

## pegasus trajectory

*by Graham Best*

Ahhhh The thrill of the galloping horse!  
How it skims over earth like a flat skipping stone.  
How its nose blasts dense clouds like erupting volcanoes.  
How each petrified hoof, a sacrificed hand,  
has a palm without fingers to measure the land.

ahhhh the stark freedom!  
ahhhh the dark line  
that before the beheading adorned the beast's spine.

then quietly, as disintegrate leaves,  
fell the form from the function forever to dream.

How then dreams a horse?  
yes or no that it nightly flies a pegasus trajectory  
pock-marking stars onto black brittle tar  
Or that prairies seethe with ancestral magic dusts:  
gentle gusts, billowing breezes?

Do horses have Jesus?  
I see him riding, blessing from a height  
Black horses and white and shades they produce.  
They are chestnuts in his hands.  
"You are the evolution of trees,"  
he congratulates each yet all simultaneously.

"I am here to return you to the soil."

the resurrected herd follows the cowboy's pace.

is it farther than the waiting?

the horses measure experience comparatively to preceding events.

They hold only traces in abstract memory.

the rest is a sensory imprint that repeating a scent recalls.

As of Humans and their leather.

as of mating and the moaning mate.

so lives the horse as in a dream state.

To part awake a fitting fate,

while unaware the blade is dropped,

while steadied among squat metal walls and a carrot

to goad superlative chin extension and silence

not to hear ourselves kill.

the galloping horse built the stall too,

as one must make one's destruction to exist right.

The galloping horse does not feel the rider.

its eyes chase the distant glitter of its tail at the horizon.

The head made heavy by its release

bobs aimlessly for days outside the corral

but cannot look upward at the clouds or blue sky.

The body complies with the automated surgeons

for a final unexpected genuflection.

ahhhh the thrill of the galloping horse!

it is too much to bear. it is too much not to touch.

first contact is endless for its irreversible effects

and forgotten within them.

mistaken for dearer than the past,

the future withers, trampled.

ahhh the speed and determination.

ahhh all feet off the ground.