

# Unfinished Poem about Horses + Wanking

All Action has been hung with weights  
His rider cut out in lime and lady pink -  
crumpled lines of white on the sleeve. I think  
not of the money, but the pulling ache  
the twists of tortured ligaments and bones  
along the jockey's pink, the pink tongues loll.

We're clear, we punish him for speed.  
Torn shards of betting slips floating in champagne -  
a sight not easily repressed; the rain  
was unexpected, yes, but how to believe  
a world who flouts her only certainties,  
brings numbers and horses to disagree.

~~but~~ her face emerges in the rip  
where I found my betting slip  
grunts and sweating animals, the curl

of their charge through summer air a s through  
tracing her white shell of pubic hair through  
ruined fortunes, fleeting joy.

~~...~~  
This is no empty philosophy, no thoughts to waste,  
in unemployed days - no - a strange girl.

Grunts and sweating animals, the curl  
of their charge through summer air, her face  
is everywhere - between these shifting odds,  
mathematics, manslaughter, blacksmithery.

a queer  
girl

I hang these weights of semen and hot sheets  
across images with no mass for gravity to pull;  
endless masturbation makes them ~~merely~~ merely tools,  
horseshoes shod upon her phantom feet

Like a stolen colt from a prairies winter sun  
I draw empty capital and watch her run

she draws empty capital - ~~we~~ watch her run

by Alastair  
White