

The Untamed Stallion

By Jo McInnes

It was an untamed stallion that walked the horizon, a beauty beyond belief, a spirit wild at heart, unspoiled by man's greed.

Only in dreams could man touch this horse. A horse so bold that even the talked up horseman could not catch less train.

A horse who's spirit washed through the gum laden creek and who's haste rustled the leaves of the trees.

A prize for all men to admire, a gift from heaven, he would be owned by none.

He was bold and risked freedom to show himself – majestic, taunting us all with his beauty.

I remember the night well, it's a story I love to tell ...

Hoofs beating like thunder he made his midnight flit to seduce our mares. Chanting and squealing, his gallantry sent them wild. The timbers barely holding their excitement as their energy teased the boundaries.

The roar of his manhood was luring and drove us from our dreams where alas we had the black stallion in our keep.

Our waking to the truth was to witness the flame of his eye as he struck the fences down and our dreams shattered into the realness of a nightmare as the girls one by one jumped the broken rails and followed this heavenly creature into the dark.

All that was left was the waft of their parting, slapping us in the face and the dampness on our feet, mud pressing into our toes as we stood cold and helpless.

Heads sunken to our chests we begrudgingly retreated to the warmth of the kitchen.

Silently, we gathered around the wood stove. Opening the door, father knelt wiping an eye, hoping to be unnoticed. He blew on the fading embers hoping to ignite the fire that faintly crackled, the fire a mirror of his heart, longing to be ignited.

He threw a handful of dried gum leaves and exhaled his breath, the puff blowing ashes in to his wooly brow. The aroma of the eucalypt stirred my senses. I pondered on his loss.

Fathers prized mares, gone. His heart broken again! Mother had passed only last spring and it was his love of the horse that kept him sane.

We sat around the kitchen table filling our bellies with tea, scratching more patterns into the timber top, I could hear mother's voice – "stop ruining my table", slapping me with a tea towel. I sighed.

Dawn broke and the fields looked like a valley of diamonds as the sun glistened on the dew.

Not a word had been spoken and the silence was deafening.

Then a crash and a screeching whale in the yard threw us off our chairs as we scrambled to see what now.

There he was proud and glowing his eye met fathers. It was man to man, a knowing, a thank you to each other.

The mares all counted stood gracefully with an inner glow as they helped themselves to their morning hay.

In a flash he was up on his haunches and let go a mighty belo, he spun, his wild mane streaming and charged the horizon where he stood looking down upon his victory.

Fathers heart was now alight his eyes twinkled with joy. His herd would be doubling this spring much to his delight. And to mum I said "Thank you"

He looked upon the untamed stallion with new respect and love, a friendship had been made, a deal had been done.

No man need catch nor taunt this horse his heart was pure and free. He paid his dues and cost us non and pleasurable it was to see.

It was a win for him and a win for us and no longer shall we dream. Instead we shall lay our heads knowing that the untamed stallion runs free.