

Charlie Brice

An Accident of Blood

Wind sings the prairie.
An accident of blood in Sudan's brain—
he doesn't know how to be a horse anymore.

It's all Harnsey can do
to get him out of the gale
and into the barn.

Oats, lonely in the barrel
his dad made for him,
wait and sigh.

Sudan walks on his fetlocks,
his left side straggles the stall.
Harnsey knows the signs.

The horse he loved the most
over forty years of horses.
He lifts his rifle. His breath-mist

matches Sudan's. Dust motes
float serenely in the cold November air.
Wind sirens through his beating heart.

Charlie Brice is a retired psychoanalyst living in Pittsburgh. His full length poetry collection, *Flashcuts Out of Chaos*, is published by WordTech Editions (2016) and his second collection, *Mnemosyne's Hand* (WordTech Editions), will appear in 2018. Brice's poetry has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize and has appeared in *The Atlanta Review*, *Hawaii Review*, *Chiron Review*, *The Dunes Review*, *SLAB*, *Fifth Wednesday Journal*, *Sport Literate*, *The Paterson Literary Review*, *Plainsong* and elsewhere.