

FOUR RIDERS

remembering Zechariah 6 & Revelation 4 & 6

Four winged beasts on Semaphore beach
looming in the pre-dawn, shapes of lion,
calf, man, eagle; wings diffusing the pale
bloodied tremors of light from the hills, each
wing peacocked with eyes, each eye triumphal
in faith's sturdy grasp of all creation.

Four horsemen in Semaphore dawn carve
plumed and twisted through sulphurous haze,
berserk angel astride a cannon trumpeting
their roles: 'Rule,' 'Divide,' 'Fleece,' 'Starve'.
In their hellish shell-spume, unbroken souls racketing
'Liberty! When will your red moon blaze?'

Four chariots on Semaphore beach, between
brassy mounded lives and diligent
crystal sea, horses erupting – red, white,
black, grey – into sinewed proclamation
of an indivisible world, of relationship as spirit,
slow rot of the private integument.

Four lithe horses on Semaphore beach
young jockeys shimmering in clear sun –
two women, two men – fanfaring sky and sea,
riding the past with a dragonfly crouch
to renew this day's pride and purpose. So deftly
is the volcanic dance of unity begun.