

From the Horse's Mouth

After Caravaggio's

The Conversion on the Road to Damascus

Lord, I'm in trouble now! It's always
the horse's fault when his rider
hits the ground with such bone-cracking
force, as if a giant hand had pushed him
off my back onto the rocky ground.
He lies there still, arms raised, eyes closed
against the strange light pouring down.
His lips move, but no words come forth—
he's scaring me! I would bolt if I could,
but I'm stuck here waiting, tapped
in this moment, playing my part
in a drama I don't understand.
God knows what will happen
when my master gets up, climbs
on my back and urges me forward
the rest of the way to Damascus.

Barbara J. Mayer