

ELEGIAC

(Swing it like Simonides.)

'When Pony 'died, I saw 'Eagle fly 'low and 'slow in for'mation
'circling 'over 'her, 'hail and fare'well in 'one.

'Suddenly, 'cruel 'arctic 'air felt 'warm and a 'deer stepped
'out of the 'woods, her 'twin 'fawns at her 'side in the 'snow,

'staying with 'us as per'haps she 'stayed in the 'barn with the 'pony
'on the 'doe's longest 'nights 'all of that 'terrible 'year.

'We were 'not to 'know such 'things, the 'pony's 'people,
'only to 'learn at the 'end 'she had a'nother 'life,

'part of a 'natural 'order, with 'friends in the 'forest and 'skyways.
'Now my 'horse always 'sleeps, 'and my 'sheep, by her 'grave.