

EMILY ROSKO

To Pasture

Everywhere is a nowhere
and here we are
in the middle of it.

For as long as we
could we galloped through
the crosshatched daisies,

threw out our lungs
from the limestone
bluffs. The streams ran

long with a clay-jammed
soft bottom. Flood plains
turned for the richest

yield. It stunk high fish,
green enough to breathe.
Sky was all

circumference, bell, or
curve or big empty.
As with you. The husk-

wrecked dusks,
the nights where
I am where I am.