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## Damnificado

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**DAMNIFICADO**

Powder of a drowned horse  
at my feet. As if he had cut the walls  
of this canyon with the sure

color of his hooves, running  
as the new river chases,  
slams into him with its noise.

He drifts and then dries  
into an outline of ribs and an ear  
beneath the slow field of the sky.

Bone colored rain carved this riverbed.  
Above us are the tatters of harvest.  
And dirt on hot air

like movements of tired people –  
and the crowns of trees –  
twitching, and then still.

Down the floodplain  
is the arc of a young  
man's swing. Neck bent, breaking

open ground like wind  
through the stretch and hiss of wet clouds,  
toward clean water.

His cattle surround the hole and he  
is working on a name for the few  
more hours left in the day.