Foundering

Mary C. Fineran
The rains that do not cleanse us continue.  
Outside our gate the street's edge  
runs undetectably to mud.  
Sunday papers swell and choke  
the flooded ditch. They say in the country  
crops are bursting. Horses bloat  
and founder, cry from the too-green fields,  
sink through curled and useless hooves.  
We no longer promise each other  
anything. When we walk through town  
I watch your face in store widows,  
listen to stone footsteps echo  
on the bridge. We pray for lightning, thunder,  
snow, any human resolution.  
Nothing changes. I have the same  
dream every night: teeth  
soften, lose edge, loosen.  
The rusty taste of blood, tongue  
pushing pulp, the endless falling out  
of things grown familiar: echoes  
of rain on roof, the fevered horse's  
plodding search for drier ground.