

Seriously...

i am trying to explain to him that i need to ride the horse because i crave control *a concept* yes *an illusion* sure but to allow him to take his slender fingers and grip the reigns and steer this thing clap it's belly to say good job is just too much for me brushing its hair and feeding it apples like it owns it working it to a thirsty stump without asking the horse if it's had enough what sights *it* wants to see maybe it wants gluten free oats but you never stopped to think that for once if you just let (it) *me* hold the leather in my hands to sweat and decide what branches (it) *i* want to ride under just **one time i'd like to pick the berries that go into my mouth!**

this was never about horses was it? he asks and men continue to watch my hooves rot and think *just one more trot the air will do you good* we know what's best