

Re Questrian

Who has not loved horses?

Who has not been terrified by horses?

Who has not been drawn by horses?

Who has not been...ridden...petted...been thrown...

By horses?

Never?

Not even in dreams?

Not ever way back...almost before you

Remember...you never took a pencil...

Or rode a stick and imagined?

You never...being so small...were ever

Swung up faster than an elevator leaves

Your stomach...to find yourself sitting...

On the living warm powerful fur skin

Bones and mind...finally ready to go anywhere.

You never ached or cried over...

Black Beauty...The Finish Line...Manowar...

Flicka?

I don't believe it. You're lying.

Look at Debbie's horses. You'll remember.

August, 1981

William T. Wiley

P.S. These are not horses.