

Horse-boy

Horse-boy, you wandered into this poem and you can stay

After all I have nothing left but you you, my hands, half a boat

I am usually more of a narrative than this but when you came well

I am a parental advisory in other words a life with footnotes

As a child you dropped your head: I was dropped on mine: both of us survived this word
order

Is your mouth a mouth of horses or a mouth of boys

When you ride : are ridden : which is fucking and which is transport

In your childhood from which end did your life grow? Mine from both ends

I could not stop it until everywhere became a where I was touched

My own body, my own

Half a boat carries half a person well

Bathos is cowardice but so is alternate rhyme so is love once you let it talk back

My body and I have an understanding

It has only to do with your hands

Only love is saying, half a boat half a boat your hands, my ends everywhere they do
not touch I will grow