

Steppe and Horse

by [Viktor Grechyn](#)

Let us first rise high into light-blue

To gaze down from a bird's eye view.

Stark green steppe, a cornfield, reddish shack

Coal-black horse close to yellow stack.

Let's descend to the level of cob.

The horse's tense, you can see vein's throb

He just grazed, now frozen in thought

Craned his neck, motionless and haught

What is he thinking, that lonely black horse,

Probably bedstraw is dried up and coarse,

Or ponders that fresh pond exists there somewhere,

Or he's conjuring his long-missing mare,

Or maybe he's stunned by some vague revelation,

The meaning of horse life or sense of creation?

Horse shakes the head now and resumes to his pasture.

A warm living horse with an elegant posture

Go up back to blue, to observe down below:

A red shack, a horse, and an endless meadow.