

Fionn Regan

"The Horses Are Asleep"

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The horses are asleep,
With heavy eyes that close.
In dreams they trace the path,
By which the river flows.
Let spirit now align with the estuary.
As nightfall's open mouth howls out to the sea.

It starts with a kick then
Hips align vertically.
Muscle and bone, the symbol
The carriage over rhymes breaks free.
I doused this bull rush with petrol from a can.
And into the forest with it lit I ran.
I'm a man, I'm a man.
I'm a man, with a child's heart.

The horses are asleep.
The stable door will lock.
Count the hours you keep on a ballerina clock.
Let spirit now align with the current of the breeze.
As nightfall's open mouth howls out through the trees.

It starts with a kick then
Hips align vertically.
Muscle and bone, the symbol
The carriage over rhymes breaks free.
I doused this bull rush with petrol from a can.
And into the forest with it lit I ran.
I'm a man, I'm a man.
I'm a man, with a child's heart.

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