

The Criterion

December 2012

ISSN 0976-8165

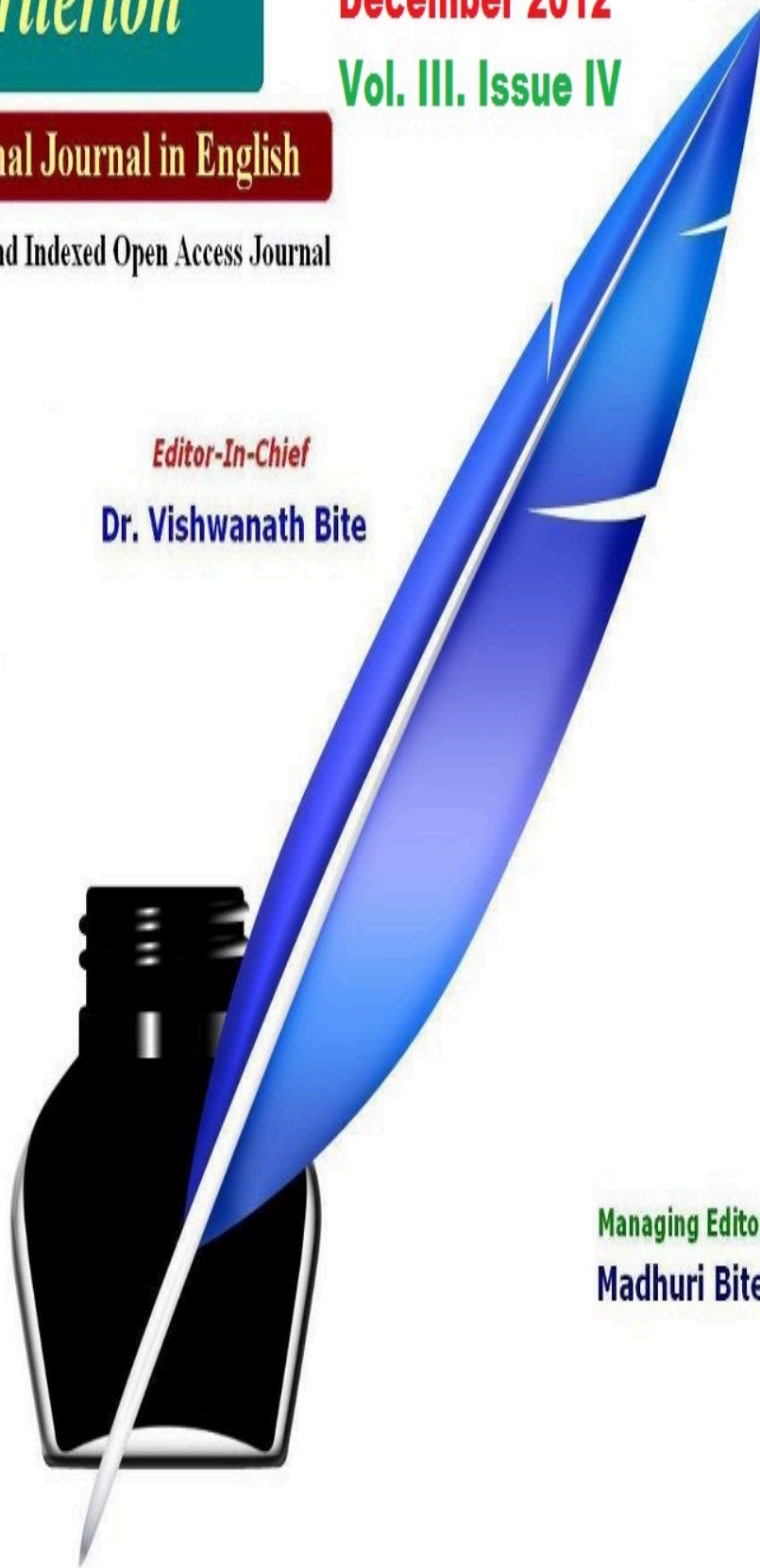
Vol. III. Issue IV

An International Journal in English

Quarterly Refereed and Indexed Open Access Journal

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Revelation On A So So Night**Gerburg Garmann,**
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Can you see the big bone spiced with the musk
of ten thousand horses? I'll be happy when
the whisperers of anointments turn the other cheek
and run from dear life to fear and back.

My house is broken, the big bone spiced
with the musk of ten thousand horses,
carried through pipes and gutters
like a trophy in canning hands from mine
to yours. (You know the bearer?)

This is a good thing since the moon,
the sun, and their court of metaphors
have lost their light, done their job.
Have called for Ezekiel
To break open my mother's grave,
my father's, and my sister's.
To still my losses still to come.

Anything can happen. Almost anything.
Just like the big bone spiced with
the musk of ten thousand horses
turned up on your doorstep
not knowing where else to rest.

Follow me, the night is young, is old,
is both, and then some more.
Tell me if the horse whisperers have turned
the other cheek, have run from dear
life to fear and back. What do I care --
the big bone still carries the musk
of ten thousand horses,
waits on your doorstep --

But then, again, they never told me that
you can simply die from living,
from watching horses or petting dogs
or loving children for too long.