

His Morning Paces

His bobbing head appeared first out of the morning mist, then his rider buried in his mane; and his legs trailing after; his cinnamon flank rolled forward into the liquid light.

"Come on, boy, come on," I whispered passionately beneath the approaching thunder of his gallop; and his legs gladly answered me with sure strokes, broad, naked, and advancing swiftly.

Then, with a great yawning gallop, he passed me; and I know he stood near once, in perpetual flight, because I saw his heat frozen in time and felt his blood shoot through my own viens.

Soon the mist swallowed him again; and the mist-kissing loam his hooves scooped from the track dove-tailed in his wake until the waves of light subsided and again fell motionless.

Anxiously I awaited his return to fill the void his leaving created, and said to myself "Go round again, my precious, my gigolo of time and sense. Go round again, my power and magic." And he did.

—*Myles Kesten*