

Why?, Hoofs

Listening for the hoofs
of the rescue party.
Waiting for some ghost pony
to glide into Berkeley
with an old fish bowl
for a tear trap
strapped to its ghost saddle.
It moves slow
like an exercise bike
on an airport walkway.
Something that wouldn't
smell like ground ants
or glossy magazine cologne,
But a wet street after
light late summer rain,
a wooden match just lit,
or something new in the green
subject of a landscape painting,
or something new in the foreground
in a poster of some Asian mountains
that says "Patience" in a funky Italics.