

## Trotting Talisman

By Elayne Harrington

Maternal mare, galloping, whereupon fools stumble —  
Juxtaposed foals cantering.  
Weather-worn war depiction,  
Cart before victim, Hero sought Leander's lantern.

Lion-tailed, clumsy-hooved,  
Only due to your man-made shoes.  
Your master's stretched, greedy grimace —  
The race you'll always lose.

You do not blush, won't yield to woe,  
Self-knotted by bridle  
— Self o'er the cliff you throw.  
Freed by madness — wild is your truth tame,  
Forelock triumphant and framing  
Strawberry blonde mane.

Silent pride, poxed by human error,  
Contaminant break-in by inducing terror.  
Working, jumping, trawling companion —  
Feeling, thinking, dreaming stallion.

You slip on dew-graced Tarmacadam,  
I feign to see not your shame; crimson-clad  
And black — my onyx, jewel borne of celestial myth.  
Nature's conflict of elements,  
Dental dominance reduced by bit.

Capall bán, sense purity, virgins lap to soothe upon —  
Grasp your crest for security, fair palm to rest your chin-groove on.  
Boxer, Gunpowder, Tír Na n-Óg, Sleipnir, Kelpie —  
You care not for titles; words cower beneath your mute solemnity.  
— Equidae

We love you more than we can offer generously —  
How many hands high is your trust in the enemy?

Written April 2012

