

**JARI CHEVALIER**

**Andean Strains**

Wind feathering grass . . .  
horsetails touch. From a horse's snout  
a hummingbird's sound.  
Wind in eucalyptus  
spooks the horses; they reposition.

Lake silt in the horse's iris.

No one's seen the bottom of the gorge  
or of thought or love—no one's seen the bottom.  
Wind polishing metals in grain . . . .  
Sometimes horses stand and sleep.  
The wind is still—5 sleep, 3 eat.