

All the pretty horses - a homepoem

So all the pretty horses
from the nightclub horse-barn
keep fairytale figures in their garden
and dwarfs on their lawn.

Once upon a time
right in the Bavarian country side
there's a nightclub called horse-barn.
At its backdoor mourns Madonna
with plastic angels on her side.

And in a lonely square garden
stands an empty rabbit-barn
and beside it an old oven
at which grandma spinned her yarn.

Would the clients be frightened
of dwarfs' sinister looks
or does Lady Mary deter them
with her bloody tears?
But the windows wear curtains
as dirty as sin can be,
and the night hides the garden
with the sinister scenery.

So all you pretty horses
from the nightclub horse-barn
do you do your dirty dancing
in the midst of dwarfs?

So all you pretty horses
from the nightclub horse-barn
have your grandmas taught you
to set the rabbits free?

So all you pretty horses
from the nightclub horse-barn
do you do your dirty business
blessed by Her Lady's holiness?

So all you pretty horses
from the nightclub horse-barn
do you preserve your pure hearts
in mid your garden scenery?

So all the pretty horses
from the nightclub horse-barn
keep fairytale figures in their garden
and dwarfs on their lawn.

And on the backdoor is signed C-M-B
"Christus Mansionem Benedicat"
and it's beyond grandma's yarn:
Christ became **m**an in a **b**arn.

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