



# Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine

---

Volume 11 *Elements*

Article 97

---

5-1-2004

## Echoes

Yvonne DeMarino  
*NSU University School*

Follow this and additional works at: [http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool\\_litmag](http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag)



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

DeMarino, Yvonne (2004) "Echoes," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 11, Article 97.  
Available at: [http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool\\_litmag/vol11/iss1/97](http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol11/iss1/97)

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the University School at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine by an authorized administrator of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact [nsuworks@nova.edu](mailto:nsuworks@nova.edu).

## Echoes

*Yvonne DeMarino*

On a horse without blinders  
He rides through the world  
"You're conquered," he screams  
To a desolate girl

"Aw, come on now," she says with a shrug  
"I conquered myself...you just move on!"  
He spurs his horse  
Like a merciless thug  
And leaves the girl  
As fast as he'd come

He lives for the speed  
That jostles his bones  
He lives for the fire  
That gobbles him whole

Night after night he makes meaningless love  
And conquers the damsels that let it be done  
He makes up for the feeling of empty inside  
With a hand on his saddle and feet on the side

He drinks the moon fairies, just gurgles them down  
And tickles the mushrooms until they fall down  
Still he rides on his big white carnival horse  
Incapable of stopping for any recourse

Determined to live on forever and ever  
He drinks from a pool- the fountain of youth  
But as he bends down, still on his horse,  
He sees his reflection and screams out with force,

“I am the horse man, I can’t see a thing!”

“I have on these blinders and blinded I’ll stay.”

“No one to love me, or save me,” he wails

But out of the willows comes that desolate girl

And she screams out with fervor,

“Save yourself, you damn fool!”