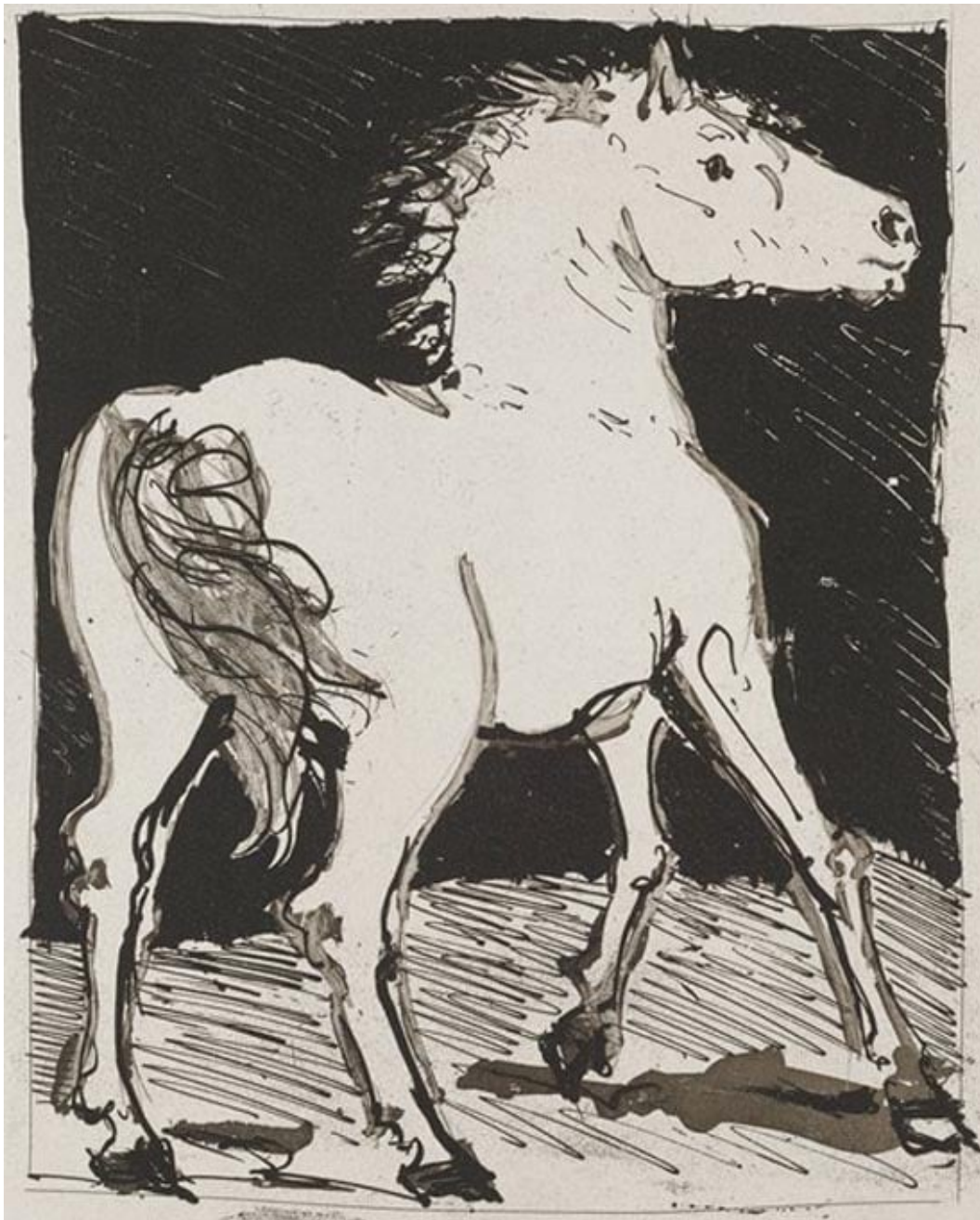


# The Horse and Broken Beams



The Horse, (from Histoire Naturelle), Pablo Picasso, 1942

## *A Horse*

A horse without a rider  
In the reddish shade  
Of a narrowing valley,  
Smelling of hawthorn,  
Turned its head backward

To where the peaks were set wider  
And the earth was greyed.

What use was it to dally  
So like a wayworn soul  
Between eastward and westward  
Immensities of broken stone?

But beneath the white blossoms  
It sat alone,  
Turning its hooves over kingdoms  
It had known  
Where the peaks were set wider  
And the earth was greyed.

### *Broken Beams*

Broken beams of gold  
In primeval dawn;  
The eyes of a fawn;  
Spear-points making bold.

Where—in the tempered metal,  
The lands that we settle,  
The leafless shafts that fly:  
There—the living learn to die.

The sun sets;  
The hour turns;  
Nature gets  
What it earns.