



POETRY

ON THE SEMI-FROZEN SANABRIA



“Wild Horse,” by Eugène Delacroix, 1828; lithograph. Art courtesy of [The Metropolitan Museum of Art](#).

by ERNESTO L. ABEYTIA | JUNE 15, 2018

My brother laughs, bets he can cross
Without falling through.

We know he can't—
The ice is too thin.

I dare him anyway.
Dad's head shakes *no*.

My brother, half on land, half on ice,
Forces his weight. Eyes go wide.

The shift in ice is audible
As it gives way, swallows his leg whole.

We move to help, but our laughter
Holds us, drowns his cries.

The only danger here is in missing
A rag of wild horses passing in the distance.

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