



i put my fingers in

the plastic horse's nostril
traced the tidal flare
of the toymaker's hustle
was instructed by such
hope that a person
could hold warm plastic
& picture the defense
of the cliff the wind
that rushes to greet
the mouth of the world
how much love it must
take to grant action
to a byproduct
of my youngest
daughter's fantasies
so much joy that before
i put the brown mare
down next to the bowl
she gave me i filled it
with water to the top
with water lest i push
her morning into a reality
cold enough to calm
the muscles of her dream