

Pony Rides

By Barbara Wilton - 2022

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In the weekend my dad takes me out
To a place where I can ride about.
I borrow the same pony each time
And start to think of him as mine.

We know each other really well
He likes my voice and my smell.
He whinnies gently when I first arrive
And nuzzles my pocket for the treat inside.

It's like a deal that we both know
A carrot for him, then riding we go.
He bends his head to let me scratch
And then we open the stall latch.

Out he comes with eager eyes
Ready to work with someone my size.
The big girls put the saddle on
Dad says thanks and we are gone.

Slowly we walk along the lane
My dad holding the leading rein.
For now, I'm happy just to hold tight
When I'm bigger I'll hold the reins right.

I'll take the reins and can be sure
He'll walk anywhere and feel secure,
Because I have learnt it's all about trust
Just between the two of us.

He expects me to behave a certain way
And if I do, he does what I say.
If I say 'Go' he'll step right out.
If I say 'Stop' he's in no doubt.

Know your pony and treat him well
When both are happy you can tell.
Showing your pony some respect
Is spending time you won't regret.