

THE ICE STORM
(for Wendy, horse whisperer)

My husband always used to say
 our pets thought we were God.
Since then, I chose a country way
 and ate by breaking sod.

My horse was always kept unshod,
 and on a winter day
I saw him fake a fine glissade
 in stiff-legged disarray.
His horror as he coursed away
 in four directions came
on the wind to me in a desperate neigh
 and sent me scrambling, lame,

over the ice for ash to tame
 the runaway rebel earth.
The path to the barn I ashed was the same
 as before I sanded its girth.

But the way he looked at me, the birth
 of worship in his face!
“You threw magic dust at the earth
 and made it a blessed place

for horses once again.” To pace
 the world with your gods and know
them well must be a life of grace –
 and wonder, sure how you go.