

Thrive

Although I have been touched by fire, I rise
Flame has swallowed fetlock and hock, yet my neck
stretches, muscled, to muzzle airwards
Once my hooves loosened earth's crust
Split seeds greened to follow the furrows, up
I have been cut and burned: fired once, twice
My scars shine gold as the red moon
rolls into shadow. The bridle drops. No bit turns
my head, tugs at my gums. My bones learn
to mainline this goldmine. Footless I rise, my wounds
are fire, my mind a hive, alive, my veins
rewired, a third time fired – I climb, I thrive

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