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Eidetic

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Eidetic

The children went out into their world,
a ragged field they'd already explored,
already fought off other children for,
and found, as if left to them alone,
a sharp-eared, long-haired pony
looking at them with longing.
They'd wished for mornings like this,
their fathers and mothers gone,
the green grass wet, the sun not strong
enough to hurt, the perfect gift,
left without a catch, not so much
as distant relatives to thank.
Their horse. Theirs. Eidetic.
What they didn't know they'd asked to have,
here, now and no one saying get,
get, go on home, it's mine.
And tame. As they approached
their eyes and the eyes of the horse
wound toward one another like lovers.
Their hands found their places
over the horse's mane, fetlock, small back
and haunch, their mouths still in wonder
until one of them wanted to ride,
and then another, and then them all
until one of them found the courage
to climb on. All morning they rode
over the trampled grass, they thought
of nothing else, they couldn't get enough.
When the horse began to tire, stumble,
falter, fall, they kicked it on,
pulled it farther by its cheeks
and backwards by its tail,
they picked up sticks to beat it back to life,
they went so far they never could return,
they lied to one another about how to make it work.

Dara Wier