

TO RIDE THE BEAST TOO OFTEN

Bruce Boston

When the wild stallion of the night
breaks free from the stable yard,
and tears across the forest green,
moon shadows draped like shrouds,
his dappled hide in motion
is a kaleidoscopic sight.
His eyes are double solitaires
in the pitch and roll of night.
There is no room for reason
in the passion of his flight.

To mount this racing stallion
is a feat beyond compare,
as dangerous as all your sins,
more beautiful than air.
Those of wealth and power
seldom take the dare.
But now and then some peasant,
a no one from the grime,
rides this raging steed of night
and claims the forest's time.

Yet to ride this beast again,
and again, as if it were tame,
across the rugged forest floor,
to grasp its tangled mane
racing the moon into the night,
is a madness and compulsion
that always plays the same.

Forget your tasks and pleasures.
Abandon your lovers and friends.
When you ride the beast too often
you will know its fierce domain.
If you mount this horse too often
without saddle or with reins,
its pounding hooves will carry
you beyond the edge of flame.

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