

And the Tongue of the Dumb Shall Sing

A burning barn.
A trapped horse screaming
Among the flames inside.
Her black and helpless rider
Standing dazed in the yard.
This rider knows
His mare could scream
Until the ashes lie
As cold as January snows
And just as deep
And no one in the capitol
Will lose any sleep tonight.

And yet,
 an ash
From this edifice
Might rise and fly
The stratosphere
And settle
In a field of rye.
A small dark fleck
Might appear
In the grain next year,
The mouth of the trapped mare
Screaming inside the rye.

Because of this heat
The winds
Are already shifting
Overhead.
One day the rains
Might come
A day too late.
Other screams
Will wake the senate.
Other horses will be dead.

Then the broken-
Hearted rider
Will be aloft again.
But the beast beneath him
Will be crazed.