

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, joo!

Four Horses

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 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

My Hunger in Four Directions

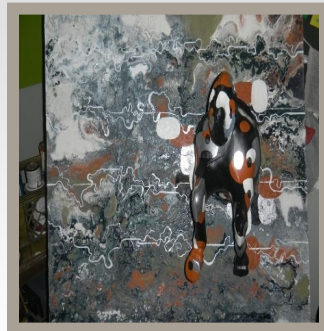
And this is the little brown horse
 My Uncle said ran wild
 In the fields of Donggal no-one could catch.
 And this is the little brown horse
 That my mother said she fed apples
 On her way to learn nothing at school.
 And this is the little brown horse
 And it is probably still running.
 And this is the little brown horse
 That I ride every day into battle
 The slower I go the more he picks up speed.
 And this is the little brown horse
 That is you coming in from work
 With a smile and a kiss and a cream cake.
 At the gate and you say –
 It will be all right in the end.
 And we lean like two horses
 That can never be parted.
 And I know it will all be all right:
 In the end.

Little Brown Horse

The summer I was nineteen I went to teach
 photography on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation
 where I lived with Etta Halprin a Vista worker from
 Chicago—in a remote very old windowless log cabin
 that had no electricity or running water—whenever
 it rained we would quickly strip down grab a bar
 of soap and hope it would rain long enough to get
 the bubbles out of our hair
 the outhouse—a short walk behind the cabin
 lacked a door however it opened onto a marvelous
 wilderness view in the middle of the Badlands
 I was sitting there one morning checking out
 the Sears Catalogue (ok, that's a joke) when
 suddenly a small herd of wild ponies thundered in
 and surrounded the tiny wreck of an excuse
 for a "house", the stallion was fully aroused
 mounting any mare he could hold on to
 I was in the eye of the storm surrounded
 by whinnying bucking biting etc. in the fragile front
 row seat of the dilapidated airy outhouse—
 best show in town

Manderson South Dakota—Four Plus Horses

**Jason Hancock's
4 HORSES**



Origami Poem Project™
Exphrasis Contest * 2013
Poetry Inspired by Art

A Few Thoughts on Art by Jason Hancock:

I always wanted to be an artist.
 The opportunity of creating with only the rules
 that I choose to work with and against,
 very early on, gave me such a sense of freedom
 that I wanted to cultivate it throughout my life.
 Now, as I near 40, I have reached a level of
 Understanding of what excites, surprises, and
 gives my mind and heart a healthy mode of
 expression.

My art is my solace, therapy, and love that makes
me feel whole when life itself can be so fractured.



Jason Hancock's studio

A Horse Dreams

It wants to carry one of the four horsemen—
 dangerous and feared; not a plow horse.
 A black one eating entire countries as famine
 instead of pulling to exertion
 like it was a place with a scorching sun
 full of sin. Or red, bringing endless knives
 and slaughter, spilling continents as blood;
 not living on carrot tops. Or pale horse
 with a skeleton rider; not heavy as a farmer
 millstone body. Maybe white of conquest —
 but of what? The flies would be first
 for they ignored the wisdom of his tail.
 Maybe end days of fields and endless toil.
 Or rebuild the barn so chill stayed away.
 It tossed ideas with its swishing head;
 the farmer thought flies were bothering
 his dappled horse and shooed them away,
 then fed it a sugar cube — and the horse
 remembered why he stayed.

Martin Willitts, Jr. © 2013

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4 Horses © 2013

Congratulations to the Poets:

- Martin Willitts, Jr.
- Ira Schaeffer
- Pd Lietz
- Helen Burke
- Kik Williams



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