

The White Mare

The riderless horse approaches
As the mist descends, a white mare
On the edge of a vast forest

Your birds no longer sing, as
The riderless horse approaches
Everything is still, still as death

But there are two kinds of death
And though your birds are not singing
This is merely a pregnant pause - time

To check and scan the sheet music
For there are two kinds of death
This one reptilian - a shedding of skin

The mare seems ageless, almost human as
They check and scan the sheet music
And I recall the mariner, the albatross

And a woman playing dice with death -
Your horse is ageless, almost human
As the mist descends, a white mare

Approaching, from the edge
Of a vast primordial forest

Copyright Ian Irvine (Hobson) all rights reserved, 2014.