

Michael McGuire "White Horse"

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WHITE HORSE

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A salesman riding on the devils back, opens a black
canvas bag full of
little dolls of me, I tell him I don't want to buy one and
he pulls a gun, and
says you cant buy them they're free, when I look up
again I'm not where I
thought I was, I look down at my feet and my shoes
look like coffins, then
I panic because I cant remember what money sounds
like, then a sudden
rain and the meaning softens.
There is some kind of electronic hum in my ear, the
echo of an alarm
clock; now is a place, events try to sell you the rumor of
time, memory is
deified; a b-movie version of grace, I snap out of my
reverie and pick up
one of the little dolls, it is wearing a black tee shirt with
that has white
horse on it, which is kind of strange because I'm
wearing a white Jockey
tee shirt, you cant even but these things they're free
but I don't even want
it.
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