

**JILL OSIER**

**Pony**

The day my mother was bowled over by the neighbor's black and white miniature staked in the field was a day of clarity and a tidy loop like that of an owl, or an ice rink, or hair being braided.

I found her in a quiet, violet gray at one end of the couch.  
No light was on her.

The years I spent in the mountains left me unable to recover her face.  
A sliver I could grasp at a time, phases of it like a moon's,  
but never the thing whole.

There is something we take from the violet hour because we need it,  
and everything we take resembles what we took before.

I thought it was maybe her own father's death that left her subdued  
those hours normally kept for us, our supper, our pain. She said  
she tried to hug its neck, to bury her face in the mane.