

Horse Latitudes

A valley unrolls
calico with shrubs
curling at the edges
like unruly paper
anchor of the
setting sun

Scrub dishes with ashes
empty kettle on coals
rusting like lockjaw
a laughtrack of crows

Horses hover
in pockets
of cool air
like pinballs
each day
one less rises
to be hitched
to the wagons
cellophane vines
frill their manes
their ankles
settle like glass
silver smoke slopes
from their nostrils
a line of swords
in the sand

Strap the boy
to the back
of the frothy mare

whose hooves
crest the tall grass
they ride the blue
teeth of morning

Lori Propheter grew up in the cornfields of DeKalb, IL, where she currently lives with her family. Her recent work appears or is forthcoming in *Prick of the Spindle*, *Bone Bouquet*, and the *Unlost Journal*. Visit loripropheter.wordpress.com.