

Arsenal of Horses

We met.

Life's cards flipped  
so fast  
they blew my hair up.

I had been preparing  
to be alone  
for quite some time—

as a magician  
might preface a trick—

I was walking around  
telling everybody  
exactly what I thought  
I was about to do.

you put  
your legs  
around me  
on a quarter moon  
and the path  
morphed entirely.

As life is unfolding  
you really can't see past the lip of it.

To think of how much time is spent blindly tiptoeing  
around the towering lip of life.

To think of how the lid comes off of life to reveal  
its amber fire, its path of tourmaline, its sea of lilac.

Arriving at your eyes:  
I recognized:

*I had been trying to get there.*

We met.

Life's cards flipped so slowly,

they didn't startle the dogs dreaming,  
they didn't sway the marshes.

I bent my head to the side,  
I finished my plum,  
Summer began to end  
in rain, in orange nights.

Because only I could see it,  
everyone was asking what exactly was happening,

*something I've never seen before*, I said, watching

*There appears to be an arsenal of horses waiting to take us away*, I said.

Everyone was asking: where will you go, then?  
*it doesn't seem to matter*, I said.

*possibly everywhere*, I said.

*possibly everywhere, from here on out.*