

All the Tired Horses in the Sun

Brian Skinner

A sigh grazes over
the afternoon-soaked hills,
brushing ripples across the aquamarine
blanket;

A thousand sprinkled
dots of chestnut
and bay are wading
in sleep.

The New Cat

Brian Skinner

These nimble
little bones
hardly make a pop
when hopping off
of a counter-top,

but still I think
of thick bracken crackling
under my tires.