

# What She Was About

by John Cantey Knight

Moisture and new mown grass  
smell of birth beneath the sunshine.  
Clay clings to heels  
of cowboy boots and splatters  
jeans' legs. The sweatband  
of his Stetson is wet  
as he circulates still air  
across a wrinkled face. During  
last night's thunder,  
his wife's favorite mare foaled.  
He thought about the night  
before—what thunderclaps do  
to animals. It wasn't like  
his wife, the way she wakened  
him. Since her miscarriage,  
she'd been cool. That night  
she became another woman  
as she rode him. Filling  
the water trough, his mind  
moved on to work that needed  
doing. Almost nine months  
later to the day, he'd wonder  
at the new face she cradled  
as a mother. He wouldn't  
recollect the night the foal  
was born, the weather, or her  
way of using him. She knew  
that night what she was about.  
In the morning, a smile  
on her face, she promised  
the boy in her belly the foal.  
Done; trough filled, he moved on.