

I don't know how

I wrote "I don't know how
I will live without Steve Burke in my life"

and everywhere my friends called out

finally we lay down and our hearts ached and our chests hurt
we pressed our hands down on them
to calm ourselves and to keep our hearts in

. . .

I dreamed I was at Steve's
and the best horse had escaped from the old barn and from the pastures
and I followed down where Rte 1 is along a road that is no longer there
to discover a land of frozen rivers and impossible ice peaks
I saw him galloping and went after him
and when we were together we somehow climbed up one peak
and slid down to stare across a fast moving river at an ancient building

we turned away and crossed black ice in valleys
and up a steep slope I did not know how we could climb

at one point he carried me on his back
but I climbed off because I knew it was too steep
and dangerous for him
and we struggled on together up and down

when we returned to the house and barn
everyone was in Steve's house

all was a confusion, which I joined

when I woke the great horse had escaped again

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