

# Rawhide

Scott Walker

This is how you disappear  
out between midnight,

called up under valleys  
of torches and stars.

Foot, knee, shaggy belly, face  
famous hindlegs,

as one of their own  
you graze with them.

Cro-magnon herders  
will stand in the wind,  
sweeping tails shining,  
and scaled to begin,

SHUTTING DOWN HERE  
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to where necks  
leave the air  
unpossessed  
and giant heads lock  
constellations.

A last grain of dust  
lands in the darkness  
on tongues laid bare,

and turning to chalk.  
Shutting down here.

Freezing in red,  
bent over his ice skin,  
The insomniac gnaws  
in the On-Offs;

he is glazed  
in the hooves  
all round.

It is losing its shape.  
Losing its shape,  
as the heat  
in your hands  
carve the muscle  
away.

And he grins  
from a break  
in a backflash.

Delivers it up  
on a break  
in a backflash.

Motionless brands  
burn into a hipframe  
As a saviour  
loads sightlines  
backlit by fires,

on the ridges  
of the highest  
breeder