

# The Secret Lives of Horses

*by* stephen hastings-king

In a slow explosion of low fog something in a pasture flickers into and out of being. A brown wavering vertical is absorbed into a density of white. It spills out as a profile-horse which is absorbed back into density. This direction performs itself through numberless secret variations.

I fight an urge to call you, to hear your sleepy voice and say that where I am when no-one is looking time-forms are released from the objects that hold them.

On a mountain in my memory a silhouette locomotive of cylinders, rods and diamonds with open metal spinning flower wheels shudders through a plane of smoke and indeterminacy.

I point a camera at the geography of light that spreads inside a surface of asphalt. The screen remains black. The flash photographs itself scattering.

