

## **Just My Pony and Me—by Brittany Marie Molenaar**

Sailing down that creek, on my rig giddy jig, just my pony and me. Against Ma and Pa, we cut out and ran, out to the edge of those here woods, with as many snacks as we could: all the better than that here world we'd see. With a goggle and a simper, we gave them a once-over, with lumps in the hay under their sacks. With a twinkly eye, despite their gawk and their glower, upon a droll adventure, did we. A brisk breeze is better, nor the waterway bitter, never has the sun smiled so bright. Overhead, on the morn, that we've stolen away—like a thief in the night we ran—the raven flaps overhead. He, too, flew the coop in insubordinate ways, to see the sights, far too ready to steal. The gentle mist cheers us on, and it pecks at both our cheeks, while we listen to Missus Cockatoo's song: no better day was there gladder, nor a snack eaten of butter and cheese. Until, out like a shot, like a demon so hot, rolled those old rapids, bubbly white. We were thrown-tempest-tossed, against those biting-piercing rocks, just my pony and me. Hand over hoof, over set and turned over, shrewd were the quick-witted and acrid, did we plead. Upon boulders and stones where our rig spit us out, our raft was torn into splintery bits, while we dipped up and down, over and over, just like our mamma's black tea. While wheeling and peeling, twisting foot-over-head, above and then under, no way to tell; swirling and twirling, not upstream or down, almighty father, did we meet the devil and the deep blue sea, just my pony and me.