

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.