

Imperatives

By Carol Guerrero-Murphy

Wild Horse leads me from clover mound to clover mound, *more more* he tugs on the rope. I'm gimping along on the ground

leaning hard on his shoulder in order to breathe fly spray and horse.
More, more, I breathe. More horses, more summer, on and on

until I see myself on my death bed, last sucking breath, speaking only regret: *more wild horses, sooner, younger.*

This hunger for more has led you and me, beloved,
bitted and saddled for the whole clichéd story

*more sex, more children, more gingersnaps, more meat,
more square feet, more uisce beatha, more stories, more journeys*

as if the Big Bang had been a body in the dark groaning *desire*
not a voice speaking *the word or light. Desire*, I breathe.

I desire to breathe more of Horse's skin.
Everything on earth rises from this red horse hide

indwells there and releases every kind of sea from salt to sweet
and every kind of dung and plant and stone.

And from him, certainty also rises, a sudden hot wind:
this day of meadow grazing, sky gathering cumulus clouds,

this look into my casket, this black universe stretching, everything
desired is right here, you and I are in clover, more than enough.