

# Ponies

by Jane Flett

Our bikes were feral ponies,  
kicking divots from the ground.

You trotted out a circus trick like  
the demonstration of a  
mathematical proof,  
your stirrups spun  
and you reared at the moon.

“You're a maverick,  
they never understood!  
Spin on, spin on, my son!”

Before his singularity of purpose  
you were humbled, you  
vowed to try harder, strip  
your own life of baubles:

“The moon is a monk,”

you said.

I didn't know what you meant, except  
that your heart was ripe for spinning,

so I stayed silent as we galloped  
to the horizon you whispered  
the sun slept tucked beneath.

