

## Evening Disclosure

Look,  
tiny black cow silhouettes  
arranged haphazardly  
in a dappled beige field.

Beyond,  
bare cottonwoods wait in a meandering line,  
brawny torsos leaning over lengthy shadows.

Nearby,  
petite taupe birds  
flit about a blue spruce,  
its needles thinned  
by ravages of winter wind.

Above,  
a motley mosaic of clouds —  
Some of them loll thick and gray,  
Some arouse a negligee,  
Some are threads in disarray  
like loose warp wool  
on a broken loom.

Then,  
a solitary horse  
released from detention  
bolts across the field,  
half a mile to half a dozen cohorts.

Dusk descends, and the genderfluid sky  
transitions from baby blue to pale pink.