

Wild Horses

Haphazard, hulking, & hideous,
the weathering of switch-houses & well-houses
girdling the train-trestle's girders.
What gray railroader welded hours
on end to anchor this ancient bridge?—
an after-thought now to all but the walleye, hares,
martins, & those, like us, who must cross its truss
hoping to manage a glimpse of wild horses.
Across the river, the rocks, even, are running to rust,
ransacked by taggers, who wiled hours
marking up the monoliths with sappy glyphs. I hate them,
mostly, though the impulse still pulses: to wield hearts
without restraint, without regard—desire rising, & risen,
writ in a red so ardent the walled heats
of their scrawlings should've burst into flame
or bloom or the braying of wild horses
at first sight. But they don't. Instead, they sit, squat
on the shelf of sediment, below wheeled houses
of stars which turn, turn, turn, & so I saw
love demands stirring, not of trains, well-houses,
or tired machines, but the heavy-tread trample of wildflowers
thundering the pasture of the wild heart.
& When I saw this, I saw wild horses.

J. P. GRASSER