

A Stallion and a Gelding

A stallion and a gelding were a-grazing on a hill,
In a lush and verdant pasture, sprouting hay and daffodil;
The gelding eyed the stallion, a stronger, nobler beast by far,
Whose coat shined like obsidian, whose eyes were flint and tar;

The gelding eyed the stallion's strength, and wished he had the same,
But a gelding's a weaker beast, he thought, in a match, he'd come up lame;
The stallion trotted to the geld, and whinnied, "Let us do a race—
Around the trees, up, down the hill—a worthy steeplechase."

"You mock me, Stallion," said the geld, "You know that strength I lack,
Else I'd take you up on your idea, and run, and not look back."
"I see," the stallion snorted loud, "Too bad, my friend, I'd heard
That speed was something you might have....Well, perhaps the thought's absurd."

The stallion turned and dashed up the hill, and the gelding thought and wondered,
"Who told this stallion I had speed? Whose voice has this news thundered?"
The gelding looked down at his legs, they seemed much smaller still,
He thought at first, "I cannot race; I lack the strength and will."

But then he caught the stallion's eye, and the stallion rared aback,
"Come race with me!" he snorted loud, "Come find out if you lack!"
The gelding turned his head in shame, "Oh, what's the use," he said,
"He's stronger and much faster than I; I'll just get him off my back instead."

"No, stallion," the gelding said aloud, "I'm not in form today,
Go race yourself the course you've made, I'll watch you win the day."
The stallion bolted toward the geld, his eyes aflame with fire,

Then he braked to a halt, his mane exploding, his cloud of dust rising higher,

“I challenge you to race!” screamed he, “Up, down the hills and bend!”

“No stallion,” the gelding protested, “I’d lose to you in the end.”

“Why lack you fire?” the stallion asked, “Where is your strength and valor?”

“Perhaps you’re blind!” bellowed the geld, his shame a rising pallor.

“I lack what you have in desire, in strength, I lack in grace and speed,

But most of all, I cannot give life—I lack what it takes to breed.”

The stallion reared on its hind legs, came down and shook its head,

“I wouldn’t have asked you to a race if I knew that I’d win,” he said.

The stallion then reared up again, came down, and encircled the geld,

Then he bit the gelding’s neck and bucked; “Come to the line!” he yelled.

The gelding first was awash with shame, and his legs felt much like lead,

But the bite on the neck that drew fresh blood drew fire to his veins instead.

He looked up with an angry shame, and winced from where he bled,

But he felt a fire in his bones he’d long given up for dead.

The stallion bucked, and kicked, and neighed, “Come to the line!” he roared.

The gelding snorted twice, and found a sense of strength restored.

A light came to the gelding’s eyes, a candle’s shine grew brighter—

It seized his limbs with virile might, and made his hooves feel lighter;

He kicked his hind legs to the sky, and shook off fear and shame,

And he whinnied loud out to the sky, and to the stallion, now took aim.

Delight came to the stallion’s eyes as he saw the geld come near,

“Well done, my friend—now, to the line!” he said, “Let’s end this race right here.”

The gelding held his head up high, the stallion set proud and true,
An eagle's cry was the starting gun, and off the line they flew.

The gelding bolted lightning fast, his legs like a thrashing river,
But the stallion's speed was a hazy blur, like an arrow just launched from the quiver;
The gelding seized upon his mark, the edge aside the grove,
And churned his legs with all his might, and down the first hill he dove.

The stallion thundered next to the geld, and matched his speed descending,
And with a sudden charge down in the vale, the stallion led ascending;
They came to the trees followed them 'round, their branches scratching their hides,
But the gelding caught the stallion's turn, and forced the stallion wide.

So the gelding took the lead this time, then opened up the throttle
On the straightaway this side of the hill that narrowed like a bottle;
The stallion saw the gelding's speed, and loved this worthy test,
So the stallion dug deep and with all his might, summoned all that he possessed.

He charged the gelding on the stretch, and passed him at the narrow,
Then jumped a log and ducked another, and shot the stream like an arrow;
The gelding caught the stallion's spray, but then heard a familiar voice,
"You're much too weak," the voice decried, "You lack strong will and choice."

"Give up, give up," the voice careened, and the gelding's legs grew leaden,
As the stallion shot the stream, the gelding's heart began to deaden.
"I cannot win," the gelding said, "This stallion's far too fast,"
But the throb that bled on the side of his neck brought his anger back at last.

With a warrior cry, the gelding shot the stream and charged the hill,

And he saw the stallion far ahead, and was staying ahead still,
Until the gelding summoned what he thought he'd lacked within,
And brought up to the surface now his drive to race and win.

The stallion thundered through the trees, and came upon the clearing,
But the gelding now was gaining ground, and upon the stallion nearing.
The stallion charged out of the grove, and cleared a wire fence,
The gelding raced out of the trees—and made up the difference.

Neck and neck, so were the two, as they rounded the last bend,
It was stallion, gelding—gelding, stallion, right up unto the end.
Their hooves churned up the ground, their bodies sleek and taught like twine,
Their spirits giving all to be the first across the line.

