

Spirit Horses of Periwinkel





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For the Children
With Love

Lookin' for a horse laff?



Lookin' for a horse laff?

Just see Sylvester grin

when he's eatin' dark molasses

all mixed in oats to win -

his feed bin is his worship

he savors every bite

his whiskers do the talkin'

he whuffles a g'nite

an' sen's us home to dreams

of his hoofbeats sound and clear

we pad through redwood forests

fear not dear Let him steer

an' swish through misting meadows

'for we wake to morning light

an' rattle that ol' bucket

to Sylvester's sweet delight

in among the emeralds a jewel rides the tide calling out from fanning froth to share its glow inside
ever in its shelter the quartz protected it

but when man chipped away the gem
it only wondered "what?"

so the horse grazed in mat-meadows old

pondering grasses in valleys i'm told

he wandered in deserts

man found him in herds

then captured his flight

with ropes and with words

his challenge met briskly he cowered in shame

the macho-match stallion acquired a name

first in the field then down the road he found himself standing in pot-luck abode

in stalls laced with straw in fenced pastureland and when in the cards with his buds he would band

a horse can be lonely more so than a man

he seeks his protection cannot stand rejection approaches dejection

when left there to scan horizons so deep with no time to sleep

as he pines for his kind pacing forth with no mind

think only on this if your mind has arrived

the horses are man-made and cannot be jived by sty-i-lish boots and tailor-tat coats

and top hats and silver care-carried in totes

they see only carrots and apples for treat

their friendship is lasting with you they will meet

but only on their grounds – 'er your grounds – what matter

his shares and his cares are served up on a platter

he'll tell you his story he'll spell it all out he'll teach you his ways – 'er your ways – about

