

Timothy Muskat / TWO POEMS

WEATHERVANE

Do those metal tongues measure
eternity's heartbeat, the corn's
dying to feed us,

how the husks in decay are
earth's sweek slaking?
And what does it make of that

bloatbellied horse, bridled
in its halo of flies, eyes
dead as westfallen sun, limbs

brittle as rickshaws?
Does a weathervane taste
the fecund apple's scent, dewdrunk

blossoms dank in matted grass?
Does it even know its own pale barnyard,
its sad, proud caretaker, I,

who clawed the gable, gave
the twist & quiver?
Forget says the vagrant wind: *forget*

We spinnaker in the field like children
dogs among us
like bees

THE STALLION CAGES

Are where they lead the ones
in heat, great woven rectangles
where hooves turn to
jackhammers & bend the fencing
out in crooked, galvanized
spines. Inside
at night you can hear
them racing back & forth
like vermin, you can just see
the eyewide nostrils searing air,
you can almost crawl through these
fuzzy portals to those horses'
lovesick hearts