

Anne Marie Macari

The Horse Wall

—Cap Blanc, France

I ate stone, entered it, my hand
reaching to nudge the horse
through the wall, stroke it out, carving
horse eye and velvet ear, massaging

up and down muscled legs.
So many springs now of cracking ice, thaw
taking me down—a thousand walls
between us and I can't rub through.

I fall apart and can't speak past
the carbon in my mouth,
the pebbles. Are you still
following the herd? Was it real—

how I ate stone and walked
through a galaxy shining
in the flecks, found
space no one else could see. Found

you waiting there. You
who opened my stone body.
Who softened my sadness. Now,
I never want to be touched, never

again be touched, all
the groping hands
and pickaxes, all the stars
of distance dancing madly—

My bludgeoned animal,
there was a place tender

in rock where first
you showed yourself.

There your soul-eye,
soul-eye that nothing
can remove, black space
in the wall of the world.