

# Night Clouds

by Amy Lowell

The white mares of the moon rush along the sky  
Beating their golden hoofs upon the glass Heavens;  
The white mares of the moon are all standing on their hind legs  
Pawing at the green porcelain doors of the remote Heavens  
Fly, mares!  
Strain your utmost  
Scatter the milky dust of stars,  
Or the tiger sun will leap upon you and destroy you  
With one lick of his vermillion tongue

