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The Explanation

Anna Moschovakis

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He said these words are unimpeachable:
wind. sea.

With the pack we continued on, careless
of the low frank moans
issuing from the hills. And
launches to the moon, a trip
he’d been talked into previously.
The mountain fumbled
in vowels. The tower,
crowded with fallen signals,
slept atop its heap. He explains:
whispers are vagabonds

and camp among the sacred.
I say the wind is full of waves,

the sea molests the trees,
but speak instead of the graves Cortez dug,

one for each horse dead in battle (this
to hide the corpses from the logic of

the enemy, who’d never seen a horse before,
believed them immortal. It’s said

they were convinced, and the Yucatan
was lost. It’s said
that enemy youth, aroused
by acrid air near a hiding bush

pulled from dirt
a slice of hoof. a thread of mane.

a single horn. a space capsule.)