

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)].