

# Horse Latitudes

## The Noises 10

When the still sea conspires an armor  
And her sullen and aborted  
Currents breed tiny monsters  
True sailing is deadAwkward instant  
And the first animal is jettisoned  
Legs furiously pumping  
Their stiff green gallopAnd heads bob up  
Poise, delicate, pause, consent  
In mute nostril agony  
Carefully refined and sealed over

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