

a choice of riding crops and tasting
the leather impact in his mouth
after the race
he never finished.
the brain tumor advanced
cradling candlelight in
a moonless room
of scattered moments
that were and were not dreams
and things too late to dream about
avoiding the coherence
of others.
he died in the best room
his parents could afford.
his girlfriend and her wounds healed.
she told me that
she kept the riding crops
in a suitcase
of bad choices
and bad memories
underneath her bed.
i was never clear if the
suitcase existed.
the last time i saw her
she was wearing
a cloud of lavender and summer sandals.

a choice of riding crops.
wf.h.
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