

My Forest

By Suzy Hopkins

The mulch is soft beneath my horse's hooves. The murmuring breath of the forest has the sweet smell of pine needles. I look up to the towering green splendor of ancient trees standing guard over centuries of silence.

I avoid looking through the trees at the vulgar mansions built where we are no longer allowed to ride our horses. Their money bought walls where huge fields of vivid wildflowers had grown.

My forest bears witness to my brief passage through corridors of time. It will never know my grief for the loss of its beauty.

Sadly, the remaining forest I love will be gone, soon. Other riders will not be able to say 'my forest.'

Never again.