

## My Hunger in Four Directions

I hungered for a white horse  
the same way some coveted  
a house with a white picket fence  
very young, I knew paint peeled  
liked scabs refusing to heal

I would not be confined  
I could not be constricted  
I ran with four horses  
outside the four walls  
placed by society

perpetual forward motion  
the four directions did not matter  
horseshoes striking the ground  
life lived with passion  
setting cold flint and hearts on fire

the dream - a solitary dream  
the life - a solitary life  
on the very edge of the margins  
of which you tried to rein me in  
with complete lack of inhibition or restraint  
I ran with four horses wild



**Pd Lietz © 2013**

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