

# NO MOUTH NO HORSE

chance  
dibben



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**“NO MOUTH, NO HORSE”**

**an erasure**

**chance dibben**

...the horse...

...the man...

human punishes the human

understand the horse's reaction

the horse understands something

animal denominator

horse is not the first law of

nature

honorable, minus another

most can be cured

success—you are breaking fear

nature is neither

the more I know

self-preservation is the claw

dominant, brave

but fangs poorly

a horse is made typical and present  
the things you ask  
are punishments  
there is always something new  
the wild bad habits  
conflicting fears  
what you are asking  
(fear) becomes the bridge  
slight to strange

assuming needs and punishments  
spurs disobedience  
seeks an escape  
panic learned dilemma

it will take  
the next whole  
his brain is present  
imagining the future

horses are not people  
even though  
the behavior is very human  
*sun god,*  
*rain god,*  
*animal god,*  
*god god*

horses are stupid  
dumber than  
rats and pigs  
he is a wandering  
open grassland  
however hunker  
horse of a mile  
world horse head  
—suppose danger

question those wolves later

your face

lack in the way

strips him possible

you can't finger shift the wall

clear room

close in your eyes

grass the danger

time so near

important and far

his ability in your eye

eyes cut automatically

save sides forward

both tell by watching

the horse doesn't think it strange

us in realization

where to want

you need to suppose he is

another sense

good at telling

you smell deer

walk across evidence

your vibrations prove it

we do good and bad

suppose you retreat no further

warily watching the animals

next you are chased

close in feet flailing

rump toward the horse's

attacking seldom wants most

the horse is great

if the horse could become

governed by willing poets

one may eventually be cornered

fend back predators

herd security despite prairie

hard horses form wolves to penetrate

heels his throat

such as wolves

hard pursuers read it

flying heels

upon basic nature

man had formed

forms hunting them



it is probably  
your neolithic ancestors had milk

had burdens

had men as pets

gradually

these ancient humans were not feared

horses seem learned

accept nothing but fear

you must depend on

the pleasure pain concept

he will perceive from you

horses

perhaps you've jumped

input motion, sharp reflex

....a horse learns

early reassuring life

part is genetic

an easy obstacle

human error:

nothing can be only about individuals

one is descended from reputation

and has no reason for the individual

look-alike forbearers; a line of champions

some horses kick higher voltage than others

remember nature commands something

the iris is a sign of viciousness

because vision is harder

a sullen attribute develops

the old horse tells you why—

bad logical reason

insecure eye in its socket

just another reason

just another horse

to see what another  
horse can see  
without moving a horse  
is hard  
given their reaction

humans begin accumulating at birth  
within them  
sound, sights, and movements  
some become phobic

“never a horse that cain’t be rode /  
never a rider that cain’t be throwed”

the horses bear themselves makeup

imagination, figuring, trying it

change will find you

the signal leaves you on the verge of tears

*a signal tightens*

people are born to understand confusion

animal experience is learned from

words, pictures, numbers

you learned who discovered the moon

you know what the surface of America looks

like

your brain deal—

reward or punishment

the horse is like this too

experience helps him

except, when it doesn't

permanently intensify your memory  
nothing becomes spot on  
recent lives to be called to  
you heard it waiting  
remember true human, strongly  
forgotten

you always ask the horse  
to do simple things  
he is hungry and afraid  
rewarding him for something

you can try another  
natural flexible approach  
he goes along  
just swinging  
action is what we want  
you want the signal

a horse has learned  
he is a useful citizen

afraid to depend, but neurotic

not doing, not equal

gave away, broke

exactly as he wants

great is escape

waiting for the next breaking

literally so hopeless

a horse is never willing

yet, it is a joy to own a shadow

promising a fall

they were never broken

with people there is a danger

each one develops a little escape

reflexes to withdraw

reflexes the pain

try,  
touch the eyeball  
so hard has it become  
that person  
so much, some reward  
a vacuum filled with horses  
these parts likely form a habit  
there is a balanced equation  
escape becomes habit  
  
until something chains  
success is repeated  
semi-voluntarily  
ask him to unbalance the equation  
  
accept things in this atmosphere  
natural for the horse  
ominous sight  
nosy, nature to load  
words gave the horse unfamiliarity

rough hands

yanking, sliding

sour bending

all he wanted to do was run



the established memories  
both physical and mental  
a saddle in his mouth  
his back around the barrel  
your voice compensating for the weight  
perhaps keep your legs whipped  
any of these is primed to explode  
even when you hook yourself  
to the horses

the horse is thinking  
“This isn’t bad at all”  
driving unhooks the driver  
the horse is detonator  
you put him through commands  
doing signals  
ground your handling  
double your rope  
horse cannot leave horse alone  
  
instinct helped you fool the horse  
don’t be half-hearted  
we do the trouble  
it is important for you to plan escape  
saddle for any amateur  
choice is not always ours

buck or balk

    this is another habit

even if you control impulse vibrations

    beat the horse

or get professional help

throttle in order to swallow air

    cribbing by surgery

hooks the wire

    we goofed our origin

if these lovely strangers look back

    calmly keep walking

## NOTES:

Cover art: manipulated image of George  
Phippen's sculpture, "Cowboy in a Storm"

Back: "Horse Power"  
photo and manipulation by author

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## ABOUT:

Chance Dibben is a writer, performer, and photographer living in Lawrence, KS. His writing has appeared in *Split Lip*, *Reality Beach*, *Horse thief*, *Squawkback*, *matchbook*, *Pigeonholes*, as well as others.

