

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.

