Bird-watching on Horseback

Harmonious partners. The rhythm was good.
Connected, in balance, we wound through the wood.
Cerulean sky arced above, and below
We patterned symmetrical tracks in the snow.
Wielding binoculars, searching for signs
Of birds that inhabit the snow laden pines.
We entered a meadow in one fluid sweep
Gliding through snow that was drifted and deep…
Just then
In the hedgerow,
my pony caught sight
Of two dozen mourning doves lifting to flight
Four dozen wings whistled as they caught air
Two dozen doves saying "we're outta there".
As large clods of snow from the underbrush tumbled
My mount had a meltdown, his sanity crumbled,
And giving response to that sudden commotion,
He yielded to instinct and panicked emotion,
And launched himself airborne in one mighty bound,
Reversing our course without touching the ground.
His pony mind spinning with horrors and gore
He saw in each bird an evolved dinosaur!
Some sudden reversal in their evolved courses
Might make them a species that preyed upon horses!
Dancing and wheeling, acutely psychotic.
His mindless compulsion to run was neurotic.
For the rest of the ride, well he just wasn't sure
Snorting. Suspicious. "Well, what if there's more?"
We made it home safely, that much I recall
I gave Fancy supper, put him in his stall
Next time I go birding, such peace I will find,
For I'll hike out on foot and leave Fancy behind.

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