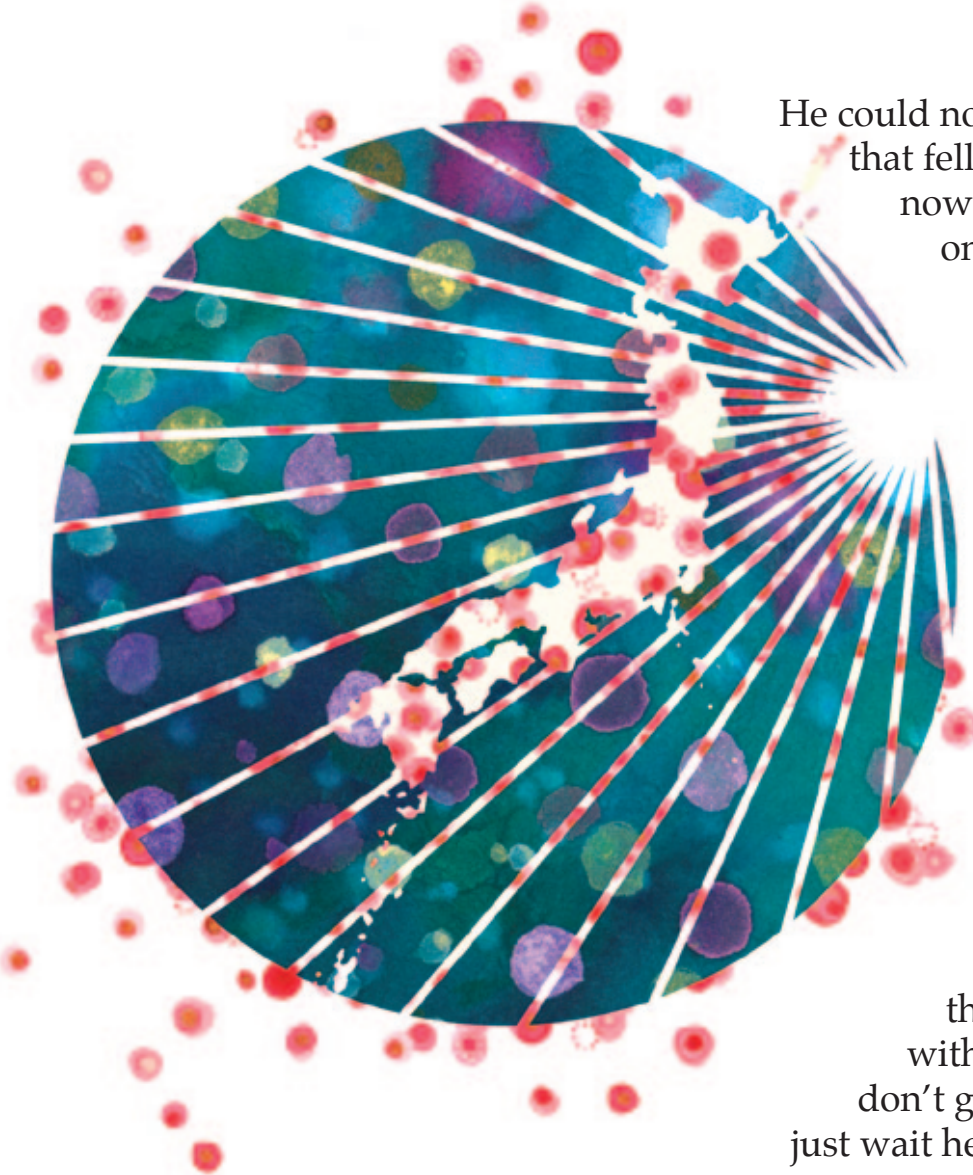


The Horse of Higashi-Matsushima

March 23, 2011



He could not outrun the ground
that fell beneath him. With his white coat
now a gray ash, he waits
on his side as we sometimes
like to sleep. I want to say

he is asleep, but in him is a stillness
that comes only
after dying.

These men, with white gloves
and masks across their faces—
they will move the horse, just as they will move
the blue Toyota on the hotel
rooftop; they will move

the makeshift graves of the dead
and even as they shovel wet dirt
to the hole, to the casket,

they seem to say,
with each heave,
don't go, wait here,
just wait here.

