

She was once made to wonder
how to understand the world
Alone and uncertain,
her thoughts just unfurled

There was so much awry
with what she once knew
Her past-present-future
all raging askew

So many worries;
nothing made sense
Serenity seemed distant,
unheard over the immense

Voices that hushed her
and told her to be
Someone so different
than what she could see

So in she went fitting
between the walls of their box
With labels and harsh words
but...now there are knocks?

Someone else is here now
patient; a guide
Breaking doors once used
to keep her inside

A presence so different,
it stops her cycle of fear
Now she feels...hopeful?
Not as alone; not with her here

“You remind me of someone.”
The gentle voice says
Whether whispered on wind
or all in her head –

What she knows now
is a new pattern blooms
One she settles into;
one that consumes

Her soul and her spirit,
but of her own free will
For she can be herself now;
no more standards to fill

She wants to be a full part
of this harmony they’ve found
Because *all of her* is here now
No more changing around

And it falls into place
as they roam the field freely
What she’d been searching for
ever so keenly

That which would make sense
of the confusion in her head?
Someone who would *be* there
and just listen instead

To all of her wisdom
and all of her heart
Look at all they can do together
when she says from the start:

“Show me your way,
and I’ll walk it with you.
I’ll make sense of yours,
so you can see mine too.”

And sure, there are detours
along the way
Conversation’s welcome now
and there is so much to say!

But when fixing these pieces
meant setting them free
For what she’d signed up for,
she knew just how to be

Calming and caring
And present and kind
“I won’t turn you into
a vision in my mind.

I’ll see you for who you are,
could you offer me the same?
Trust is not a battle;
connection is not a game.”

Now when they talk together
Their voices – they sing!
Over hills, through forests,
past each sun-sparkling spring

A sleek chestnut mare runs
with a star and four white socks
Her tossing mane glowing
like her human’s flying locks...

So whose story is this?
is what could now be asked
Who in the end
is our heroine unmasked?

It lies in who rescued who,
and the answer is clear
Each one saved the other
by lending an ear

A mare and her girl;
a girl and her mare
Their story is one,
and this journey they share