



## My Little Pony

Kelly B., Wisconsin

My eyes scanned the country meadows  
Dotted with horses, enclosed by a fence  
My dream, to ride, it was what I chose  
But that dream, oh that dream, it stood barely a chance

Alas, that day finally came  
When fate played a big heroic role  
Five riding lessons signed in my name  
Dozens of butterflies danced in my soul

On the 8th of February my lessons began  
Riding a fuzzy Welsh Mountain pony  
I was a part of the 'Sunny Meadows' clan  
There was no kid in the world who was happier than me

The pony's name was Sandy of course  
Cute and cuddly, hardy and caring  
The most perfect pony, better than any horse  
There couldn't be a better pairing

I rode him Western on a longe line  
Walking, trotting, nothing more  
I then imagined Sandy was mine  
I thought of him as a friend, not a chore

When I came home that very day  
I told my family about my ride  
Of longing, of trotting, of steering the right way  
And how Sandy was always at my side

I loved that pony with all my heart

I never wanted to let him go  
Nothing could ever tear us apart  
Until I got older and began to grow

When I moved on to a different pony  
Sandy began to give me that look  
The one that says, "Why don't you want me?"  
All the happiness and joy in me, it took

Despite me riding my new 'steed'  
I visited Sandy every time I could  
I fed him treats; it became my deed  
If I could ride him again, I would

But then came the saddest day in my life  
When Sandy tragically reached his end  
Death had stabbed him like a knife  
I knew I'd never see him again

But now I know where Sandy is  
In greener pastures with boundaries, none  
Prancing lively in wide-open spaces  
Like a young foal, he could once again run

I'll always miss that little equine  
With his short stocky body and velvety nose  
He was the best pony, he was indeed very fine  
That's why I'm writing our story in poetry and prose