darkness  
 and I saw horses,

horses

of cream dancing  
 on troubled horizons  
 where lightning strikes  
 home, where she could ride  
 high-up the thunderheads,

whole, immune,  
fierce as nobody's baby  
but mine.

*Lowell Jaeger*