

## Two Black Geldings

The two black geldings know  
what I cannot know.

What I know  
is one will leave.

When I call them in, they gallop together  
out of darkness,  
themselves darkness,  
and I cannot tell one from the other  
until they storm the barn, puffing and steaming,  
one with a half-moon on his forehead,  
the other a star.

They have many acres to graze  
but they are always in step,  
their alertness tuned  
to the same suddenness.

They pay attention to everything.  
And to nothing.  
I lead them in, I lead them out. I feed them.  
I do not know them.

And when the one left behind  
looks across the field, down the road  
where the other has been taken  
he whinnies the softest sound  
I have ever heard.

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