

*My Beloved Horse is in this World No More*

I can't hide my heart  
I cannot stop asking what is grief?  
Is it sadness?  
Is it loss?  
There is a strange frenzy in my head.  
What are these feelings?  
Quit being sad I hear myself and the blessings dropping all around me  
What are these feelings?  
Emotions bubbling up from where?  
When he died  
I held his still warm body in my arms  
So soft he lay  
His legs poised as if in flight across the grassy meadow  
Or perhaps soaring in flight with his new wings  
Death.  
The winds of change can be ruthless  
Tearing my clothes and whipping my hair in such a frenzy that I cannot see truth  
Truth that death is a gift  
A transition.  
Beloved  
I hold him as he would never allow me before  
My face pressed against his nose  
Fragrant, familiar  
The exquisite scent of him  
Wild and glorious  
Joshua!  
With his chiseled jaw  
No more to search my pockets  
To tease me with his searching, inquisitive ways  
for the treat that is always found.  
Grief comes stalking before and after death  
Not during  
Death is silent.  
This phenomenal cage of thoughts plague me  
Did I do the right thing?  
Taking his breath away  
Deciding for him  
If he lives or dies?  
To live blind  
Stumbling  
As I do

And I can see!  
Bestow me with his grace  
His wisdom  
Did he choose death?  
Was it his wish I heard?  
Parting his mane in my hands  
I tie the clutches of wild sage  
The custom of ancestors  
Showing me the way  
To honour  
And protect  
the sacredness of Him.  
The yawn of time  
20 years  
Where are they now?  
The time we spent together?  
My guiding light  
Joshua means 'saviour'  
Indeed my Beloved  
He saved me  
Countless times  
We took turns he and I  
Saving each other  
This time my sweet sweet horse  
I didn't save you  
I killed you  
He stares at me now from a frame across the room  
What can stay hidden?  
Guilt?  
I set it free  
Leave me be!  
I shed you as I shed the tears that drip from my blazing eyes  
Why?  
Why? I shriek to the sky, the trees, the Earth  
My words echo in the cold, clean air  
Silence.  
The wind whistles through the wooden arms stretched to the heavenly sky  
The trunks rasp in the frozen white world.  
My beloved horse  
Thunders this frozen world no more  
My heart breaks with the answer  
Trust  
Trust myself

Trust that I made the right decision  
Quiet  
Like  
The  
Snow  
Soft  
On  
Me.  
Grief.  
Never hide your heart.  
Let it bleed  
Bleed out the pain  
The prison, the poison  
Housecleaning the cobwebs of my heart  
To soar  
In joy  
Like You,  
I can't hide my heart

Written by Julie E. Melton  
Toronto, Canada