

When I am an Old Horsewoman

When I am an old Horsewoman: I shall wear turquoise and diamonds,
And a straw hat that doesn't suit me. And I shall spend my social
security on white wine and carrots, And sit in my alley-way of my barn
And listen to my horses breathe.

I will sneak out in the middle of a summer night and ride the old bay
gelding, Across the moonstruck meadow if my old bones will allow.

And when people come to call, I will smile and nod as I walk past the
gardens to the barn and show instead the flowers growing inside stalls
fresh-lined with straw. I will shovel and sweat and wear hay in my hair
as if it were a jewel.

And I will be an embarrassment to all, who will not yet have found the
peace in being free to have a horse as a best friend, A friend who waits
at midnight hour with muzzle and nicker and patient eyes For the kind of
woman I will be When I am old.

Author Unknown

