

White Mare

Actor | Observer

Tracks mark the snow
Not a car on the road
Sullen moon is hanging low
Over sleeping pastures
Post-disaster
What could it be
That scared the mares and morgans
When all seven of them
Rushed the frozen pond

A cold quiet town
With no witnesses around
Haunted by that fateful night
When all the horses drowned
With a crack of the ice
The fray of hooves and neighing
The desperate plea of beasts
Who roamed too far from home

And the hopes of a girl
Unaware of the accident
Dashed
When her parents told her
That the one they promised her
Had fallen victim to this wicked world

Tune out the clash of broken silence
Cover your ears to the death and the violence
You can try to deny everything
But they were still finding bodies well into the spring

Families rest their heads on beds made of cotton
Stolen foundations are withered and rotten
While we wait to be devoured by the horsemen
Delivered to the grave in the cradle we were born in

The time of heeding warning has passed
We looked death in the face and we laughed
Now the ice has been breaking
And the plague has been taking
You better hope the next horrid flood is the last

In a clamoring world full of fear
May the bastards breathe faster and say their prayers
Gnawing on each other's throats
To steal the final gasp of air