Permission

Martigan

Hoofbeats cling into rhythm
of the jolting of a cart
The coachman's cowl that flutters
Like the owl's wing through the night
Bears something in its purple hem
That hides behind the coachman's face
He smells the wind - he feels his aim
Goes anywhere and back again.Two blinded eyes shine a scaring light
The nights ain't dark for all of usNo demand nor her permission
What he does is what he knows
Who'd take care of his old vision
If he didn't care

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