

*Mint*

All I see when your mouth opens up is mint leaves  
{in your teeth.

I can smell it and want to taste it.}

From beneath your tongue, there is a sharp thing.  
I am stung when I place my tongue underneath it.

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Can you see the horse's ribs? When they gallop?  
I hardly noticed before I had that revelation.  
How the starved horses beg for hay when they  
finish in last place, or in show or break the ribbon.

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My sympathies cannot explain it away, while-  
whereas I realized I am not the correct  
ambassador for the dirty hooves and  
the loosened reins.

Whereas I saw a blue—

§

jay perched upon a black-gum branch, nesting  
with full plumage and a mate by his side.

I need a recollection of the past four seasons.

What year did they switch from live fire to blanks?