



Standing Tall

Samantha M., Colorado

Holding the lead rope
Praying hard with hope
A horses eyes looking into mine
Trying to keep the horse that gave me my first thrilling ride
The pain is unbearable
The loss of blood making him unstable
The pain is bad
My body, against his, begins to sag
The cut is too severe
The pain in her foot, like a mirror
The time they had was short
She remembered when they ran their first barrel course
The end is here
It becomes clear
She picks a star, brighter than them all
Knowing that her horse is standing tall