E.E.G.

Lowell Jaeger
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.

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