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# Stallions of the Moon

By FRANK BELKNAP LONG, JR.

Under granite ledges,  
Over phantom sands,  
Race the milk-white horses  
From the Umber lands.

Under granite ledges—  
Hoofs of golden sheen  
Flashing in the twilight,  
Purple cliffs between.

Mystic beasts of Sibyl,  
Fed on golden oats,  
More than Spartan finish  
On their moonspun coats.

Argent waters check them:  
Now they take the air,  
Snorting hippogriffins  
Speeding starward there.

See them in the gloaming,  
Bridles flying free!  
Underneath the red stars  
Mounts for you and me!