

Cal Freeman

Fight Song of the Little Horse

For meadows of yawning
and imagining set aside a fund.

There is no point anymore
in putting shoulders to the plow.

A girl sits on a hay rake
in a blur of sunlight,

a lume of moonlight rises
above the eye line of the field

at dusk, ears of hard corn
lie spilled in the mud.

Listen for the wind's forage
among the dying stalks,

the faint, percussive music
as the eohippus starts to gallop

over this fallow ground again.

