

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