All the Pretty Little Horses

Chris MacCormick
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In the field where I slept
last night, the hushabye lamb was mewling.
It didn’t want to be dead, its black
underlip moved up and down
in the dew, wasp slow,
and the breeze in the cotton said
oh yes, yes.

All morning under honeysuckle
bees picked over a beached carp
and duckweed rolled
slow as smoke.
Hurry home.
Bright bones know a place
by blue water.

A wind fresh as mint will
shine your shoes when you
cakewalk to heaven.
They will light your cigar,
wrap you in a kimono and beat you
supple as kidskin.
Hurry home.

Chekhov Variation / John Morgan

Chekhov, here’s a story you
didn’t write: on a banker’s