

Leaving the Herd

In the evening
I leave the house,
tack the horse,
swing into the saddle,
ride downhill.
A whippoorwill calls.

Trot up the road,
past the cattail pond
layered in mist,
through green fields where deer graze,
white tails twitching.

I urge my horse into a gallop,
chase the herd,
fast and hard,
come alongside a doe,
lean over,
touch her rump.

I shift off the saddle,
fling myself onto
the doe's wild withers,
cut loose,
flee bareback
into the deep forest.

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As night descends,
the horse returns
to the barn, frothing,
reins flapping, riderless.