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Jane Stuart

An Evening With Lord Byron

It was a hundred years ago—I heard
the horse in hurried flight through snowy woods
running the distance under a full moon
with starlight in his eyes and jeweled mane.
The road has changed. I listen for your car
moving through what was grass and sweet flowers,
leaving a track that deepens in the rain,
leading from summer to wintry yesterday.
Your door slams shut, but the rider's lost.
The car horn wakes the wind and what we were,
not ever lost again in our goodbyes,
is eased inside a new convertible.

Night cuts the deck—our fortune was romance.
The quiet road remembers, long past time.

Jane Stuart has published poems in *The Lyric*, *HQ Poetry Magazine*,
Northern Stars, and elsewhere.