

CHEN CHEN

The Galloping Thing

Don I now my gayest apparel. My best denim on denim outfit.
To watch you work in your medium of paper on paper

on paper. You & your pair of red scissors, at work. Making
a medium-large parade of tiny-tiny horses.

You worry. You're worried, you explain, about the ratio of pageantry
to melancholy. I say, But aren't you glad? Don't you feel

just headoverthemoonheels to be making
something? You nod. Then sigh. & I'm reminded of my own nod/sigh

combo. My own worrying; but when will the next galloping thing
come? Was that last hoof

my last hurrah?

Oof, says the gay ass gallop in the disheveled field
of my chest. Remember! he says, inspiration is

constant! is how you breathe in
the world! always more world to breathe in! no such thing

as blocked! don't say you're blocked when you're forgetting
your own breath!

I laugh.

Then watch your hands
cut out grass. Blade by blade, snip by snip. Bit by bit

by bit. Smallest, palest grass, like flecks
of winter. Or strange

dandruff, fallen from the head of some eternally neighing
god, & just look at you playing

with it, I mean, look at you
praying.