

The Boy and the Mare *By Courtney Valente*

I remember the day she came,
Neighing and snorting in the metal container,
Rearing and making a lot of dents.

Her career ended in injury,
The marks of a whip on her hind,
Her sight taken in a war of races.

The first time I saw her,
She weaved as she walked,
She nipped anything she heard.

In the stall she isolated herself,
She stood with her head hung low,
Her ears perked in alertness.

I remember humming a tune,
She raised her head in curiosity,
I remember her eating my fleece.

In the pasture she trotted proudly,
Drifting while walking circles,
I watched fascinated with her.

One day a man came with a sorrowful expression,
In his hands there was a whip,
He snapped it in half and left saying goodbye.

In the pasture I hummed loudly,
She came to me while trying to nibble my fleece once
again,
I was not sure if she wanted my fleece or the carrot in
my pocket.

By an oak tree I had brought her to,
I hummed while running,
I realized that I could not outrun a born racer.

When I sat at the trunk to eat my lunch,
I looked away and then saw it was gone,
A few meters away, she was happily enjoying my lettuce
sandwich.

I once played hide and go seek with her,
I hid in our oak tree high up on a branch,
I learned she was not just a racer but she was a seeker
as well.

I remember seeing a beautiful sunset,
We had played since early morning,
That night we both slept in the pasture under stars.

My heart broke when the day came,
I hugged her not wanting to let go,
A trailer was brought to the stables and took her away.