

## *Mystique*

By Ashley Erb

She gallops across the wind-blown

Sand dunes

Her tail flipped carelessly  
Over her back as if holding  
A flag to show all who near  
I stand and watch waiting

Waiting

Until she trots back

Her nostrils flared

She nuzzles me for comfort  
That is when I find myself

Lost

Lost so deep in her eyes  
The color of chocolate  
The dish of her face  
The curve of her ears  
The flaring of her nostrils  
I stand there watching  
Watching as she trots off  
Floating in an elegant dance

I watch until I am lost

In her mystique

But wait

This can't be real

I think

I will remember her scent

Her eyes

And her face

Until I see her in my sleep

When the dark has

Overcome me