

Night Clouds

by Amy Lowell

The white mares of the moon rush along the sky
Beating their golden hoofs upon the glass Heavens
The white mares are all standing on their hind legs
Pawing at the green porcelain doors of the remote Heavens
Fly, mares!
Strain your utmost
Scatter the milky dust of stars
Or the tigers will leap upon you and destroy you
With one lick of his vermillion tongue