

## Four Horses

Hey, Dude, it's time to saddle up  
and head out for the highlands.  
Can't make heads nor tails  
of your trusty steed?—no matter.  
With a few clicks of the tongue  
and a giddyup, you'll soon be  
spinning in all four directions.  
It would be a shame, Man  
if your polka-dotted appaloosa  
got you rattled. Better drop  
the reins and chant: *meta-one, two, three,*  
keeping time with its hoof-beats.  
By *meta four* you'll be  
atop a magic mountain  
of Lucy's diamond dust.  
Feel the weird convergence  
of your four quarter-horses.  
Being has become—the end  
is just the beginning:  
Goo goo g'joob, joob!



**Ira Schaeffer © 2013**

**Ira**, a published poet who lives in Warwick with his wife Bobbie, currently teaches English at CCRI. In addition, as an Ocean State Poet, Ira has offered poetry workshops in both nursing homes and libraries. His love affair for poetry has been intense and totally satisfying. He finds the act of writing and sharing poetry a sane choice of being in the world.