

Anatomy of a day/horse/missionary.

The chestnut

I broke the morning, still dark when I eavesdropped the city—red, blue, red staring my window and the furthest part of the wall. I breathe deep the pillow. Filter it like a man against a horse: sprint soft through a dank pasture. The horses scent our sophisticated iron, away. I found the mystery behind them when I (was) almost kicked.

The stirrup

I found my companion. He is up early, always awake—his breathing focused on the coffee (he shouldn't have). I hate coffee, but love the smell. A ninety-nine cent suit is similar. Horses wear suits and are heavier and darker than mine, but they serve the same purpose. I should have mentioned that.

The croup

We, companion and I, placed a knock on the door. He even peeped through. The sun dripped our necks, and companion remarks there is nothing worth saving. On that note, we let our shoes linger the front lawn. However, her fresh voice stung the hind parts of our ears.

Backpedaling back, letting some shy glance stammer over us.

The chipped nature of her glasses? a previous life forming a softly braided spectral, blind, distracted. The way to go about this is simple: find the reins and retract. Correct. The warm blemishes smudged into something better—like they taught us.

Her attention innocent. The manner of my delivery, amazing.

The coronet.

A flock of circular birds, distant at first. They come closer because there is something to be had. What is it? It is easy the ritual. This song is ambiguous and neutral, like a horse tied to a fencepost. This has a flimsy aftertaste. What could it be? I suppose it is like cold coffee. Not like it is (better) warm.

The elbow

My fingertips longed the dust of her shoulders.

Uniformed, we make our way. There are more doors to open, and more doors to have shut. I crush a bee on the flower it was harassing—a good deed.

Ah, companion and I, we travel by pedaling. We are almost killed a rollerblader.

The withers

The distance of the day washes me over. The isolation is welcomed—reflective and harmless. Horses don't bathe, at least, I have never seen one do so. Drowning takes exactly sixty seconds—I have three minutes and a few years.