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The Red White and Blue Pony

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Abstract
always disappeared behind a barn

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always disappeared behind a barn
or haystack just before Susan looked,
stretching up to see from the car window,
but her teasing sisters always saw it.
Susan looked hard, really wanted
a glimpse but was just too late.

Now wrinkled with white hair
and unsteady walk, she has worked
in Eastern Europe, has seen the Three
Rivers Dam in China, geyser fields
in Iceland, ancient icons at
the Hermitage Museum in Russia
questing for the hidden magic
of the red white and blue pony
always just beyond the next rise.

One explorer wanted only a glimpse
of a snow leopard in the Himalayas
and settled for seeing the blue sheep.
Others seek a Grand Unified Theory
or the perfect jewel of language.
Only the search matters. Even
an imaginary pony or apocryphal
chalice can give you the world.