

Nuzzle

Lamp in hand, face pressed close,
A whispering for the cocked ears,
The urgent breath against that suede,
That mane, the fringe of these curves
Darkly galloping...
This is instructive, the directives, a journey,
Running its own fever course...
See curtains part. Feel their air-----
Through doorways, through windows,
The whole house a ship set sail now,
& I
am only rider on rare stallion,
& the beast too,
aggie grey as the seas in a private cove
of stones...
Fog lights shine & fog horns sound
To the beat, the indefatigable hooves
Matching the heart which, room after
Room says; "I am going"
Says: "Yes we can go."