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Horses

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Horses

by Deborah S. Appleton

I keep horses in my stalls at night, And you, what's that burning, ever so dimly, Casting shadows on the trim front lawn? Shadows that I trip upon, when, at dark, Quietly I creep to your windows, And press my wet nose against the icy panes; Peering at the cold light and wondering; Sitting my shadow down on the grass to wait. He isn't coming back you know. They have changed his silouette Into a shadow too. But he is waiting. Waiting for you. The horses are getting restless. It is almost morning.

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