The Galloping Thing


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.