



Anne Doran

On the Road Out From
Gettysburg

A horse, chocolate brown, chest muscling
a wire, neck stretched, probably sniffing

exhaust or tasting morning mist,
fine, wide forehead hoisting a white blaze

to me, driving out after a day of walking paths
sunk in mud and old blood.

Yesterday in the rain I'd climbed one drenched
monument then stood on the turreted top

to view land falling away modestly.
I saw scattered horses feeding, necks bent

to the silence land can sometimes send up.
One July, a general stood on such a tower

to consider the ground laid out in summer
and concluded it was a fine day for a battle.

The day came and went, some would say,
in retribution. I say, there is a certain heft

in the slant of a horse's head, four feet planted,
watching from across cut corn.

Anne Doran lives in Michigan and is an active attendee of the Dodge and Palm Beach Poetry Festivals.