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Two Horses Jim Johnson

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Jim Johnson

TWO HORSES

The pines are lean along the ridge rocks. The creek dry. Beyond the fencelines two ruts of dirt as straight as Wyoming. In the grass a tractor rusting. Logs, once a building, collapsed on three sides. A roof that couldn't hold up the sky. The country so big so much is given up: her washboard, his anvil. The price of cattle for the price of feed. Cartridge casings in the grass. The only things that ever mattered are always left behind. Like square bales in a field. To live is to live like two horses standing together in opposite directions, tails flicking flies from each other's eyes.