

It Can't Be Forced

Peter J. King

It can't be forced – however stagnant
standing loosely, long hours
featureless – must take its own time.
Green film lumps the surface of a
single eye, lined and aching,
salivating in its pain. It can't be
tamed — survives by wildness;
though it mightn't move for days, it soars
still, breaks the bounds of motionlessness,
ripples heavily inside, dying.

I tried to bind it to my lack of purpose,
but it threw its head up, flinging
semi-liquid droplets round the
stinking stable — it would not be
broken to the saddle, limp and loveless.
It is spawn of something slow and
slumbering. It's wrong; it is a flower;
it grows in fitful, sideways glances,
always on its own terms.

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