

Jeffrey Morgan

Realistic Black Horse Mask (Fits Most Adult Heads)

When stars die they produce a simple compound of iron and oxygen—
That's why red paint is so cheap. I'm trying to tell the horses
in this field about their barn. They're pretending
I don't exist. It's not a meritocracy. They pretend I don't exist
because the manner in which I suffer
my bridle is metaphorical.
Horses could show even the meanest children a thing or two.
When no one is listening, they call the cows *meat*.
When no one is looking the fence disappears
and flakes of paint like red spores
take to the air. I'm the only horse that knows
the difference between gallop and rain.

