

Horses in Early Morning

These horses shaped themselves into a pure silence.
Since before dawn they have waited
to throw downhill wild gales of themselves.
Now grass waves flood and fold under them
and light stings them with full power.

Over the mountains radio stations
pour soap powder into Australia.
Here in the half darkness I listen
for another stylus to groove and mesh in
as they thrust the wind's cry away
and pull the earth into loops and gyres against them

and the sun, a huge mango,
goes rainbowing up the sky.
The bay mare flows through her own rhythm
the gray becomes speech full of messages
and I am too old to measure myself against them.

—*John Millett*