White Horse

Kevin Coyne

White horse, riding across my mind
Wearing a band of gold around your hooves
Collecting the stars, the glint of the stars
In your great and empty eyeThe drink I drink is a drink as strong as
The strongest poison in the land
Riding on the back of my horse with his golden band
Who catches the stars in his eyeHis great and empty eye
That had never smiled, never noticed me
I would like to think of that he dreamt of me
When he went to sleep at nightThat he thought I was the special thing in his life
But to those great eyes, they see nothing
They don't profess poetry
Don't profess insight into meNow I stand on empty man
Beside the stable door on the stud farm
And the green and gray attendant
Hands me straw, says, "Go feed the horses"You know, of course he's a dreaming talking horse
Who wears gold bands around his feet
And dreams of stars, and dreams of stars
In his empty eye, in his empty eye

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