

Flight

Frost glitters on the blades of grass
As dawn kisses the purple shadows goodbye.
The sweet, crisp air fills my lungs.
I reach out and grasp a handful of mane,
Leaping astride my majestic friend.
Leaning forward, I press my cheek
Against his soft neck.
His ears flick back to catch my silent whispers;
Our breath hangs in the air;
His mane tickles my face.
His whiskers quiver with anticipation
As I straighten.
Excitement crackles through the air
And I wordlessly give him the command.
A surge of power explodes beneath me
And we fly.

I lift my face to greet the Wind.
She rushes past my ears,
Roaring like fierce Waters
That dare to be challenged;
Throws my hair behind me.
We race.
Hooves pound,
Churning up the soft Earth
As She flashes by.
We create a drumbeat
To the music around us.
A beautiful noise
In the hushed world
Of a language built in silence.

A passion flows
Through our veins;
A bond
Unbroken.
A wild heart
Untamed.
A burning Flame
That will never die.

Entry #8

Magic

One night as I turned
My gaze upon the sky,
Enraptured in magnificent burning bright,
A spectacular thing
Took place before my eyes.

The great fiery sun
That set the sky ablaze with light
Had turned her lovely face below
And barely out of sight.

Yet in her place of great majestic awe
The clouds turned dim
And vanished in the night
As a tranquil peace
Swept 'cross the stretch of sky.

While here the moon arose
With soft and silent glow;
So gentle and so shy
As she sweeps her restful gaze
Across earth's still and soundless state.

Her face pale
As a small, frail flower;
Her presence hushed
Like that of falling snow;
Her stance serene
Yet boasts of power;
The vault of the heavens is her home.

A spark of light;
A shooting star
Streaks through the silent night,
And as it fades
Still more appear
That twinkle far and bright.

On silent wings
That brush the night
An owl floats
In dim starlight.
The moon shines down

Upon my face

Entry #8

As only one thing I can think:

In all the world
If magic did exist,
'Twould only be on a night
As divine and grand as this.

Time.
A mysterious thing.
Constant, yet changing.
It passes as I blink;
Slips through my fingers;
Moves steadily onward.

Time.
A thing set in stone.
Invisible, yet consuming.
It changes everything;
Brings laughter;
Creates heartache.

Time.
An intangible element.
Known, yet not understood.
It leaves its mark;
Breaks down mountains;
Builds up dynasties.

Time.
An unvarying principle.

Like oxygen, yet has no formula.
It is unrelenting;
Continues on without us;
Has no pity.

Time.

Entry #8

An exciting unknown.
Beautiful, yet unseen.
It offers adventure;
Experiences yet to happen;
Another mark yet to make.