

Cities And Horses

By : Alexander Mademochorites

The thoughts of a man

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-It's not pretty you know.

-What isn't?

-The city.

-Well, it's not supposed to be.

-Why?

-It just, isn't.

-Yes, but why?

There's moments I feel like I'm looking at a beautiful stallion, just standing still against the cool, fresh breeze, that is change. And then I look away for a moment. When i turn my head to gaze at it again, it has become this monstrous looking horse, with steel legs and black hooves, working on gears and coal, breathing out steam from its nostrils, galloping on a deserted driveway, heading towards the fire that is the sun. But still, when I look closer, i notice that it's eyes are still the same bright, green color, on a pumping white surrounding.

Doesn't that bother you?

-No, not really. No.

The way i see it, you either keep looking the other way, or you just ride the thing and let it take you places you could never have imagined.

The trick is to not fall down.

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