

Horse by the Mountain Stream

Wild orchids bloom purple and white
against a blue stream
Their scent opens the window
into a world without consequences

On the other side of Earth
a headmistress chastised the cook
for her complaint about improper oil
Children died from eating the school lunch
cooked with oil stored in an insecticide jug

The stream rushes down from snow
atop rocky mountains where cows
sway gently in the wind
making a symphony with their bells
They live in meadow paradise
until led to the slaughter house

Joshua Bell played the Chaconne
in a subway station
No one stopped long enough to listen

Bach wrote the Chaconne
to cleanse souls and build bridges
to forgotten dreams

A path digs through tall grass
by the stream dashing toward a valley
where Mahler composed
Das Lied von der Erde

When someone goes away to the mountains
never to return
what do they find
by the chill mountain stream
The black horse drank
was sent back galloping
For a second I fear it will charge me
It stops in front of me
I pat its dark mane
It begins to eat sunlit grass