heading straight down the road at incredible speed

just right not too fast leaving nothing for creed

but a pat on his nose and his salty sweet air

and a wide eyed hellow

a warm heart is his lair

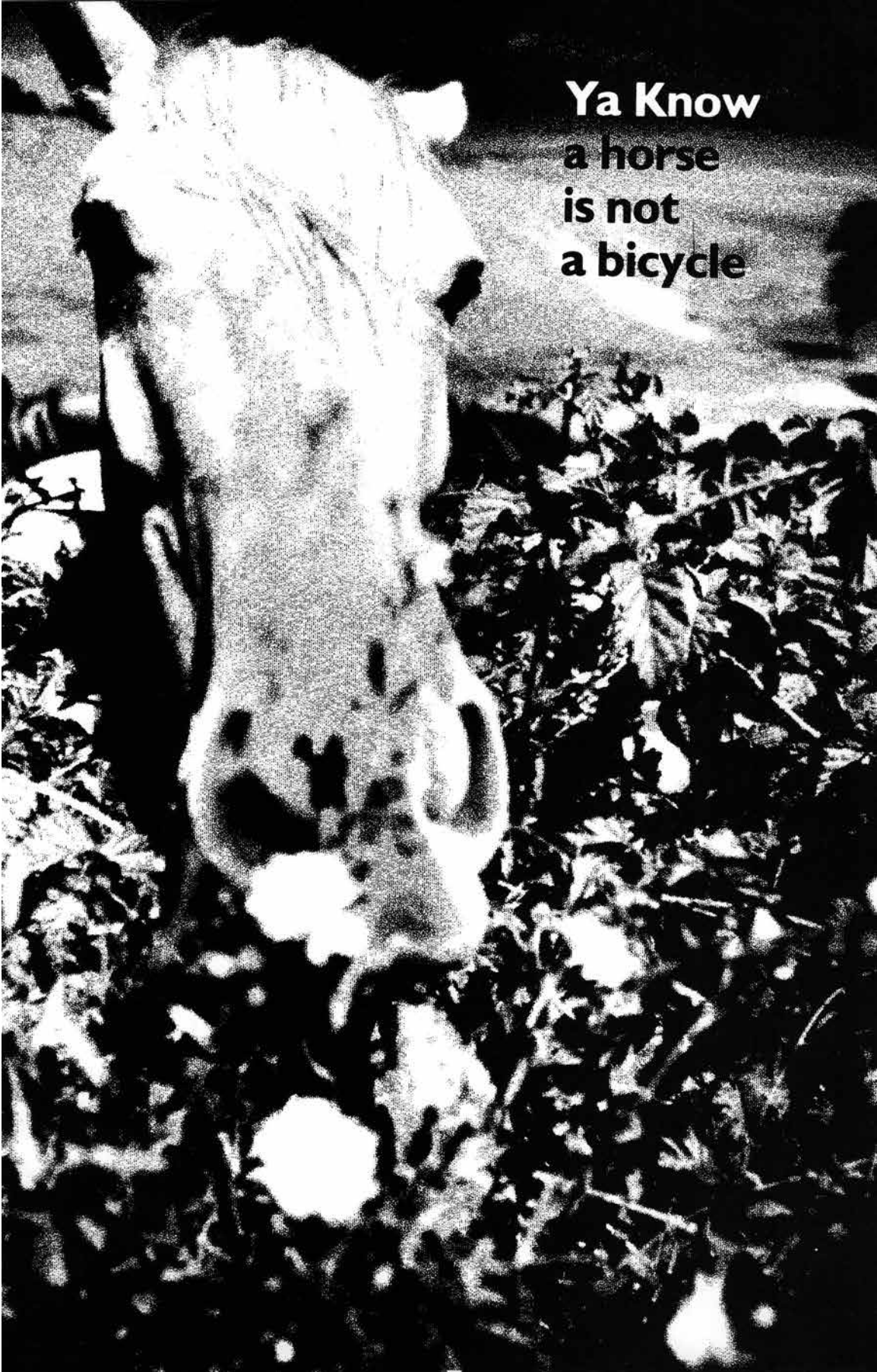


January was the first foal. He was born in the field, much to my boss' chagrin. Ya see, his momma was a fancy filly from the high country and she'd been shipped to Grass Valley to be bred to this highfalutin stallion and we'd laid in extra straw in the foaling barn. We knew she'd be early.

So January was born in the snow and that was a sight! He was already standing in the shivering morning when we went to feed.

It was all right though in spite of all that unneeded preparation. January did run record times and he sired his share and who knows what to hang a hat on.

January said it was the snow.

A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a horse's head, positioned on the left side of the frame. The horse is looking towards the right. The background is a dense field of flowers, likely daisies, which are rendered in a similar high-contrast style. The overall image has a grainy, halftone-like texture. In the upper right quadrant, there is a block of text.

**Ya Know
a horse
is not
a bicycle**

images incited by in sight images

only people who have ever patted the nose of a horse
and watched the sunset can appreciate buffalo yarns of the elves
at twilight

there was this girl who grew up in the wilds of Fairfax –
those who have taken the cascades will know along with this girl
whose mane flies too were these two mares – Bay and Blue –
with their own wild streak wilderness produces the birds
and lazy oaks as well as lugging hay up a narrow path to makeshift corrals

over in the meadow she would bring forth the bridle
and pretend to tie Blue to the tree Blue would test the rope
to make sure she wasn't then would stand there peacefully
the leathers always tangled with Blue's batting eye beauty mane
that hung below her neck

then hit the trail for the race
gogogo careening through redwood lanes sending
the wunderbar squirrels squirriling to the rafters

this is Sue – Sue who took up flying to the tune of
where's the plane? when do we take off? I'm soaring!
after years of flying over fields and through the creekbeds
she needed a better view from the cockpit window
she absorbed the angelhair hay fields stacked across horizons
hosting the grazing deer

vapor trails hung behind with remembrance of things past
meanwhile the budding marigold took to the plane
as tho it were her ol' buds Blue and Bay

her instructor who of course fell silently in love
couldn't really believe his ears as Sue spouted off on her first flight
oh this is just like riding a horse!
it was only a matter of time before she was carting
her flight schedule and studiously driving her little pickup down
the hiway to her flying lessons –
as she weighted herself into the turns
she disembarks on location – a small outofthewayairfield
tucked into the Sonoma scape from there it's up
getting to know the plane saying hi to the beastie
but this time anchored against the wind thing leads to another
and secure the hatch
up and over soaring stalling and catching her breath
in an airport
he's just sitting there in aghast state of mouth open
but up ahead is the beach so heads up!
as we break over the palisades
So it is with horses So it is with flying
So it is with Sue

