

“Are They Really Here”

Poetry

Authored by

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## Are They Really Here

Atop a white horse is where it begins.  
A crowned presence of milk and honey.  
Bottles up the destitute and ground down.  
Green light to the love of money.  
Bag ladies, hobos, suicide on the rise.  
Lavish white collar lifestyle in disguise.  
Caught in a trap of torment and despair.  
Deep pockets celebrating without a care.

Atop a red horse the coup de grace.  
Power of attorney over eternal rest.  
Senseless blood spill a result of cast down.  
Top drawer social gathering white gown.  
Israel, Palestine, Russia, Ukraine.  
Sovereign glassful sparkling champagne.  
Peace and tranquility taken from the earth.  
Monarchs beguiled by capital worth.

Atop a black horse deprivation the driving seat.  
Scales of justice the portion of daily bread.  
Entire day's wage a dash of sustenance.  
Black caviar, oysters Rockefeller in abundance.  
Strapped and expressionless the pleasure.  
Silver, gold, Van Gogh, Da Vinci the treasure.  
Family belongings squirreled away in a sack.  
Overflowing balance sheet kept in the black.

Atop a pale horse the padrone at death's door.  
Harken the dark angel til death us do part.  
Covid-19, natural disaster, the pest all awake.  
Silk stocking, cat's pajamas, silver spoon, tax break.  
Swinging door, dire straits, beggary, ruination.  
Ballet, Broadway, opera glass, standing ovation.  
Fallen angel, devil's paintbrush, put to sleep.  
Fortress, space suit, underground boutique.  
Reverence, prayer, ray of light, the blue.  
Turn a blind eye, away with the fairies, taboo.