

*The 2003 Editors' Prize Contest Winners*

THE  
SPOON  
RIVER Poetry Review

*Moira Magnuson  
Runner-up*

Confession

I am having an affair  
with the mule next door  
everything about him  
dazzles long black  
tail swishing his backside  
like a broom scattering  
flies and dust. His corded  
muscled neck pushing  
me along the fence his eyes  
dark with spite and sorrow.  
Early mornings before the light  
we rendezvous I tramp  
the tall grass and thistle  
to the corner of our land  
where he greets me  
gentle mouth nuzzling  
my sugared hand. Usually  
I am content just to be  
near him but sometimes  
the urge to climb inside  
his body is unbearable.  
We are both mongrels born  
to parents worlds apart  
lineage a cul-de-sac saddled  
with our onliness we understand  
our ending how it finishes here  
in this field suffering each other  
madly in love with apples sugar words  
in wind the scent of earth and heaven.