

Lexington Horse Mania

Danielle Weeks

The Starry Night whirled across a horse
of fiberglass and paint. Another bore the ocean
on its iridescent hide, a mane of cresting waves
that never crashed. *This is the saddest thing*,
my sister said as she traced its jeweled eyes,
its body frozen in rest without release.

My favorite horse was bolted down
and wore a coat of junk, brass and steel,
glued-on gears and washers, hinges, wrenches,
the number seven from a forgotten door.
All this extra other collecting, guarding
a hollowed middle that held a metal heart.

The horse's shoulder under my hand
trembled with traffic or the longing for home
that thundered hot in my bones
like phantom hooves in the street.

The white-fenced lawns of Lexington
were not where we belonged, my sister
with her dreams of water, my body
already too full of running in circles.

My sister ran her hands along a brick neck,
mortar painted blue like lines on a map
of a world made easy: all straight roads and corners,
the beginning bending clear and painless as the end.

Danielle Weeks received her BFA in creative writing from the University of Evansville and her MFA in poetry from Eastern Washington University. Her work has been published in *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Cobalt Review*, *Lucid Rhythms*, the *Ohio River Review*, and the *Southern Literary Review*.