

Nothing to Hold On To

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When the lasso of language misses its mark,  
falls limp in the dust, the horse gets away,  
gallops triumphantly out of sight,  
and there's nothing to connect the horse  
to you, you to the horse,  
nothing to hold on to

You see photos of those boys in India  
who ride the tops of boxcars,  
their bare feet pressing the steel,  
an arm reflexively clutching the air  
to steady the ballast that is the body

or that first ship way back when,  
boldly sloshing away from the shore,  
tethered only to the unfathomable deep