

# FAUX PONY

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Faux pony a fabric  
for shoes that look wild  
but not murderous.

Named for what it's not—  
not the skin of a new horse who ran  
in fields with a mama and sire,

Pony gamboling and unbroken.  
We would not turn you into shoes  
or glue.

Faux pony only untells  
and maybe that's enough,  
maybe that's more than can be understood—

That the undoing of material is the mystical,  
that each invention's anything  
but what it denies,

so that by the sacrifice of one handsome beast,  
everything else is granted. O soul,  
my faux pony, I'll stitch every lying fiber

to your hide of unknown substance.  
Who began the trade? Who wanted the skin  
without the stain of blood?

Said lend me your texture  
without your flies,  
your sheen shriven of sweat—