

two horses

the gypsy on his moped
long haired and ugly
moves them up the verge
little converse
mind my trees I say
he nods and pulls them further on
solid not too large
young faced and better talk with them
now hes gone
black and white
chestnut and white
two companions in cold february
loving my carrots
nuzzling my hand
the affection of these total strangers
allows for creation
unlike humans
stifling it
the affection of animals
is a very big subject