

## Plowhorse

My horse and I are brothers,  
and the morning sun knows why.

Within my horse resides  
a soul, I'm pretty sure--  
more wisdom than just to strain  
and turn brown fields to black.

I'd guess this horse was human  
in ages before the Ice,  
but now for some dim reason  
is sentenced to the plow.

Service, a horse's essence,  
had best be, too, my own  
as we pull such plows as matter  
into ages still to come.

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