

A SADDLED HORSE

Afield and afar, with a fiery star
Beaming its light through the gloom of the night,
'Midst overgrown weed stood a well-groomed steed
With a tail of snow and her mane aglow.

But the silver sheen of her coat pristine
Was trumped by the sight of a saddle bright:
Its leather, quite new with a golden hue,
Cast alluring gleam that caused me to dream.

I remained aloof when she stamped her hoof,
For I knew this meant the young mare was sent
As a mount to ride thither far and wide—
Her rider would own an adventure throne.

My courage was slack to climb on her back,
So she stamped again, my spirit to win,
And her eyes shone red, as I shook my head,
For I did not know where she planned to go.

Would she have me sit with no bridle's bit
Or reins to control her free-ranging soul?
Through her offered thrill, I'd be in her will
Like a wide-eyed child on a journey wild!

She began to prance as I turned to glance
At the fence and farm, where I feared no harm,
Where I did my chores and laid up my stores,
Where I made my bed and was safely fed.

Then, reading my mind, the horse reared and whined
With a neighing cry, as if in reply
To my wish to stay, and galloped away. . . .
Recalling my choice, I weep and rejoice.

— *David L. Hatton, 1/28/2016*