

I too want to stand in a meadow

with echoes of Downhearted by Ada Limon

I read how other people have already
poured the mercury of their hearts into their hands
rolling it around to see it gather

I've spent so much time in my house
I've forgotten you can go anywhere without invitation

I've spent so much time in my house I will need to divorce
my spot at the dining room table if I want to be
windswept again

I have a guitar with three strings
that has forgotten how to hold a tune

I have a paper bag full of little books
that look like they've been rescued from a fire

and as I was leaving the gym I glimpsed on a television screen
a close-up of a red and orange macaroni dish
being stirred and I thought:

everywhere people are being taught
things I already know

and I remember a village with slender trees
in the timid colours of dust

and I remember being bone-shaken

and six horses died in a tractor trailer fire
but that was in somebody else's poem

and I too want those horses back

and I too want to stand in a meadow where they're still running
because someone decided at the last minute

to leave them where they were