

MARY RUEFLE

Concerning Essential Existence

The horse mounted the mare slowly and precisely
and then stopped.

He was profoundly disturbed by a piece of straw.

He was profoundly distracted by the sad toy
upside-down in the tree.

He was profoundly disengaged by half a cloud
in the corner of his eye.

And then he continued.

Nothing is forgot by lovers
except who they are.