

Louis / Verna Hill

A horse rider, Louis rides over the lush fall pasture every dawn; there is only him.
He wears a large brimmed hat and re-seats himself well on the little single-footed roan colored mare, stepping lightly over the morning dew.

Louis never changes his gait. He trots.
He gazes at the tall grass as the horse's foot parts the stalks of the dry goldenrod, hardly moving up and down the saddle.
"Such a morn," he says.

His good friend says Louis is Balmy;
my husband, a good God-fearing man
says Louis is the smartest horse-rider in the world.
We accept Louis like all animal lovers,
with the faith of a new birth each spring.

Louis has never fallen off.
There, in his old coat and black boots,
he survives season upon season, the comings and leavings
of grasses and clover, and the promise of snows
drifting high and low, like fences, like fables.