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Doughboy and Jenny

Donna L. Emerson

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Doughboy and Jenny

By Donna L. Emerson

Our summer horses, five-gaited
warm-bloods. Alert, easy to ride.

They brought us through tumbling
orchards, woods too lumpy to walk,
narrow paths beside Campbell Creek.

Gave us words like forelock, withers,
coronet, fetlock, sixteen hands tall.

Horseshoeing, everybody standing around
talking while Grandpa scraped and tapped.

Doughboy, powdery white, his head
held high. Jenny, a cedar-brown Morgan.
Smooth, supple skin to lean into,

blood moving through all the time,
and through us too, being there, especially
when Doughboy rolled over during our ride

or got behind Jenny when she was in heat.
We had to jump off fast to the left

for their commotion scrambling, scooting
in dusty grass to avoid bruising
and at least stop laughing.