

## STALLIONS

wild stallions whirling on a wave  
of green foam rushing, rushing over  
the winds of wild heather blowing  
and the echoes calling, calling my  
name across wide seas of wonder  
seas of wondered white, towers of  
stars and lips of moons shining  
and the echoes calling, calling  
through castles of mourning and  
ships of steel, blue and wandering  
green across the sea, flying, fleeing  
riding on a form of fishless wings  
full of ghosts pale and greying  
dying in the light of greener days  
swimming in mist and jellied water  
floating on sand and salty scum  
hiding in caves forever drowning  
and the wild stallions still whirling  
on a wave, wisps of wonder daring bright  
sparkling on a sail, curved and flying  
singing in the cold of hurried days  
striking green across the water, green  
across the sea and white foam trailing  
hiding in caves, leaping tall against  
the pines, running through rocks and  
sea spray crying, dashing on bones of  
drifted wood and hollowed holes  
wailing the wind of winters coming  
flurries of spume and sleek ships  
cutting, flowing through nights of  
filtered moons, lipped and shining  
falling on dawns and echoes crying  
crying for their stallions whirling  
on waves.

— *Rae Crossman*