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Wild Horse

Maya Adelman Cabral

It's the horse screaming at the wind
the rain crackling on the pavement
the onion tears that leak down your face.

It's when your throat is hot
and your chest is icy
and you look down
but then remember you are supposed to look up.
But what about going sideways?
You never thought of that.

Until today
when this tiny seed
plants itself in between your eyeballs
And you scratch and scratch.
You try to expel it
and frustrated
you scrape until you bleed.
And you think the seed is gone
finally.

And then you look upwards
accidentally
and you think you see the sun.
But you're squinting and you get confused
and maybe this is when you fall over.

And you celebrate being on the ground
simply because you can't get back up.
And your aunt calls you and she wants you to explain
why you don't let yourself live without worry
or why you don't know how to be free.
But you don't know.

And you sit and you scratch and finally
insignificant spots appear on your flimsy scratch
of paper.
And you sigh because for just one instant
you understand.