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*„In a country of hate the most hated one is the one who does not know how to hate.” Ivo Andrić*

Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Europe

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# DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

*„U zemlji mržnje najviše mrzi onoga ko ne umije da mrzi.” Ivo Andrić*

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MI OBJEDINJUJEMO RAZLIČITOSTI...WE ARE UNIFYING DIVERSITIES

Clare McCotter, Kilrea, Co. Derry.

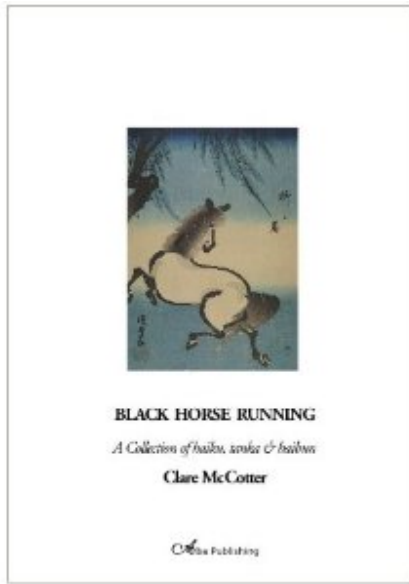
North Ireland

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NEKOPIR



horse dream

chestnut mare you carried me to this land where cities are coloured viridian  
and all our roads are water - cool opulent ovals under *apah* animate lustral  
lapping baptising perfectly russet hocks your forehead's crooked star sinking  
over my unfolded palm a saffay of serafina and siberian blue smooth on your  
sovereign tongue

summer dusk

a horse's soft mouth

feeding hands

capall bán carbon-heart and forest-veins a deep-draped hawthorn mane we were at  
the fort when hammond gave you to me finest cob ever to cut hooves on  
connemara rock you stood sixteen hands in a night whose amethyst soul we  
crossed the reins luminous with insight even when you bolted on that northern  
headland - lead iron splitting the ground simpatico until you rose above a field of  
green stars a laughing hallelujah my outstretched arms

the still earth

mingling with mine

a horse's breath

capaillín ársa was there a dream before words pendent on lemon branch like  
doleful white-faced mares in the ortolan's golden orchard? before lips gleamed  
with a brattle of broken bit with a silver insouciant *fuck it?* claretcoloured night -  
fingers opaline in an avalanche of mane our only rudder raddled with moonshine

rain on summer sand

a child writes

the dead pony's name

driftwood horse

through dune grass and distance a mandolin moon lights the breast of a wild  
swan turning as space closes in to wavewashed bark launched from some

well drained rooted place by axe or gale onto sea's high altar where nude  
heartwood was not sick for lack of land or for brine once beached or now for  
wind scudded sand as its soul shape shifts under a zinc roof plumed with rust  
and smoke one star still in the sky as his hands guide a mare from storm torn  
star bleached oak

piebald pony

tethered beside old rail tracks

silver sickle

### **Aurorae**

Here on the equinox's edge  
the night is full of dead horses  
their sedulous eyes  
and magnesium hooves  
soundlessly stampeding sky.  
Their vaulted necks and tails  
and flaming scarlet manes  
their vast unfathomable souls

harnessed to the solar winds.

### **War Horse's Eye**

Birthered at the universe's end  
that star that is barely a star.

Still unnamed, astronomers say  
it is colder than all others.

In a midnight carcanet  
inlaid with only a glim of words  
it is a war horse's clamorous eye.

White lightning-streaked sclera  
dark desert iris ripe for flight.

Ending the dream a line

*The war is in I*

rising from

a black horse dream

swan song

the horses are gone  
tonight in the far fields  
a single silver moth

starlight  
though none are here  
the scent of horses

narrow lapis lake  
deeper than sky  
pupil of a horse's eye

bay horse entering  
the clearing

entering the moon

geranium sunset

through trailing mane

an old caravan

it is not the storm

in this black november night

that spooks the horses

mountain cloud

through a mare's tail

the broken blue

the mare's eye

still water

stillborn prayer

white mare looming  
in weed trees  
old moon's shadow

morning rain  
weeping under birch  
mare's mane

the white mare  
has foaled  
faded magnolia

that ragged *goodbye*  
echoing in the hollow  
above a horse's eye



the timbre

of a horse's heart

winter sea

black horse running rolling away the stone

clouds in a mare's eye the fracture beyond repair

night frayed behind the purple pines a horse's call

alone with a horse's shadow snow moon

worse things no doubt

than a horse being shot

still I wonder about  
your last thought in light  
bright with rowan berries

was his aim your  
forehead's white star  
turning supernova  
as it fell among  
the summer grasses?

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