

Jeff Ewing

ON THE DEATH, BY TRAMPLING, OF A MAN IN MODOC COUNTY

The sound of hooves
on packed dirt is unexpected,
so loud suddenly, and close.

He removes his hat,
brown felt, drags his sleeve
across his forehead.

He sees his daughter
on a late summer day, sandals
flapping down the sidewalk

ahead of a storm building
some ways off. The sound
of hooves is louder now,

even closer. He looks
straight up and sees a scrap
of white cloud torn

from something larger
traversing the blue nothing.
The rest is flown.

Some people,
when they hear hoofbeats,
don't think horses.