

2001

## The Arab

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## The Arab

Carol Ann Johnston

That morning, I brought the horses  
up with the boys. I'd caught the Arab early,  
bridled, brushed him, hung the radio  
on his saddle. Conjunto helped with his spooks.  
He'd turn and look at me as we moved.

That morning, I rode out with the boys  
bringing up the horses. One on Buck,  
the other, Valentine. I took  
the Arab. (I couldn't smell him

anymore. They said nobody stopped him  
once he got his head). Bermuda  
grass massaged his belly with dew.

That morning, I rode out to get the horses.  
The Arab found it peculiar,  
never before a party to the capture.  
He arched his neck, head level  
with my chest. I felt him high-  
stepping, his mouth gaping at the bit.

*Moist grass in the putty air. Floating  
in the bottom. The slugging Brazos,  
supple, thick, unplumbed.*