

Wild Horses

JTMIII, Jan. 2013

**Across the meadow, the northern woods
stretched flat against the sky.
Squalls of runaway silvery stallions
slash through frozen fields alive.
Memories dot the beautiful times
from Austria to Albion, New York.
The sweepin chill of first kisses,
wrapped around my heart with
deep indelible delight, loving reminisces and
a glance of what could be.
In her eyes,
future years, yesterday's tears
In the icy flee, resistance
within this windy, wintery cathedral.
A scintilla of spring,
absent this day but
a ripple, a hope, a heartbeat,
a remembrance of what will come.
For the southern sun,
leads this rebellious rebirth,
a reunion of sorts,
minute by minute, a lifetime.
We savor the stampede safe,
from January's jealous heart.**