



BAREBACK

On his own without a rope
or bridle, my sorrel horse
would carry me helpless
for acres as he grazed,
mouthfuls of slender
grasses trailing. No blind
running off with me
those August days
like wildebeest started
by shadows.

Instead, he poised us
head down in each direction
with nothing to hold on to,
chewing, tail emptying
the air. Every step further
from the house and barns,
the heaven I've never had
a name for, filling in around us.

Jane Thielsen