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# The Explanation

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*Anna Moschovakis*

THE EXPLANATION

He said these words are unimpeachable:  
wind. sea.

With the pack we continued on, careless  
of the low frank moans

issuing from the hills. And  
launches to the moon, a trip

he'd been talked into previously.  
The mountain fumbled

in vowels. The tower,  
crowded with fallen signals,

slept atop its heap. He explains:  
whispers are vagabonds

and camp among the sacred.  
I say the wind is full of waves,

the sea molests the trees,  
but speak instead of the graves Cortez dug,

one for each horse dead in battle (this  
to hide the corpses from the logic of

the enemy, who'd never seen a horse before,  
believed them immortal. It's said

they were convinced, and the Yucatan  
was lost. It's said

that enemy youth, aroused  
by acrid air near a hiding bush

pulled from dirt  
a slice of hoof. a thread of mane.

a single horn. a space capsule.)