Duffle Bag

believe it or not

had four legs and

and an everlasting smile

he was a cavalry remount

lost to the regiments

Duffle Bag

bagged the bale

and threw it over his shoulder

for the long march

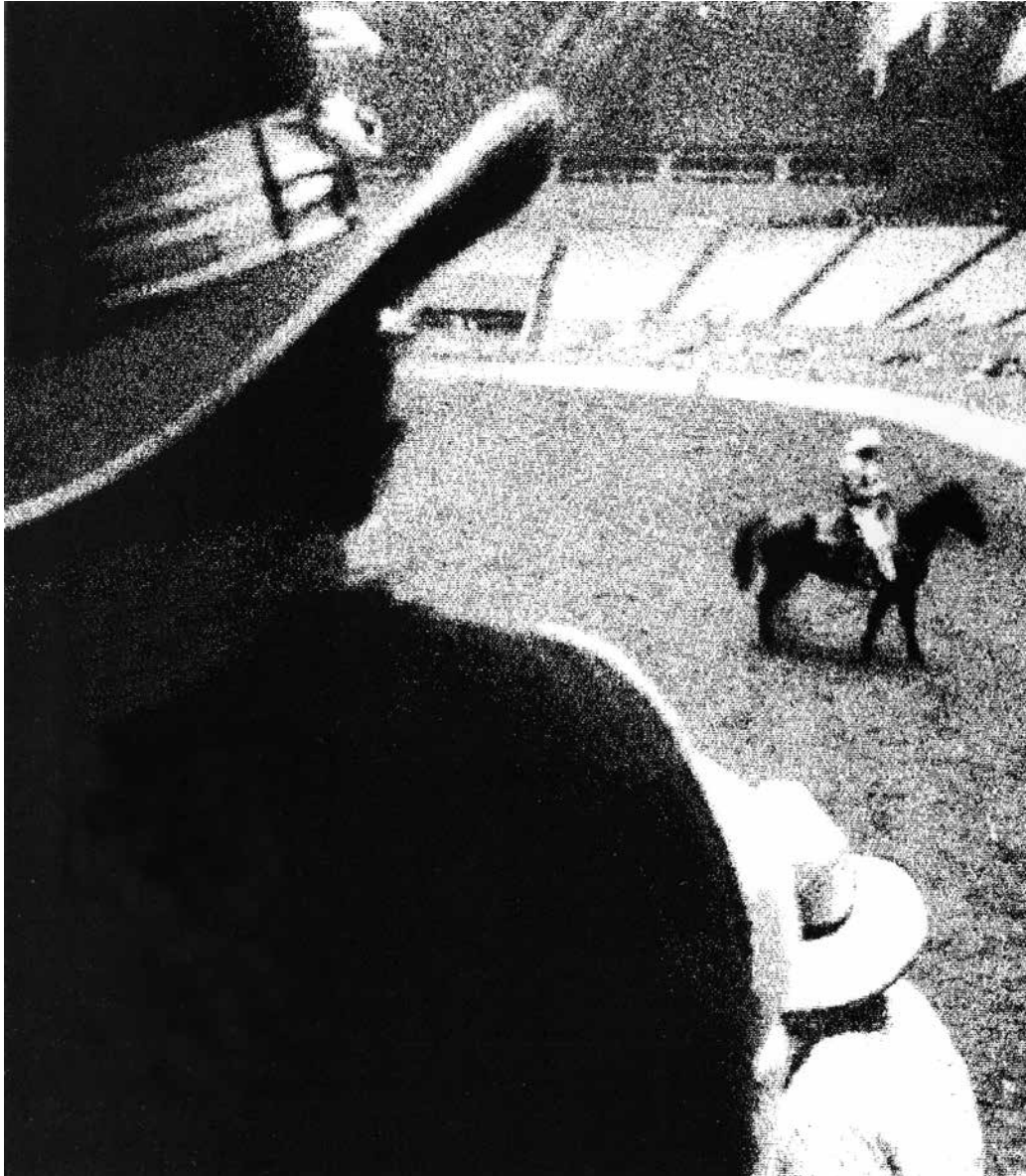
he only wore his tattoo

and a bridle

that reminded him

to mind his manners

no matter what!



