

APRIL DOGWOOD

I search for the horse, Magpie,
who has flown the coop to God
knows where. It's a cold spring
day and the woods are alight
and trembling with blossoms.

My father rides his tractor
up and down the field. In the barn,
above the empty stall, tidy dice
spin in long shafts of sunlight,
then vanish. My mother's eyes
make me turn away. Look,
my father says at dinner,
and he smacks a ten penny nail
into a Pet milk can
with the heel of his hand.

Out on the porch I stare
at the trees and wait for the night
to raise its starry muzzle.