

A Stallion's Heart

The wind bellows its warning as I tear into the night.
Holding no fear my heart blazes bright.
The echoes of anguish ring through my ears.
I can taste salt the fallen ones' tears.
The ground shakes as he cries out.
HOLD STEADY!
With trembling hand sword at the ready.
The blackest of clouds rolls towards us like thunder,
Lightning of shimmering blades by the hundreds.
Together as one we battle the storm.
Then I feel a pierce to my chest like a thorn.
Hitting the ground,
I sense his fright,
Overwhelmed and outnumbered,
I use the last of my might.
His eyes show the only escape is a tear.
Mine say do not worry your end is not here.
I hide his body with what I could of my own.
In pain but my silence will get him home,
He clutches me deeply buries his face in my side.
I did not realize he was saying "it's time."
The stars call out,
I must say goodbye.
Yet my heart remains with him for all time.

MANY, MANY YEARS LATER

Three kids burst through the door. GRAMPA! GRAMPA! squealing like an old battalion horn, "Tell us a story...yours are the best!" As they wiggle and giggle, grabbing his chest, the old man smiles at the joy on their faces. looks to the sky, and begins, "I will tell you how I hold the heart of a stallion."