

E. LOUISE BEACH

## Sine nomine

The horse stands unmoved for long minutes in paddock mud,  
one hind leg slightly cocked in coquettish hesitation.  
Air shifts its weight today, and the sky clouds over—

bitter in its occlusion. Alone in my room,  
I think *cup* and *bowl*, *tired* and *sleeping*.  
Words form: *Shenandoah*, *Manassas*, *Alabama*.

I remember *weeping*, *graffiti*, and *fear*.  
Imagine if nothing had a name, sound had no meaning.  
No sign for *laurel*, no voice for *dispensation* or *despair*.