Damnificado

Natalie Peeterse
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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.