

Big Blue.

My senses were
overwhelmed,
walking through the fair,
I saw games, food,
and big rides everywhere.

The aroma of popcorn and
fried dough flood the air,
And I couldn't seem to find
a bathroom anywhere!

Dad ate a turkey leg,
I thought that was weird.
I forgot to tell him,
some stuck to his beard.

We zipped and zoomed
on the dragon ride,
Dad was so proud
because I didn't even cry!

I saw the spinning teacups
and turned the other way.
If I had ridden that,
my stomach would have to
pay.

We fed the sheep, goats,
and even a giraffe,
He had a long blue tongue,
which made me laugh!

It was time to go
and say our farewells,
When out of the corner of my
eye, I spotted a carousel.

I begged my dad,
"Please just one more ride!"
Then he grabbed my hand,
and we ran inside.

So many horses, ponies,
reindeer and more!
I ran to my favorite,
and leaped off the floor!

I chose the big paint,
with icy blue eyes.
His mane contained ribbons,
the color of the sky.

I put my feet in his stirrups
and held his reins tight.
I had to stay focused,
We were about to take flight.

We waited in the starting
gate, all bets had been placed.
"And they're off!"
Then it was time to race.

He was quick, agile,
a powerful machine.
We were focused and
unstoppable, the perfect team.

He ran and ran,
stride after stride.
I was the tourist,
and he was my guide.

We toured Egypt, Brazil,
and Africa too!
Canada, Jamaica,
Norway, and Peru!

Antarctica was cold,
We saw a polar bear!
There was a fox, a seal,
and even a little hare.

Next stop was Australia,
So to there we flew.
We saw koalas, wombats,
and a red kangaroo.

We flew up to space,
so I could see the stars.
We became astronauts
and danced on Mars.

We did spins, loops, and
gainers in the sky.
He did it all with ease.
He didn't even try.

It was the last stretch,
and we were lengths ahead.
Then the moment came,
I knew I would dread.

He started to slow down,
and push on the brakes.
I woke up startled,
by my dad with a shake.

"The ride is over,
did you have fun?"
I laughed, "Yes I loved it!"
Though I was pretty bummed.

I hopped off the horse
and said my goodbyes.
Don't tell dad,
I nearly started to cry.

I wish I could ride.
In real life of course.
For now I can gallop,
using my stick horse.

As we drove home,
my happiness grew.
Thinking about next fall,
and reuniting with Big Blue.

By: Gemma Schena