



My First Ride

Linnea L., North Carolina

Two years old
In a pink skirt
And striped blouse.
Embarrassed,
Led around the ring
By my older cousin, Meg.
The wind ruffles my hair,
And the old gelding, Dock,
Flicks his ears back.
I feel his bony withers,
His sloping,
Muscled,
Shoulders,
I keep my concentration,
But it's hard not to smile.