

# Horses

GLADYS GOLDBERG

The sorrel who eats carrots  
    from my hand  
A drift of gold in his thick mane,  
    trots along beside  
Snow banks. If horses might love  
    as dogs or cats do,  
Their poised shifts and head-high  
    pride are traits  
That put elegance in their stride.  
    With or without  
Horseshoes, they step into the cold,  
    shudder in the wind  
Like an out-of-body whisper,  
    manes tossing like a fanfare,  
A sign of their noble breed  
    especially at snowfall.  
How can I help loving them?  
    They sense the world  
As a quest, a hope bred into them  
    as foals who graze  
Close to the mares, listening and smelling,  
    nibbling and oblivious  
To my contentment. As the stable

lamps go on, I beckon.  
Feed bags waiting. Their watchful  
sires stir, soon to gallop  
Staunchly in the fields.  
Wildness swallowed in the dark.