

A Dry Hoof

by

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Scraps of some thing; red loneliness
Not lip, not nail, not silky dress

Sloppy innards, of history gleam
On barbed-wire fence; so bright they seem

Don't worry miss, not kill but cull
Yes sir, yes sir, three barrows full

You loveless heart,
You heartless love
You lonely hoof
Tethered above

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