

Wild Things

Lisa Garfield

I've heard of horses—mustangs mostly—who run wild across Nevada's bleak terrain. (*They kind of remind me of Uncle Bill, who ran wild, too, last summer, until Aunt Shirley caught up with him at the border*). Horses know no borders, don't allow limits, except those imposed by a weariness of bone and tendon that won't be ignored. They're wild things, those horses (*and wiser than Uncle Bill*). Sometimes I can hear their thunder a state or two away. Sometimes, just at twilight, I can see their shadows on the far hills, and if I turn just so, catch a whiff of something ripe in the wind, something more than horse. (*Bill looks more than pensive these days, absently slapping at gadflies*). I wonder how far Nevada's border is, and how, once gone, one would ever get back. At twilight, a long, low whinny floats across the mulberry sky.