

When I am an old horsewoman
I shall wear turquoise and diamonds
And a straw hat that doesn't suit me.
I shall spend my social security on white wine and Carrots
And sit in the alleyway of my barn
And listen to the horses breathing.
I will sneak out in the middle of a summer's night
And ride the old sorrel gelding
Across the moonstruck meadows
If my old bones will allow.
And when people come to call
I'll smile and nod
As I walk past the garden to the barn
And show instead the flower
Growing inside the stalls fresh lined with straw.
I will shovel and sweat and wear hay
In my hair as if it were a jewel
And I will be an embarrassment to all
Who will not yet find the peace of being free
To have a horse be their best friend
A friend who waits at midnight hour
With muzzle and nicker and patient eyes
For the kind of old woman I will be
When I am old.

Author Unknown