

Moira Magneson

AFTER THE ELECTION

The morning star blazes in the sky
As I walk up my road. The sharp smell of dung
trailing the air. A kind
Of incense. At the hillcrest a band of brindled goats.
Each scumbling in its own cloud
of steam. Each heart
Lit by its own lamp.

Their little tails tremble furiously
At my approach. What have I
to offer but empty hands?
Still they lick my fingers with their gravelly tongues.
Heads cocked. Gauging.

Let me slip through their pupils' black
keyhole slit.
And I will scamper in their scrum of bleat and fur.
I will follow.
Skip the wet rocky earth with cloven feet.
I will wager

All my sins
For this: Patch of green grass.
Comfort of the swollen teat. Hot sweet
Milk of the known
and unknown world.