The Tumble

Caitlin W., New York

Soaring
Strength of the horse bursting underneath
The mane and hair whipping in unison
Galloping off into the distance
I watch
I've seen it a million times
But the experience is new
My hands tremble with anticipation
My stringy legs dangle off the sides flopping around like fish on land
The mount seems to be gentle but he is ever so tall
My young hands streak his silky coat tenderly
I'm set upon his back and I look down to earth miles and miles away
He walks and I wonder what people might think of me on this swift steed
Pride fills my fragile body
I am a queen of all things horsey at that moment
Wait…don't princesses wear pink?
The instructor warns us of large rocks but I am defiant
Soon I am enthralled with the flowers and birds on the path
I request to be off the lead
Thump
The horse trips
An now I am soaring
But not over a jump
I begin to sob
Just because it's what every one else does when they fall off
I soon am convinced my mount is trying to conspire to get back to hay as he waits
patiently for me to hop back on
His honest eye warms my soul
And it has since that day I had my first tumble
Now I am soaring over jumps and galloping over endless plains

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But when I retire to the barn after a hard day of work

I smile at my first pony

He stands at about 11 hands

His mane is delicate

And his speed is sluggish

Nevertheless

Prince is his name and I am the princess

A perfect duo that lasts a lifetime

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