harass
the wild horses
and hallow
box canyons
por los caballeros
y los niños
con los ojos
el tiempo
de los tiempos
y otros
brought forth
the makings
of mane-aloft stallions
on puma peaks

Watch out for horses named Harmony and Justice. Both of them had the rare habit of rearing. They always said it was the most dangerous. Dangerous yes – once they learned it – well, that was it. I had never heard of a horse being one hundred per cent cured of rearing.

Harmony had scars on his chest. It was when a man approached him – he would stop in his tracks, even if he was galloping in an open field, and go up on his hind legs with the wildest look in his eye. A touch of the spur behind the girth would send him forward again – that was the only remedy I had learned. Harmony learned trust again.

In the meantime, Justice was just plain adolescent. When he was frightened in his earliest years, he would balk and stand like a statue. A nearby whinny with a little nonchalanting could coax the colt to step forward. Justice was a fraidy cat, but the last thing he was afraid of was me, as I discovered.

Once I started riding Justice in the hills, I found myself dismounting to lead him past spooky grey boulders and ditches and even a flock of ravens huddled on top of a cow shed on a rainy day. I always wore my mud boots.

As Justice turned four, he grew beyond seventeen hands, and I tired of getting off and leading him. I kept reminding myself that I should be riding. One day I made up my mind to stay aboard, no matter what. That day Justice reared for the first time, and he learned it well. As weeks went by, he took to steep hills and ravines, and I, doing everything in my power to change his mind, sat there wondering.

Yet I never felt unsafe from the saddle. Justice had an uncanny sense of self-preservation – more than I could say for myself.

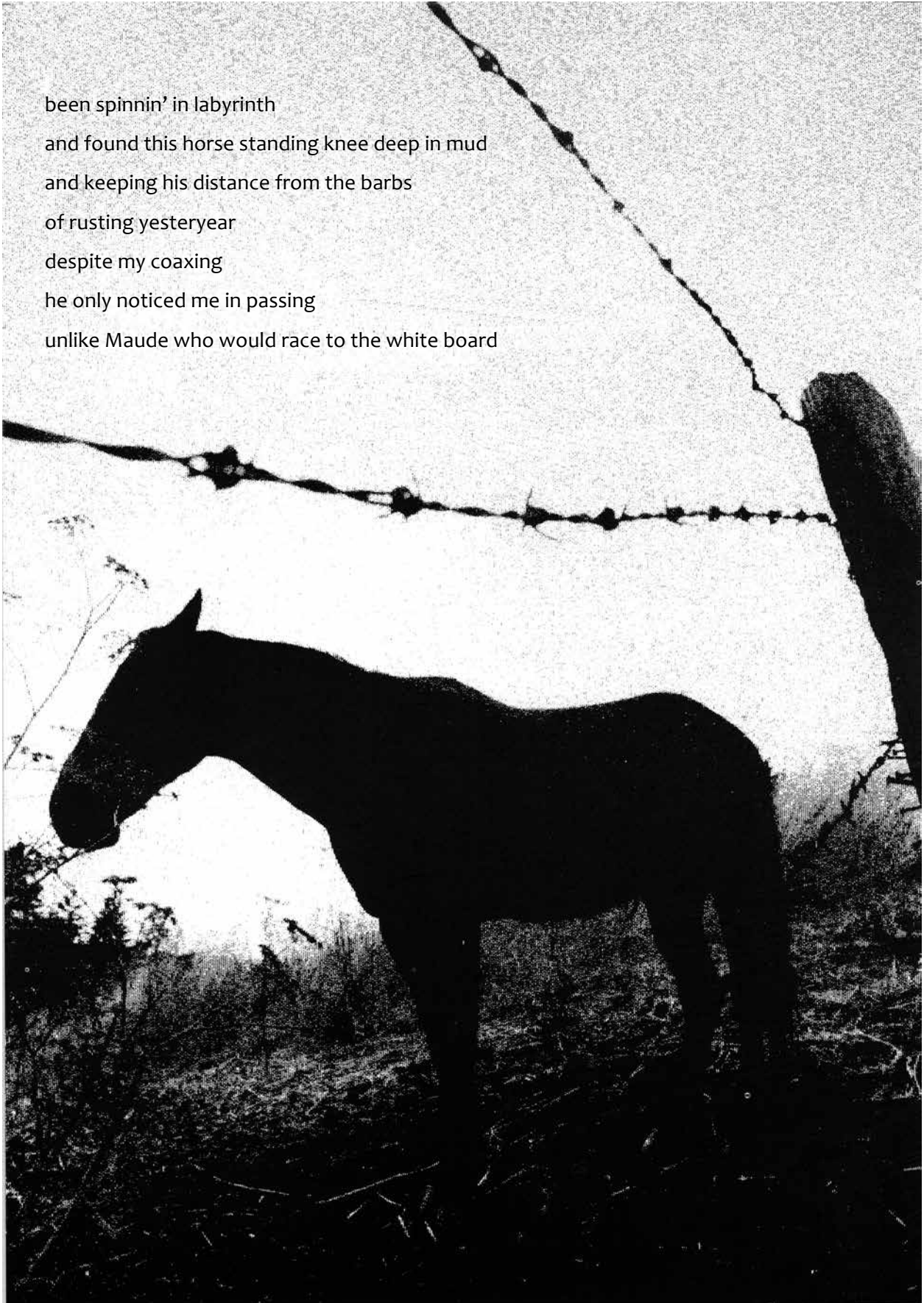
The only time I actually fell off Justice was a sunny day when we were clipping along a curvy trail and a blue heron, penciled against the hill suddenly took flight with a soaring wing span of six feet. Justice halted just as suddenly, and I kept going, kerplopp. Justice stood there looking at me, even more startled – too startled to realize that he could have hightailed it home, leaving me there to walk a good two miles. At least, I thanked myself, Justice had learned his first lesson – to stand quietly while I, all of five feet, clamored into the saddle.

