

# Alec Soth's Archived Blog

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September 15, 2006

## Friday Poem

Filed under: [poetry](#) — alecsothblog @ 10:02 am

### **TWO HORSES** by Mark Strand

On a warm night in June

I went to the lake, got on all fours,  
and drank like an animal. Two horses  
came up beside me to drink as well.

This is amazing, I thought, but who will believe it?

The horses eyed me from time to time, snorting  
and nodding. I felt the need to respond, so I snorted, too,  
but haltingly, as though not really wanting to be heard.

The horses must have sensed that I was holding back.

They moved slightly away. Then I thought they might have known me  
in another life—the one in which I was a poet.

They might have even read my poems, for back then,  
in that shadowy time when our eagerness knew no bounds,  
we changed styles almost as often as their were days in the year.

-Mark Strand. Reprinted without permission\* from the June 3, 2006 issue of the New Yorker.

## 1 Comment

1. Very approachable. Nice.

*Comment by David Bennett — September 16, 2006 @ [5:22 am](#)*