

Came the Horses

by Charles Daughaday

Gliding down the road so soothingly, humming along,
As the rolling land flashes by and the road ahead
Ribbons on into a pointed distance, the viewer
and its object, the tinted glass in between.
Then, suddenly, a hill falls over into a deep, long glen
Where fifteen or so horses of all makes and colors
Are galloping, cavorting and skimming over the green,
A couple kicking their heels as the huge lead roan,
Nostrils flaring, head held high, and mane flying,
Striding, oh striding! More beautiful and graceful
Than life itself.

A sudden rigor of needle points invades the torso,
Accompanied by a burning watering of the eyes.
Fighting tears away, the head turns, gazing wistfully
At the disappearing scene, movement gone, lines
In motion dissolving, part of the heart torn out,
Bleeding an all too brief memory, sitting, shaking.
Spent as after lengthy love-making and earth-shaking
Orgasm.

Whence came such a riot and gamut of emotion?
What was the speed, beauty, form in movement and
Power of those creature to this pale existence?