

# 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 us  
No 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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