

Four by *James Doyle*

The Enormous, Enormous Horse

So large, so long
its back is an horizon
the world tries to chin itself on.

Ten, twenty, thirty riders
and no end in sight.
Evolution's epiphany.

Epic, epic. An end
to all the little lyric horses.
Cantering lessons out of the question.

It is a dark and stormy night.
The sky thunders like a horse
with mountainous flanks. Diamond
hooves. A new god out of the herd.

So many artists arrive on the scene
to paint it, they have to build an annex
to the meadow. Five hundred
years of perspective in painting
destroyed, destroyed. Da Vinci
weeps. Shreds his notebooks
and grabs a saddle.

Here, horsey, horsey.