

Dark Horses

Steady to the end,
the limits of his life
defined by fences, hedges,

headlands in a field,
he chose a day of rest
as if he knew the work

could wait, then sought
final comfort circling
square familiar corners,

sniffing for his brother
dark horse death. We
should pray for such grace,

that bred-in-the-bone
knowing what we're called to,
early on: plowing, poeming,

harvesting the sea. Would
that bareback rider raking
Irish moss at Skinner's Pond

agree? In my dream he clutches
madly at a white-flecked mane.
I wake when the anvil ocean bed

leaps up to meet the surging
sledge of beast and tide.

Thomas O'Grady