

The Canyon Wall

Dawn on the canyon wall
like a zone-tailed hawk,
I painted my eyelids with clay
from the riverbank, sage
and water fresh to the sweat
on the body of a horse,
light sounds the mane braids
as her arched neck shakes
at the day, the droplets paint
the arid plain with red sun.
Thistle clasps the bridle bells
to rock and ash, a broken chant
glorifies the animal tongue.

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The Pangolin Review, Issue 10, May 8, 2019