

In Kentucky
summer hangs
like a sheet
of razors.

The horses
look at you
with faces
lumbering
in their stalls
and stand
tree-like in
the field.

-- Light work today --

They seem to
wonder
at the water
that you
sponge upon;
making steam
that rises
from their backs --

when what
they wish
to do is roll
in dust.

the same dust
that clings to your throat
-- thinking about
water.

BJFR July 1995