

Wings, Rushing

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Whiter than lightning scarring the night, he gallops into your quiet moments. Always you believed in a horse at dawn lifting you over a world you didn't live in. Paler than the moon you remember, he silvers across the clouds, flies in the smallest hours, the wind coughing, a death rattle, shoving rain into the windows, thunder rumbling your chest, hard to catch your breath. Outside, the puddles bloom, each hoof print a new pool, the damp tracks of him flooding the mud. A slippery dripping. The earth erupts with fountains, the firmament crying itself to sleep, a symphony, company. Fold your arms against your ribs. Hold yourself and feel the sky running hard, leaving its ruins.