Of course, I was off course riding this horse in the first place. Yet there I was and what to do?

Fortunately, I met Tommy and Mark – excellent horsemen who understood the macho of the situation. I pushed myself to my outer limit and caught a glimpse of macho – at least enough to master Justice, so to speak.

That day I dismounted him for the last time. Justice was done.

been spinnin' in labyrinth
and found this horse standing knee deep in mud
and keeping his distance from the barbs
of rusting yesteryear
despite my coaxing
he only noticed me in passing
unlike Maude who would race to the white board





Relive relief relive relief
and rejoice in remembrance of rangy wild horses
that ate from your hand when you stood barely breathing
into the deserted night, the new moon enough to reflect
your weak whispering on the crispy air

Only the horses were alive that night
Only the horses heard you
and warmed you from the cold
And they will receive their due
And so will their masters

Scatterall lay quietly in the field as others milled around seeking out my smells and sensitivity – horses that had never been touched by human hands – Scatterall was smaller than the rest “She’s three” the old man told me He had raised her and the others in his mountain meadow and he introduced me to her sire and her dam – stately still elderly Thoroughbreds that “ran the mile in good time” he said He creaked his weathered face and soft smile of a horseman Scatterall was the last foal she came out small and wobbly and would live up to her name even at the sound of a feed bucket “and that was something” i silently waited for her to accept my presence, though i stood a good distance from her and touched my tongue to the roof of my mouth in the softest animal sound i know She recognized me and watched me melt in her eyes i left her that summer only to dream for a whole year for her and then returned to find her not much bigger but with less fear for me than before On the spot i bought her there the tragedy began though how was i to know the love was lost with that dollar? Though no human had ever touched her, i did with the old man’s help and in three days she walked into a trailer to ride one thousand miles to my home Within the month i was riding her finding that her narrow frame required more of my perfect balance than any forerunners She knew my voice – walk trot canter ho good girl and the soft clucking yet often when i was riding her she would just plain stop in her tracks and look around at me and say

