

About Us: <a href="http://www.the-criterion.com/about/">http://www.the-criterion.com/about/</a>

Archive: <a href="http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/">http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/</a>

Contact Us: <a href="http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/">http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/</a>

Editorial Board: <a href="http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/">http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/</a>

**Submission:** <a href="http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/">http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/</a>

FAQ: <a href="http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/">http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/</a>



## www.the-criterion.com

## On the Plain of Men

**JBMulligan** 

ISSN: 0976-8165

Skeletal horses cropping the grey stubble, snapping at each others' necks and eyes to the accompaniment of humming flies while heat waves like the memory of wheat.

The tattered rags gather around their fires, praising the flickering glory of their flame, how every yellow blade is different and the same, how the other fires sputter and gutter out.

Above, an impossibly swollen sun bleaches the blue thin sky, turning the air to a breathless moan of heat, a curtain sheer and still around the nodding, bearded skulls.

The children play with dung, and caw like birds: All praise the fire! Hail the dance of flame! All sing the different-lettered empty name!, while dogs rage among an old man's bones.