

## The Solar Mare, by Melissa Clegg

The sun hangs in a low arc  
In this time of winter.  
The rays crystallize in the tree tops.  
A double, bright and deep hued rainbow surrounds us.

The horses grazing in the field,  
Stop and become aware.  
Something will be happening; a deer, a coyote  
Or something magical.

A chestnut horse races through the field.  
Her flaxen mane and tail blaze gold.  
An eagle flies just above.

The glorious horse stops and spins.  
The sun makes her gleam and sparkle  
Like diamonds and glitter.  
The eagle whistles, as he soars above her.

I know these beautiful creatures  
Since the days they were fledglings.  
They race the wind, the clouds and the setting sun.

The sun sinks lower.  
The sky turns magical.  
Sparks dance off the eagle's wings.  
The mare's mane is full of prisms.

She turns and dances across the evening meadow.  
The eagle's voice echos off the hills.  
I watch the eagle soar high  
And see the mare disappear in the evening blue.

The sun is down. Twilight will be short.  
I hurry home to find my chestnut mare  
Waiting for her food and bed.

The end.

