

Rhiannon-Epona



Your kiss of ownership, not exactly sexual
And all those corpses - dressed like men
In the sweet grave singing. Or on horseback
Either side of the Great Wall - swarming

They often draw you side-saddle - a gymnast - a
Truster of equines (for men were forging weapons)
And all those corpses - dressed like men
Soldiers once, in the cold grave glumming.

Moonrise daughter of Heyvedd the Old, I
Saw you first from the Mound of Wonders - a
Truster of equines (for men were forging weapons) -
You and your white mare ... as fast as the wind!

Falsely charged and punished (and grieving)
You turned, they said, to horses. Some called you
Horse-lady, and denied you the vote. But I
Saw you first from the Mound of Wonders

And Shivered. However fast I rode, I could not
Draw level. There were curses to consider -
You'd turned, they said, to horses. Some call you
Rhiannon, others Epona, lady of the horses. But

I saw you first from the Mound of Wonders, a
Truster of equines (for men were forging weapons),
And however fast I rode, I could not draw level,
You'd turned, they said, to horses. Some call you

Rhiannon, others Epona, lady of the horses.