

*Quiet Never Heard*

all the horses  
are dead

fields full  
of them  
dead and  
baking in the  
morning sun

there are no  
more untamed stallions  
to gallop freely  
among the  
tall grasses

no more  
grazing

no more  
apples and  
sugar cubes

no more  
flies to line  
their mane

for the flies  
will be dead too

so will everything  
and everyone  
eventually

and there will be  
a terrific calm  
never felt,  
a quiet never  
heard

and a sadness  
that only lives

in the  
mountains

for a city  
peopled  
with dead humans

isn't nearly  
as horrifying  
as a meadow  
full of  
departed  
mustangs