

## The Icicle Works

### "Seven Horses"

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(McNabb)

Lo, the poor Indian  
whose poor untutored mind  
Clothes him in front,  
but leaves him bare behind  
Maybe in another year  
the simple life we lead  
Could become more comfortable,  
or even change completely

Evangeline, your streets were washed away  
You'll never vent your anger,  
We'll await with baited breath  
For something better than we have

Shallow dreams undone  
Fruitless and unsung  
No challenge towers so steep  
Seven horses deep

A festival came to my town  
and quickly went away  
Faith contains the seed  
of lowly tragedy they say.  
One step forward, two steps back  
The bango jangles in the subway  
Some await with bated breath  
For something better than they have

Shallow dreams undone  
Fruitless and unsung  
No challenge towers so steep  
Seven horses deep

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