

IN THE CHURCH OF MINIATURE HORSES

In the Church of Miniature Horses
I daydream kissing you.

I ask about your scent.
You say: *The forest is dying.*

When you talk it sounds
like rain falling on mushrooms.

In the saloon of things that go unsaid
I'd say something stupid, like,

*I had this dream we were
in the Church of Miniature Horses*

*and your lips tasted like a dead forest.
I'd say, let me plant myself there,*

*I want to sleep in your mouth.
I'd say, I want your mouth to bloom again.*

In the Church of Miniature Horses
I tell you your mouth is a forest

as rain falls lightly on mushrooms.
And it is spring.