Chasing white horses

by: Sharni Wilson

Willful as the breeze, I walk to find a secluded spot. In the grassy open, people walking far off are known, I can name each one—mothers and children, men. The ancient croft, the huge hewn stones, bursts of new green. Wind soughs through trees and grass, birds chipiting.

I find a good spot to get my notebook out. Over the old leaning wooden bench, lichen fur splotches into a coat. Hoicked back into the cradle of the laidback seat, feet swinging childlike in the air off its high edge. My coffee cup brimful of brew, proper brew plunger'd, to prop on a rock. A sudden loud snort from behind, turning to see a white horse grazing in a field.

Remembering white horses seen from the backseat of childhood as we drove past, the rare sight snatched at with a 'white horse white horse give me good luck, one, two, three'. Then look away and don't look back. Sibling rivals straining eyes for the next.

I squint at the page. The tarp bap-bapping in the breeze hides the deep pond children are warned away from—no one knows how deep exactly, it could be fathoms like the loch. A nodding sapling, absurdly devoid of side branches on top, stretches up to the sky as if trying to win a height contest. I write in the notebook to find seclusion, to sound the loch's depths, to see the white horse.

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