Franz Marc: *Landscape with Red Animal*

3000 years ago a Spartan boy lobbed this discus sky. Today it arrived, rusted around the edges.

The sky cannot move. It has nowhere else to go.

A red deer rests beneath it, black trees beside him. Under his belly roots call him, invite him where they sink slowly into earth.

He goes up a hill and grazes. Three clouds dwarf him, but he likes the hill on his hooves, grass poking his calves.

A small wind snarls. He sticks his nose up, leaps down the hill, finds ferns to hide in. He watches, expects. The discus darkens, dissolves into fireweeds. With one eye open, the deer sleeps. He cannot see those red blossoms.

*Kenneth Pobo*

[The title of this poem refers to the painting, *Landscape with Red Animal*, by Franz Marc. Marc was a leader of the German Expressionist group known as Der Blaue Reiter (the blue rider)].