

# Necropsy

JORDAN ESCOBAR

They said *In the name of science, we lay down this noble beast*

And the gassed palomino swished at a fly like it was about to sleep

When they opened it up, I saw a canyon flooded and filled red

When they cracked its ribs with branch cutters

I thought of my father stumbling into bed naked and drunk the  
night he made me

They said *This heart is a beating earth and we are the million microbes*

I swore I could see the horse smile, staring at its own twisted flesh

I saw a scan of my mother's own twisted brain before I knew her

They called it *A special type of cancer*

I didn't need gloves to touch

When I placed my own ruby fingers back in my mouth

I thought *A match, a match, a match*

I thought of burning my sister's wrist and saying *We'll be united  
in the marks we bear*

(After hearing her scream, I knew only she would carry them)

When they told me *It was a bad mare, had to be put down*

I thought *eutanasia* sounds like a funny word

Funny like the way sideways hooves scratch for grass not there

The nervous impulse still dictating the feet

So that I come close to the massive head and whisper

*The pastures are long gone darling, the pastures are long gone*

