

Love Myst

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You are waiting at the paddock gate
as I arrive and when I call – you call
we sing together
walking by my side head low
your nostrils blow warm across my wrist
the roundness of your barrel swells
against my inner thigh
muscle against muscle
I feel the lift,
the tiny outward swing and little drop
of my legs
in time with your legs
the view ahead
is framed by your fluted ears
broader at the base,
inward turning at the top
as you listen out –
for me
sticky grasses sweep your fetlocks
and mustard-coloured
flower heads rebound
as you carry me
two as one
damp fronds brush my boots
tiger-striping their elastic sides
and your dappled breast
the dry slither of a startled lizard

darting to the sanctuary
of a fissured granite crack
sends a tremor scything through you
and my nerve ends flutter
for one moment
we are not synchronized
until I place my palm
against your shoulder
and we exhale
in unison