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Amanda Barusch
My Clan (terza rima)

In my clan the babies ride horses,
snug between saddle and womb,
manes flying loose in the coarse

sea breeze. We fall. We lick our wounds.
We tumble, again.
Women shriek and beat the drums

as echoes wash over. The men,
starved and impatient, die young.
But we know where to go when

the wind shifts. We know which vein
to tap. We know when the hawk descends
on a twisted course, and the red pine

bends to earth, that silence is at hand.
Stars glare down on thin clouds and drifting sand.