

June

Seven hours of sweat leather and bullshit

Fucking horse just wants to go home

So do I, it might, I doubt it but it might

The slicker is there if it does

Not like it will be used its so welcome.

Maybe two or three over two weeks

Two more to live in brevity

The Catclaw will like it to damn it

And the hunters, feeling like they know

Cianothis puff cotton when the Manzanita burn.

There she goes, that bitch always runs

She makes the others stiff necks scent

Panic and guile maneuver in thickets

Two more hours and another shirt,

Sell her she's dry and nothing but shit

He said only to Airmill, then just to Yarbor

Back at three the suns at four knuckles

The water dried at Antelope, my hands bleed it same

Through my shirt, the cinch loosened salt stencils

She's lined by the day by the rein

The rain lines the skyline but always east

Crossing the Aqua Fria the cottonwoods murmur it may come

Its June it won't come till the kachinas of fireworks

Welcome it. The only thing that makes it work

Sweat tries but not till those tears fall cool on us

And soaks in deep never like before those tears are useless

But when the aqua fria passions and the cottonwoods answer we are home.