

Unfenced by Ben Walter

our four legs flung towards goal,
 shoes ironing the dirt, creases blistering;
our bodies ripple with every sparkling now,
 the bellowing light that
chases where we hide; we heave
 a load unseen, a weight heard
in the morning when we eat,
 the evening when we rest.
we hurry to their ball,
 take them at their word;
the wide and empty field,
 a shrieking in the air.