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The Windhorse

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THE WINDHORSE

for Michaela

Extravagantly dappled appaloosa-
pinto-roan in snow's
earliest dusting at bleak fall,
did your windhorse pick my woods?
So it appears. And sighs suggestively.

Maybe leafbrittle
tickles its dainty fetlocks. Or
one snow caught in a nostril, one
snow snagging at one eyelash, it shudders
glints of beatitude off its whole hide.

I do acknowledge a decent and creaturely
upbringing here on my hill.
Dying down little by little I'll
nudge to console quite beside myself
in the deep duff bed:

intercessor when the pines
careen and neigh, when the lissome
hemlocks extend their steamy necks
and the casual sovereigns
hereabouts rub them familiarly,

dispense with me to everlasting
impulse, cull me out of each
apprehension, earshot and afterthought,
to happiness kept at the ready just
so, under a flake.