

My Treasure

by Jubilee Nordwall

He stands, facing the eastern breeze, nostrils flaring, taking in the desert scent. His dark tail, thick and flowing, sails high in the wind.

A desert gust blows back the long silky mane revealing a beautiful, sculpted neck.

Those dark, soulful windows into his mind, eyes, glow and spark with dancing flames as he gazes into the heavens.

A gentle, warm zephyr caresses every hair of his glistening coat.

He is the Arabian, King of the Eastern Desert, Treasure of the Bedouins, a hidden gem in a desolate barren land... My friend.

As I stand, enraptured by his unforgettable beauty, in awe of his magnificent splendor, he breaks free from his statuesque stance, sauntering over to where my shadow falls.

Greeting me with a look of gentle love and softly blowing upon my face, his velvet soft muzzle sweetly caresses my forehead.

My richest treasure nuzzles my ears, exhaling in an affectionate whisper. Finally, with sigh he rests his delicate head on my shoulder.

We stand together, wrapped in this loving embrace, the eyes of the world not turned upon us.

Above, the sky is blue and cloudless, the warm gentle breeze, soft and enticing.

The girl, her horse, dark hair mixed with fair, standing together. Thin arms wrapped around an arched neck, small shoulders cradle the stunning horse's beautiful head.

She slips onto his strong back and together they turn and canter off, strong muscles rippling, arid winds blowing through two thick manes. The evening sun glows around the silhouettes of the girl and horse: perfect harmony, unbounded grace, two spirits set free.

In the distance she hears "Jubilee, please tell the class the square root of two hundred fifty six, JUBILEE?" From the back of the classroom come whispers and giggles, "Daydreaming about horses, again!"

The smell of eraser and chalk replaces the smells of desert and horse... Painfully returning to reality, I yearn for the moment I can retreat to my Arabian treasure...

Gazing off into the desert, knowing she will return, He is waiting.