

# Six Horses

by John Engle

“Industrial Land for Sale,” the huge sign said;  
and just beyond, six horses watched the men  
construct a factory, the first to spread  
its weight of stone and steel where grass had been  
a month before. Six horses now stand here  
on ruin’s rim, awaiting their defeat  
with the last grass of the last lean land where  
fading past and forceful future meet.  
and clash with cruel, mercenary now.  
Fingers of smog reach out to claim their prize.  
The pasture flowers droop in a cringing bow.  
No spring again will ever see them rise.  
Another farm has yielded to its fate.  
Six horses stand with lowered heads and wait.