“Wait just a minute! What did you say?” especially when i asked her very politely to canter Going from the walk was the only way she could manage for trot – as i had been told – was awkward and not a gait for easy transitions Left canter came easiest still she took two weeks to carry me without her funny hesitation Right canter took longer Within a few months – three i think it was – only that i remember her first jump on the first day of the fourth month of our visitation – Scatterall showed true promise as a lady’s mount and i ecstatically look forward to every day with her She was bought to be sold i a so-called professional horsewoman could not after all hold to sentiment i cringed Besides, i had ridden hundreds of horses over the years and had claimed them all as they carried me forward who cares who hold the papers! Horses never care who hold their papers So i went about to sell her for she was trained to start and had won her first blue ribbon and could not sit around and eat the hay that was waiting for other horses seeking my attention The sale was simple yet long before the money spoke Scatterall was no longer mine That moment came early when her new owner mounted her for the first time i said good bye and wished her well and closed my ears to future stories for Scatterall went back to living up to her name my mistake

When one sits down to write one's first fairy tale
after spinning many a yarn ammmmonng the elvvvess

one begins to imagine what will happen when the perfectly turned out huntsman
arrives with the pack and salutes the tower as he prepares the Tally Ho

The elfe sitting beneath the door stoop of the castle
eavesdropping said to his stalwart companion

“They're kidding, of course”

