

THE
SPOON
RIVER Poetry Review

James Doyle

The Spirit Horse

Everyone who hasn't seen it
says that it is white, that

the light passes through it,
that it is only visible as fog

is visible: against a thick
backdrop of mound or forest.

Although it is riderless,
it will come when called

by the ghostly grown prominent:
bones shining through skin,

chalk turned inside-out
for retinas, snow erasing

the fingertips. The rider
unwinds like a spindle,

the human is left for straw
where nerves construct a stable.