



A.E. Stallings

Lente Currite

Two horses clean the night: they lick the trough
Till every fleck of stardust has come off,
And munch through ripened moons down to the rinds,
And rub the stall-door smooth with their behinds.
Their tails are comet tails; the darkness plays
With forelocks, over star and crooked blaze.
Their muzzles silver, and their plodding slows
Because they know the road and where it goes.
The team requires no driver now, is able,
Blinkered, by rote, to stumble to the stable,
Where standing in the paddock, head to tail,
Two brazen colts await their morning pail
Of oats, already champing to be gone,
And itching to be hitched up to the Dawn.

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