And at the last, the stallion charged, and pushed for one last stride,
And at the line, the stallion nosed the gelding one foot wide.
They braked to a halt, their legs on fire, their lungs demanding air,
The sweat poured out of every pore and matted manes and hair.

The stallion gasped, "Well done, my friend! You are a worthy lad!
You pushed me to my limit—I gave you everything I had."
The gelding still was dizzy from the strain of racing hard,
"Thank you, stallion, but you know you hold the higher card."

The stallion wobbled to the geld, and looked into his eyes,
"You think you're a gelding, don't you?" he said, to the geld's surprise.
The gelding looked away, and wheezed, "Begone from me, you mocker!
"I don't need your help to discern what has been stolen from my locker!"

“Oh, I think you do,” the stallion said, “because you are mistaken.
Someone’s *told* you wrongly. You’re asleep my friend—awaken!
You have a stallion’s parts, and it’s clear to me you have the drive,
So it’s time for you to step into your soul and come alive!”

The gelding stared in disbelief at the stallion’s piercing eyes,
“But...how?” he said, a-wondering, half shocked and half surprised.
“How c-can this be?” he stammered. “Who would do this awful wrong?”
The stallion said, “That I do not know. But the deception’s lasted long.”

The gelding looked, and sure enough, the parts indeed were there,
And he marveled at how he’d been tricked and how that was unfair.
Then fury raged throughout his soul, and he screamed into the sky,
The black stallion said, “You are right to scream—those parts were not meant to die.”

The geld—now stallion—looked up and said, “Friend, how did you tell?”
The black horse said, “I know the look. I know it very well.
And I know the voices in your head that say you have no choice.
I’ve been there, friend, I’ve lived in shame. I’ve lived within that voice.”

“But you are not a gelding,” said the brown horse to his friend.
“Ah, but I didn’t know that at first,” said the black horse back again.
“It took a stallion’s charging to bring me up and on my feet.
And it took a wound that’s just like yours to make my soul complete.”

“Well done, young stallion!” said the black horse with a razor smile,
“You have raced magnificently through this lonely wooded mile.
“We are quite well matched, so know the next time that we race,
“I could win, or so could you—we keep an even pace.”

The black horse turned, and cantered off toward the daffodil,
But as he did, the brown horse saw the mark that lingered still.
A bite or slash, a gash, or kick, he really didn't know,
But it was beautiful, and made his spirit seem aglow.

So the brown horse ambled down the hill, and saw right by a pine,
A palomino, tall, but lacking grace and virile shine,
The brown horse saw the shame so clear upon the other's face,
And then he wondered to himself, "...I wonder if this lad will race?"

Let the Revolution Be Peaceful

Let the revolution be peaceful

When the time comes, and it is nigh,
Let the revolution be peaceful

When you rise and take your rightful place,
And stare your captors in the face,
Let the revolution be peaceful

When the light of truth is yours to see,
Flickering over darkness deep
And the sight impels you to your knee,
Let the revolution be peaceful

When anger roars, as well it should,

And you reach for metal, stone, and wood
To harm those whom you thought were good,
Pause—and stay the gallows hood;
Let the revolution be peaceful

“But my child!” you scream, “My child! My *child!*”—
Your eyes are bloodshot, wet, and wild—
“Since that dark day, he’s never smiled!”
And the gravity of lives defiled
Your soul will never reconcile—
Let the revolution be peaceful

You trusted them, you did what’s best;
You followed what the rules suggest
But how your will was dispossessed!
And like a knife blade in your chest
The cards they held close to the vest
You now see, as do all the rest—
Let the revolution be peaceful

Witness deceit; you see the lies
You hear the hackneyed alibis
And those whom you had thought were wise
Were using fear to traumatize
And line their pockets under the guise
Of staving off our world’s demise;
When all of that’s before your eyes—
Let the revolution be peaceful

When your foundation's ripped away
From truths you thought the world held sway
And those you trusted stood to say,
"There clearly is no other way"
Until you saw, to your dismay,
The talons of this bird of prey
Were lodged around your soul's airway;
And the depths they dove to you betray—
Let the revolution be peaceful

The day is coming, full and fast
When shadow giants breathe their last
And mouths will open up aghast
At how betrayed and how steadfast
The lies were told to all who asked;
When the damage seen is long and vast
And the ineludible die is cast—
Let the revolution be peaceful

Choose your weapons now while calm—
Do not be tempted by the bomb—
Instead, with grace and with aplomb
Choose healing words, choose salve and balm,
What they did not, and with no qualm,
Lest you become like they—embalmed
Let the revolution be peaceful

The dogma you believed was true,
And all the verdicts that you drew,
The safety you expected, too

Were lies, all lies, complete and through
And now the wreckage, plain in view—
Let the revolution be peaceful

You will need to forgive their hurt,
Their malice, like inhaling dirt,
But free yourself, lest you revert
To living life with disconcert—
Let the revolution be peaceful

“We were just following orders,” they’ll say
“We did what we were told, okay?”
Their lies hurl like a trebuchet—
Let the revolution be peaceful

The shot went in your daughter’s arm
It took her soul, it brought her harm
Let the revolution be peaceful

When profits over people, end
Let the revolution be peaceful

Let the revolution be peaceful