

Harry

By: Jessica Verhey

My internship had started out well,
Horses in stalls, fly boots were swell.
I saw a black gelding tossing his head
With halter approaching, his eyes filled with dread.

His name was Harry
His disposition quite weary,
Pitch black from ear to hoof
With a large white star that was quite a look.

The more I asked, the more I learned,
He had been left behind; which was quite absurd!
The barn owner took him in
And the work of a lesson horse was about to begin.

They don't know how or why,
But he was deeply traumatized.
His ears were sensitive and his poll you could not touch,
And he really didn't care for bridles or halters that much.

One day my instructor decided to try
To let me round-pen with this sensitive guy.
I was nervous to begin, but we got along great
Little did I know this day would seal fate.

Between Harry and I, there is little difference,
We both carried baggage that caused hindrance.
After months of working on trust
I was glad things didn't turn out to be a bust.

One day he let me touch his ears,
In spite of his earlier fears;
And I was so proud of my precious friend
That he finally let me pet his sweet head.

Now he and I are two of a pair
Which causes people to stop and stare.
I taught him to "smile" like the famous Mr. Ed
And he has taught me which treats are best to be fed!

Two years have passed since I started this endeavor
Which has resulted in a bond that nothing could sever.
My best friend on this earth is a horse
And that horse is Harry, of course!