

# BRUTE CREATIONS

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JACQUELINE KARP

## Cherries

In the meadow, two chestnut mares  
are eating their shade. They munch  
great bunches of cherries still green  
and dark bouquets of leaves, chew even  
a twig or two, stamping while they crunch.

Although the wind makes them restless,  
this is better than September's feast  
when they'll nuzzle their long soft  
muzzles into the blackberry hedge  
and sharp thorns make their withers twitch.