

Horses And Their Kin

Marissa Nadler

Every night without the light
Or brightly shining low
Silver trees and darkened leaves
Blot the sky above

As the yellow moon to the darkest night
Turns to raging fire
The road it bends and the darkness spins
To voices in the choir

I dream of horses and their kin
Against the lovely night
I dream of sand and sky and sin
Against the pale blue light

And everyone that feels at all
Has got something to say
About the way of southern ways
Of every wild day