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Rollover

Mike Vanden Bosch
Dordt College

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Belgian stallion, you pull the corn planter over tilled soil, plodding beside a wire as straight as Sinai’s law, stolid as the moon waiting for the sun to set. Then evening dawns, and,

harness off, you roll over on a green heaven, arched back touching tall grass. Down on two massive rumps, four legs kicking at the sky, you claw with hard hooves at worlds even birds can’t touch. Your brown-black hide, darkened still with sweat from dawn-to-dark straining, writhes on the grass like a Boa’s belly as if it would scratch the world’s first itch to its conclusion and cut the sky’s blue curtain to see the undiscovered country—the reeking hole in which doomed devils shriek ceaselessly or the New Earth in whose bosom saints revel.

“Rollover” won first place in the adult general division of the 2004 Iowa Poetry Association contest and was previously published in their 2004 *Lyrical Iowa* publication.