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Brown Mare (California Quarterly)

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BROWN MARE

We don’t want much.

A brown mare.
That it not be four o’clock.

We don’t want a remake of the jungle scene,
lots of uncles,
the rubbish of our triumphs.

We could do without the laughter at the other table.

We don’t want the kitchen remodeled
or an improved sound system.

We don’t want a light frost
or our fingers to bleed
or eggplants,
more than you can carry in your apron.

We never wanted all that cheesecloth
or to be anywhere near
what we were led to believe.

No, all we really want,
since we have to want something,
is a brown mare. Throw in a white mane
with matching tail idly twitching,
just nowhere near four o’clock—
which is asking a lot.