

Mongolian Lovers

The sun shining through the trees
Setting silver across the seas
Lone horse riding down the sands
Burning bronze to edge the lands

Then, swiftly, followed by white
A horse's mane shines by the light
And chasing, pursuing, down the shore
Another gallops from the ocean's floor

Quickly, blinding, burning
With the shining sand
Running, breathing, turning
With his trap in hand

Twisting, catching, falling
To the bronzed sea shore
Consuming, breathless, engulfing
Euphorically craving more

Each inside the other's soul
They, bronzed, rise with the pole
Then mounting horse and riding on
Leave scarlet sand to sing its song.