

## Vale

Those ancestors who understood the nature  
Of leaping, running, drew the White

Horse out of the chalk hills of Wiltshire  
Thousands of years ago. Others sustained

What they had left behind, thoughtless,  
The way one does not desecrate a church

In a captured town. And we come down,  
Boxed in aluminum and glass, to pass

The White Horse leaping through Wiltshire  
Still. In our motorized house of worship,

Something happens: the spirits' limbs  
Take flight; and in the kiln of time

White bones announce the everlastingness  
Of wishing to fly. We make our gods.

JOHN DITSKY