

## **Opening the Gate**

the constellations haven't changed since I was a child  
starry horses grazing the same field  
of darkness

but now I am opening the gate—

some of them bunch their muscles  
quiver their skins  
dig their hooves in

some of them step through  
setting  
each  
hoof  
carefully  
to find fields sweet with fallen apples

one flings up her head  
takes off galloping  
beyond the horizon

**Carma Lynn Park**