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A Golden Mare (Her)

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A Golden Mare (Her)

Cover Page Footnote

This piece was written and workshopped in 19W.

A Golden Mare (Her)

There she is, the horse,
A golden mare, strong and fit (swift),
With mane neatly groomed and saddle attached (fit).
She is calm, but only just;
Underneath rage the four winds, ready to be scattered, ready to be released upon the track and
gush out over one thousand meters.

There he is, the jockey, whip in hand,
He knows his horse well.
He can see the winds in her but does not yet sit atop. The time for the race will come soon
enough.

Stand the two, cramped together, waiting for the signal to be called, waiting for the starter's gun to
fire and penetrate the stillness that envelopes them, waiting for the moment for anticipation to
transform, at the speed of light, into adrenaline, for both their hearts to skip fractions of a

beat,

restart as one, beating onward in unison, pumping the same blood through both.

How long has it been, them there,
Waiting, nerves shot, hope leaking through microscopic holes,
Watching anticipation and rage mix with air, creating an acrid, suffocating, stench

Who wait they for?

Is the crowd really so large today? (Does it matter if the other jockeys aren't at the gate?)

What wait they for?

Is the dark inside better than the light? (She seems to fit an old rustic lyric)

Where is the starter, with his pistol?

Is the gun in his holster? (The safety, flick of red, is constant)

Why for wait they, with joy just outside the gate?

A single crack, the tension breaks,
Hope of hearts free from constraint (unbroken).
Galloping, galloping, galloping (unconstrained)
Under sunny sky, the golden mare.