

Horses

an elegy for James Baker Hall

by **Frederick Smock**

i.

I have read that horses
have 20/30 vision. That
they see things not everyone
sees. The light at the edge
of the field. The light
in a corner of the stall.
They see into the peripheries,
deeply so. Into shadows
where ghosts and grimalkins
live. They see clear to
the horizon, where
oceans spill off the end of
this flat disk of a world,
and clouds roll round some
corner of the sky, heavy-
laden with snow, rain.

ii.

Horses—their large dark
eyes. It is like looking
into a burl of wood.
They know the past,
and they know the future.
Thus do they need blinkers
when they are saddled
and raced, but not to run wild.
They can run wild by themselves
just fine.