




A Horse to Love


By Pat Lessie Art by Bonnie Leick

I ride the  bus to  school each day.




I pass the same  horse on my way.



At times he's outdoors eating  grass

beside a rail  fence when I pass.



But when he's standing in his  shed,

then I see just his  neck and  head.


The  horse is spotted  gray on  white.


His  ears and  mane and  tail are light.


I'd like to take the  horse a treat,

a  carrot or some  fruit to eat.

I'd like to pat his  ears and  nose,

and rub his  neck. Do you suppose

I'll have a  horse when I am grown?

A spotted  horse to love? My own?