

Where Are the Horses?

Stanton Harris Hall

I have awakened him from a deep sleep
slumped over in his blue vinyl and chrome wheelchair

and wrenched him from a scene
of young riders and sweating horses

pushing up from somewhere
in his ninety-two years.

His body limp and still,
the eyes flash suddenly full open,
their whites yellowed by a century of sun,
macular degeneration erasing all the lines.

*"Where did they go?
Where did the horses go?
They were supposed to tell me when they were going."*

The electric horses fly by
chrome dust in their wake

panicky eyes fixed dead ahead
on a green beyond description

and summoned by the thunder in their hooves
he rises from the chair—mounting the lead roan
for one more ride in a dream without waking.