

CAROUSEL HORSE

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Giant orbs radiate warmth, music blares
from above,
bridle and bit glisten in the light,
technicolor saddle shines. I feel the motor jump.
The world around me is a blur of faces,
colors, and sounds. My rider giggles loudly
and I relish in her gleeful noise. I am transfixed
by the fleshy warmth of chubby thighs and sticky hands.

Air rushes in my face as we spin.
I could be chasing warm-blooded mustangs
through valleys smelling of hot salty pretzels
and cotton candy clouds.

Instead, I whirl in endless circles; bound
by my fiberglass body smoothed and coated
with high gloss paint. My mane is whipped back—
always blowing in the imaginary wind.
Beside me sits the hummingbird in caged flight,
behind me is the proud lion caught mid-roar.

I remain captured, frozen
how the people want to see me.

The hum of the motor fades
and I am slowing now. Up, down once more.
I halt mid-air, mid-gallop. The rider climbs down,
rattling the brass pole that locks me in this stride.
Music stops, lights dim,
then disappear.
It is cold, still again,
waiting for my next ride.