

Kelpie

Gareth Alun Roberts

I am the horse-man.

I ride the dank mists in river-valleys
where swollen fords
cover your boots.

I am the breath in the darkness,
the sound of swift hooves
approaching.

My eye is fantastic,
my tongue immortal. My touch
is as cool as deep water
to make you still.

I am the weed on your pillow,
the seed in your bed
when the smell of night-blossom
is damp in your throat.

I am the horse-man.
I wait where dark streams
break the wayward path

to take you down.