

The Old Bay Mare
By Lauri L Barnwell

The old bay mare was resting in the sun,
Her years of work finally done.
A long, matted mane fell over her eyes,
That were gently closed under warm summer skies.

When tiny blonde curls appeared at the gate,
The old bay mare drew a deep breath, she knew her fate.
Hind hoof propped and old bones at ease,
The grinning girl approached ready to please.

With a brush and apples balanced carefully in her hand,
The old bay mare knew just what she had planned.
Dropping her head and swishing her tail,
She took slow plodding steps to greet her at the rail.

The tiny hands fumbled in pure delight,
And the apples fell to the ground rolling out of sight.
But the old bay mare did not twitch, not even an ear,
Only graceful steps with someone so delicate and dear.

A crisp red apple was gathered from the ground,
And the old bay mare took a bite so soft there was no sound.
The rest of the apples were quickly pushed into a pile,
Oh, if only the old bay mare could smile.

She picked up the curry and began to brush,
The little blonde curls danced, and her cheeks were flush.
Stroke after stroke until she made those dapples shine,
Even her dark tangled mane was combed out ever so fine.

Nothing was missed from her head to her toe,
Her bay coat sparkled and gleamed like fresh winter snow.
Beaming with pride she placed a soft kiss on her nose,
And the old bay mare breathed in like smelling a rose.

With a heavy sigh she turned and headed away,
But the old bay mare knows she will be back another day.
Because every little girl needs a horse to love,
Especially the kind sent from heaven above.