

In Season

by H. L. Nelson

Many jockeyed for her attention in season,
taking her out on dirt paths
for the wide spreads.
With them, she went hard and fast, spittle flying.
But it was over soon,
they left and, still wet,
she was stalled.
Others handled her roughly,
with grips like burlap and whip tongues
that left open wounds
on her hide.
These healed with time.
He saw in her something fierce and wild
and gently led her to
his open palm
until, trusting, she sidled up to him
of her own volition,
nostrils flaring for his mounting,
for the solidness of his hand
on her flank.

