HORSE-DRIVEN MEN

TANA JEAN WELCH

the runaway:

I can use my body to straddle or save the universe,

to be a soft animal for a man or woman who knows how to touch and

travel the surface of my quiet skin, how to span the bridge—

it's all right to miss my mother and I do when I see the lemon tree in the courtyard, when I pick one to slice through

I see sugar drops, but no ditch reeds, no scorpions in sight. Once I

cried a thrum of tears.

I surveyed the stars, like when dad died: our backs to the grass, sucking on rum

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Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal, Vol. 14, Iss. 1 [2014], Art. 35 Lifesavers, Red Vines, my mother and I gazing at the lost centaur

who succumbed to a brilliant loss of control

and scattered his armor from pole to pole.