

## 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**

**Martin Willitts, Jr.** retired as a Senior Librarian in upstate New York and currently is a volunteer literacy tutor. He is a visual artist of Victorian and Chinese paper cutouts. Martin was nominated for 5 *Pushcart* and 3 *Best Of The Net* awards. He is the editor of Willet Press.