

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Pierre Loving**  
**- poems -**

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# Pierre Loving()

# The Black Horse Rider

*For George Antheil*

Between them is the land of broken colors,  
the land that makes a mock of him  
with miles.

He rides, he rides,  
he passes through the flat  
chrome wheatfields  
cut by the plough of the river makers.

The hills are aslant,  
the clay torsos, the hills,  
the clay has a red wound,  
it gapes.  
The white roots cry,  
there is a mute susurrus in the dark:  
poppies, poppies are you not  
their pain?

With hoof on flint and flint  
the black horse  
rides: black wind, black  
against fire.

The black horse crooks his  
forelegs, the hills split open,  
his nostrils pour flame.  
Snort, snort through miles,  
O charger, through rock.

He drinks the mezas,  
he burns his thin knees over  
braziers of grass:  
Ride, ride.

Sky is spilt water,  
a silver hello is flung  
from star to star.  
Black horse breaks

fire underfoot and now  
his mane is a burnt city,  
his mouth churned ocean,  
foam on his belly a constellation.

At last he tramples  
the sand  
behemoth  
Asleep before the sea.

Pierre Loving