



Paper Mill Press

Mustangs

Rebecca Hulan

Over field and plain, through groves of trees,
 Past sun-brushed meadows and sparkling mountains,
 Hooves thunder like grey waves from crashing seas.
 Manes shimmer wet, tongues taste cool, wild fountains.
 The evening sun shines onto white patched flanks
 And warms river-soaked mares calling to foals
 That, in dwindling light, dance on river's banks.
 In darkness, far stars glow like little coals.
 The tall, grey stallion nickers warily.
 He hears only the wolves' lonely howl,
 They would fall on sleeping herd merrily,
 And watched by the cold moon and the old owl
 Who sits aloft in his old, broken tree,
 Observing the herd in a grassland sea.



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