



Story / Poem

Amy G., Wisconsin

"You'll be fine," my instructor said,
As she patted my lesson pony and held his head.

"Ok," I replied, though I did not really believe her,
I stuck my left foot in the stirrup, and swung my right leg over.

I clutched at the saddle and slowly peered down,
My! That sure was a long way to the ground!

While I learned to sit properly, and hold the reins,
My confidence seeped away like water down a drain.

Out on the lunge line I plodded around,
Being reminded to keep my eyes up, and stretch my heels down.

My instructor stopped the pony and said to me,
"You're so tense, you have to relax and breathe."

Back at the walk, I tried to relax,
But my uncooperative muscles refused to go slack.

"Ok," I was directed, "now let's trot,"
I took a deep breath, and we were off in a shot.

I bounced around like a sack of grain,
Making me lose my breath, and wince with pain.

After a grueling two circles, I made a downward transition,
Where we once again reviewed my hands and position.

After a few more tries, it was time to get off,

“Take your feet out of the stirrups, and just push off.”

I could not do it, try as I might,
My leg got stuck, which was quite an amusing sight.

After I finally got my leg free,
I dropped to the ground with a sigh of relief.

My relief was short lived as my knees buckled down,
I had to grab the saddle to keep from falling to the ground.

I led the pony out of the ring,
Every muscle in my body screaming and aching.

I groomed the pony and put him away,
The whole while thinking it felt like I had sat on a stingray.

Even though my whole body was screaming in pain,
I turned to my mom and asked, “When can I do it again?”