“Not according to Hoyle” he answered as tactfully as he could

He had difficulty muffling his outrageous laugh

Instead of bursting out and spoiling the atmosphere

he took a proud pose and wrinkled his nose to to to sneeze

Aaaaacchhhoooooooooooo

The horse standing nearby on the ancient turf

woven with williwaws oh yes, the horse

sidestepped as he felt the ebeneezer sneeze tickle his fetlock

and settled again under his hefty rider

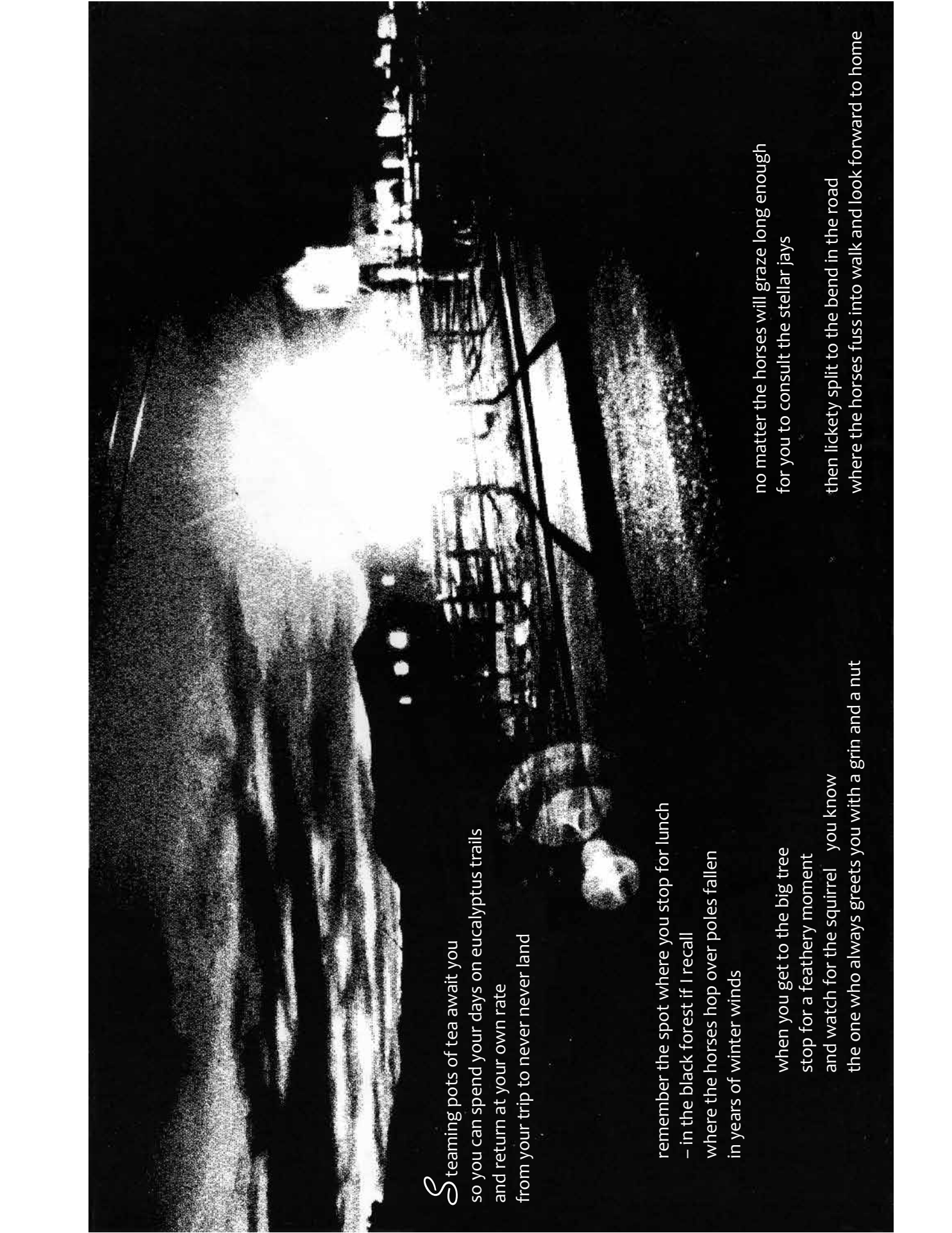
Suddenly the Sound of the Horn

the Cry of the Hounds

and the Pomp of the Hunt

is lost to Hoofbeats

“Here's mud in yer eye!”



Steaming pots of tea await you
so you can spend your days on eucalyptus trails
and return at your own rate
from your trip to never never land

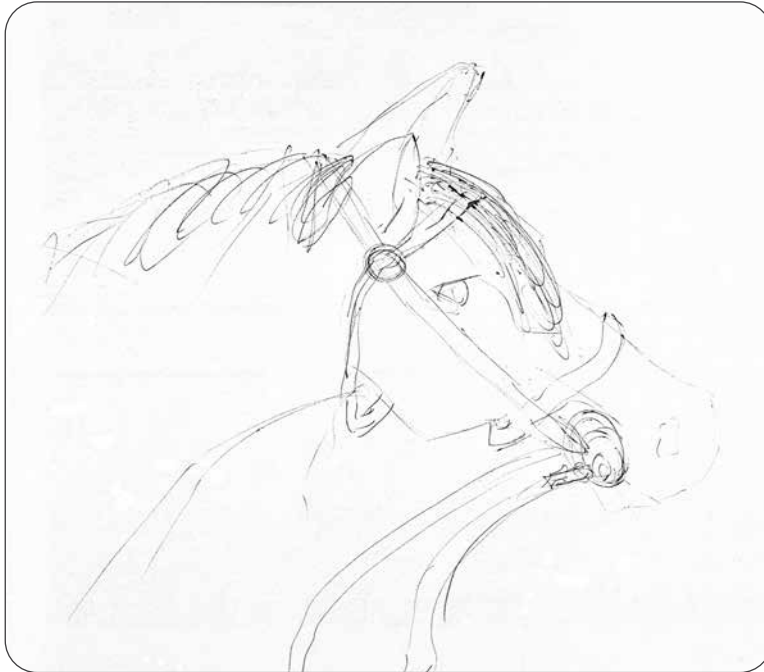
remember the spot where you stop for lunch
– in the black forest if I recall
where the horses hop over poles fallen
in years of winter winds

when you get to the big tree
stop for a feathery moment
and watch for the squirrel you know
the one who always greets you with a grin and a nut

no matter the horses will graze long enough
for you to consult the stellar jays
then lickety split to the bend in the road
where the horses fuss into walk and look forward to home

Pegasus took a notion
and turned into a thunderbolt
struck Attica and became a myth





*Gypsy my patchwork of frolic
Your mane tossed by a mind of mischief
Your whiskery muzzle to my hand
affirming your sympathy
The turns of Nature's trail have shown him well
Gypsy is near
Let him go on with his journey
Carry him on a gentle wind*

