

## Chariots

I remember, as a child, sitting in a buggy,  
safe in my mother's arms, but terrified  
of the horse, its neighing, its unpredictable  
motion; terrified of the driver  
with his "Giddy'ap" and his whip.  
It was slower than a car, but seemed faster;  
safer, but seemed more scary.

Chariots, I think: Cinderella's coach  
that turned to a pumpkin;  
Blake's chariot of desire; the wonderful  
one-hoss shay; the golden chariot  
that's to swing low and carry us all home;  
Zachariah's four chariots, from the four quarters of the earth.

Does anyone now drive in horse drawn carriages,  
other than queens on the way to their coronations?

The world's a big buggy, maybe, out for an excursion.  
Each single self's a chariot of desire.  
And of course there's still that great gold car,  
Phaethon's chariot, that burned the world.

*Elizabeth Brewster*