



Photograph by Manuela Stefan

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### Fast Horses Don't Run Long

Speed never has a slump.  
But keep a weather eye out.  
The fast horse doesn't run  
long. Breathe into your muscles.  
See the beast rise as you stand  
upon the white sand by the sea.

In Hell, all wounds give off  
the waxen light of a sealing up.  
Then you have to press your  
heels into the floor. Then press  
the spares into harness. This is  
no time to go into a child's pose.

No, no time to consider what  
looks back from the mirror.  
All you can do is take a  
hot bath, scotch the snake,  
cross the river—feeling the  
slickness of stones.

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