

Silently Riding

Silently riding his hooves his eyes
brute him past the sheerest trunks
of forest night to where she kneels
in a pond of leaves under the oak,
a basket of fruit or yarn beside her
embroidered lap. He knows she knows
but she does not lift her eyes to his.
With grace she smooths the figured gown
about her thighs, lays her hands
cupped in themselves to her breast.
His clumsy hooves, his awkward knees.
An ocean timbrels in his ear, bells
touch the wind against his flank
until he feels her heart impaled
between his hard head and the tree.
He opens his eyes: she is oak
rough bark and gnarled hands.
A red tiercel screeches in her hair.
The air is dark, full of hounds.