

the restlessness of cattle

Toni Hanner



for Frances Casey

she watched the animals to foretell the weather,
if the redbirds kept still in the elderberries,
if the flickers and foxes were nowhere to be seen,

she felt the wind rising three states away,
could not explain it, electricity beneath her skin,
the way the blood seemed to sing,

the restlessness of cattle, eyes rolling back in their heads...

