

The Fire

In early evening
I harnessed
My roan pony
And we stepped
Out the house

The sun
Perched high
In blue meadows
Shone bright
And grinning

From a hawk's
Eye we inched
The streets like
Small fish in
A riverbed

The breeze rife
With salted sea
Brought the tall
Palms to bend
Their leaves riffling
Over our heads

Our six legs canted
On and through
Fallen petals caught
In a whispered
Hand

Outside the house
Of a distant neighbor
We there found
Boxes of old things
Busted fence posts
Set on the sidewalk
To be carted away

When we got
Back home we
Shared a beer
Then took Blue Car

To collect the bounty

The fence posts slanted
Untouched in their boxes
Spiked with rusted nails
We piled high the trunk
Then split

While my pony slept
I sat upon the stoop
With Night coming on
Hammering the rusty nails
From out the white
Paint-chipped wood
Of the fence posts

In the garden
Twisting last week's
News I arranged
The broken posts in a
Teepee —
Lit the edges
Of the kindling —
Watched the blaze
As it fed

Smoke soon billowed
From 'neath the bellied wood
Till flames licked after
Their lost children spiraled
Into night

Taking in the dance
I sat basking in the warmth
Pyrolatrous —
A pale flick'ring
Upon my hands, the windows
Of the kitchen, and up
Among the branches
Of the trees

I drank with the
Flames till within myself —
The fire eating wood —
Came a vague notion of
Things unknown ever fated

By breath

I fell to reveries
The acrid smoke
Melding into its dark
Cloudless mother

Soon I woke and
Found the dance slowed
Swaying punch-drunk
Up through
Th'embering beams

I could feel
Inside the house
My roan pony
Asleep on the sofa
While the new moon
Took cover
Wherever it was
Her dead flock hid...

Then, like a phoenix —
Like the flaméd sun
Under Night's ocean —
She dawned in me
Her headlights
Cleaving the dark from
The drive —

So I got up...

Shook myself...

And crossed a few more
Of the old posts
On the fire