

## **Gone**

In this dream  
White mares gaze at us,  
Their heads half-lowered still  
To grass-brushed knees.

We make our way toward them,  
So weightless we almost bounce.

We try to run,  
But the thick air of twilight slows us down,  
And we can only covet our vision in slow motion.

Magically, they are right in front of us,  
So close we can feel the heat  
That comes off their great white flanks.

Just a hand's tremble away,  
We think,  
Utter peace.

We close our eyes,  
We let go the sight;  
But we still retain the dream.

Cynthia Vautier  
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