

## Gathering with horses

some days, the moments arrive  
like odors wrapped in sun-light--  
burnt carmel fades--  
a time or place when you felt  
the world had stopped and let you in,  
into those special areas  
left for magic and gods and faerie.  
These moments,  
now memories,  
bring tears.  
thinking back  
did I give  
the attention  
deserved.

1996 BJFR