

the HARLEQUIN

Rachel Abramowitz

Poem

As one drunk into a carriage with no sail.
Thoughtful, I wandered then, reins in hand,
exhaling as best I could, considering.
My friends think I'm right to watch the night's
portrait carefully as I can, barking aloud and jotting
its scuro into my hushed book. Driving by the park.
The trees scissor the sky into collage, dark blossoms,
filament, encore. Don't set your best orchards on fire
or drown your fingers or sing to me.
I've seen more in the capsized moon than dark-motored history,
and when my horse gets thirsty, I lead him
to the damp earth. He knows what to do.

Thank you for reading! Find more at www.theharlequin.org

