

9. *Trusted Steed* Copyright © 2011 Richard Lawrence Norman

So many years I trod your course
Over brambles, ruts and thickets
With lively gate and stout assurance
Gladly paid from Joy's endurance
Did I spend my flesh for you
Bear your lash and eat your straw
Wishing it were hay
....but sweet yet the same.

Each day a perfect circle, did I cut into the land
Or square exact and rutted deep
Furrowed ground or rocky steep
I trod your course each day
With cheer and dreams of hay
But days spent sweet were they
....sweet yet the same.

I lay bruised and cut, torn and welted twice again
Beneath your lash, your ugly grin
Who leers but doesn't look
Ignores and plants a hook
Into flesh to torment
Cutting Earth and flesh asunder
Squandered, spent and broken
Still with no relent.

The trees, they are now ugly
I see your shadow there
The yellowed teeth of greed and cruelty
Your visage in their stare
The children all did mock me, as I lay to die
Kicked and spat upon me
And left me there to die.

Now I dream of Eden
The faces I have known
All dead and sloughed into
The filth of things unknown.
Now my dream is granted
A pile of hay I see
And slowly do I feast
... in a world I have imagined
Where you have never been
—So I may be at peace.