

Beach Horse

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Leaping from below the sands and receding surf
his head held high and proud
breathing salty breeze.
Sea creature or thoroughbred
what would he do
upon clearing the sandy womb?

I stood there in wonder
poring my darkness into his
hoping his silhouette legs
would emerge before the sun fell.
I yearned to feel him splash his majestic self
up to me.

I'd ride him away from the darkness
looking for light
encounter creatures of the night
on the edge of the sea.
My horse and me on this gusty spree
are one in this seascape
running free.

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