

Figure Studies

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This army is naked,
headless
but still standing
in a field, grey sky.

Beyond the army
a hive of bats
lifts
from a small tree.
No, they are fire beetles.
No, they are drones.

No, they are flying horses,
up from the neckholes,
flying
in small circuits,
and landing
beside the bodies
from which they emerged.

The horses stomp.
The field shakes.
The heads
of the whole army
wobble
in the dry grass,
tongues out.

The horses
chew their own heels,
flex their wings,
and huff.

That noise,
once organic,
now mechanical:
feathers preloaded
with spycams or missiles

or any other fruit
sent toward the flesh
from faraway hands.