

Katrina Hays

The Secret Life of Public Art

Portland International Airport

The driftwood horses
Stand motionless by the road
Bones forever revealed to passers-by

One looks to the river, ears pricked
Another reaches for sweet grass at her feet
A third hesitates

On those nights of snow and fog
No cars passing and lights dim
Airport hushed and still

The horses slide into the skins of their dreams
With soft manes and sweeping tails
Bay, black, chestnut

They toss their heads, nicker, and neigh
Canter across runways
Bend their necks to the Columbia and drink