

Two Horses

Most days, we walk together,
passing the field where wildflowers
mingle in the breeze. Some swell
with new buds, others face
the sun in full bloom, or turn
heavy heads downward and wilt
into seed. We veer through
the oak grove by the museum,
and the last stretch before home
takes us by a tiny ranch,

holdover from the rural past,
with a riding pen just big enough
for two horses to circle. Beside it,
a brown horse and a white horse
stand quietly in their pens.
Hand in hand, we watch: the dusty
hooves, the downturned eyes,
settled in being—
in sun, grass, breeze, silence.

—Daniel Thomas

