

I Am Donkey



I am donkey.
In the day I pull carts filled with the scent of my
favourite foods as my master hits me with his long black
stick
But at night I am sent to my stall where I lay, on the
cold, damp stone floor
And I dream.

I dream I am the horse of the Western USA
With my coat as grey as smoke like a shadow escaping the light of the day.

I dream I am the free horse standing on the mountain,
Black and white stripes dissolving my small body as I stand on the point of
the steep cliff
Staring down at the dots who own the world

I dream I am the free race horse standing at 18 hands tall,
Everyone cheering as I and my partner finish the race,
My black as midnight coat drenched with itchy sweat.

I dream I am the queen of the forest and the head of my herds
As we roam the forest land searching for long wet grass - my favourite.
The only thing I like more is the wind blowing my white as snow mane and
my golden brown chest

I dream I am the horse famously known for my gold silk coat which shows me
right as I love nothing more than to dress up and win a dressage competition,
And at the end my proud partner treats me with a bright orange carrot.

I dream I run through the beach, a ghost in the moonlight, my ears peaked
together jumping over the largest rocks I can find
Imagining that one day I will find my family who will ride with me.

I dream I am the horse from the hot land of Peru,
My owner galloping up a sparkling forest with my beautiful blond mane flying
in wind
And feeling like I'm running on a cloud.

I tell you my dreams so you can dream with me