

Going for a Walk in Scotland on Sunday Morning

I found a path that led me through the wood,
past fallen stone—a Roman wall in ruin—
and some felled trees, to where two horses stood
at pasture, and the nearest, a graceful roan,
drew close, and backed away again, and then
came partway back before deciding to get on
with his life in that grassy field next to a fen.
I found a stump nearby—something to sit on
while catching my breath. Just to my right—a field
of poppies post-impressionistically
spattered. The sky was gray. The church bells pealed,
and I was thinking how it would be, to be
on earth as horse or dog or cat or bird
or tree or flower, self-consciousness deferred.

-Kelly Cherry