

## **Remember, remember**

On bonfire night a house across the lake  
set off some fireworks. That morning you  
had said that seeing me again would break  
you, asked me, weeping, not to come back home

at Christmastime this year. When I was young  
the fireworks seemed to spill out of the sky. Now,  
seen from the shore they fit beneath my thumb.  
Still, all the colours bloom and die just like

they did the years we'd watch them at the park.  
You loved me then. It's late. The sky is dark.

## Horse Poem

There is a horse that stands in the corner of my bedroom.  
I don't remember exactly when he got there but I know  
there was a time before him and there is now: every day  
the spindly coarseness of his mane, the sideward, paranoid eyes,  
the sighing. I try for the most part to ignore him  
and for the most part I succeed, though  
once, I admit,  
tired of his lumbering and recalling they are prey animals,  
I stared him down unblinking from my bed.  
He, also, did not blink. His mouth fell agape and a sound began  
within it like a very old computer.  
His muzzle, too, stretched long, nostrils gaping wide as doorframes  
eyelids sagging and the thin skin of his slackened bottom jaw puddled on the floor  
and even the last of the evening light even  
the timber beams inside my bedroom walls, splintering and creaking,  
bent against their nature into his dark-eyed orbit.  
Mostly  
he is unobtrusive enough. When I brought you home, in fact,  
he had been so quiet all week that I forgot entirely to warn you he would be there.  
Imagine my surprise  
my unwieldy, ridiculous terror  
when you walked right up to him and placed your palm gently against his forehead.