

A field full of HORSES

I walk along the winding lane, past the tangled willows. I climb up on the five-barred gate and...

there they are. There's nothing I'd rather do than simply sit and look at horses.

One goes and stamps in a cow-parsley patch.

One crops the grass with a champing sound.

One rolls on her back on a dusty wallow.

One dreams in the shade of a big copper beech with eyes half shut and tail slowly swishing.

One trots up to see if I've an apple in my pocket. She's my favourite and I wish that she was mine.

Her eyes are big and soft, her nostrils flared and sniffing, and every now and then she gives a sudden shiver to keep the flies away.

Watch her toss her mane and arch her neck and flick her ears and blow down gently through her nose.

Wouldn't you like to touch her twitching nose? It's silky soft but bristly too.

Wouldn't you like to make the sounds she makes? Horses whinny, horses snuffle, horses snicker, snort and neigh.

I love to smell her horsey smell. It makes me think of muck and straw, of earth and leaves and grass.

I love to watch her
walk
and trot
and canter
and gallop.

I love to watch her
buck
and rear.

I even love to watch her standing still.

I just wish she had a foal...

I know he'd be as pretty as his mother.

If you could choose any horse, which colour would it be?

The skewbald or the golden palomino?
The black, brown, dun or bay?
The chestnut, piebald, roan or grey?

I have my favourite but I love them all. There's nothing I'd rather do than simply sit and be with horses.