

View from a Rider and a Horse



The desert sure is lovely this morning, just look at that vast desert with the mountains in the background and those cactus blossoms over there. Sure am glad we decided to come out early. Everything seems so much fresher at the beginning of a new day. And what a way to see all this country, on the back of a horse. Can't help but think that the first people to come this way did so in just this manner. Come to think of it, the desert hasn't changed all that much over the past few centuries meaning that I'm seeing what those first folks saw. Gives one a spiritual connection to all those who have preceded us. It doesn't get any better than this!

Come on now pick up the pace a bit. We've got some territory to cover. Ho down now; that's fast enough.

Ho there again. Why did you suddenly crow hop sideways like that. They're just a couple of Gamble Quail. Big boy like you shouldn't spook over a few birds. Let's settle

down now. Keep your head straight and walk at a good pace.

Sun's getting a bit high, so I guess we should head back before it gets too hot. You OK with that my friend? But it's been nice, hasn't it? I've had a good time and I hope you have as well. Sharing a lovely morning ride in partnership with a horse is hard to beat. Don't you agree?

More of the same ol desert/mountain scenery I've been seeing for years; B-O-R-I-N-G! Why do these human types get so ga-ga over vistas like these anyway? And why in the hell did we have to go on such an early ride? I hadn't even finished my morning hay. Most unthoughtful if you ask me.

And how long have we been transporting folks like these from here to there and back? My dad and his dad and his dad's dad, etc, all say that this has been going on for as long as any of them can remember. On well, maybe that gives us equine types a purpose for being here. I probably should just let it go at that, and try to enjoy myself. At least I'm out of my paddock for awhile.

Now how can I enjoy myself if my rider can't make up his mind how fast he wants to go. "Pick up the pace, trot, slow down", he's said over and over a gazillion times already.

Can you believe this guy? He gets ticked cause I jump at a bunch of birds flying off. Doesn't he know that a reflex scurrying out of the way of things is how we equines have survived since the ice age? Although I must admit that I often wonder why we bothered.

Thank heavens we're heading back. This guy says it's because it'll start to get hot. Wimp. The heat is not all that bad today, but I'd like to get back before Henry, my Tennessee Walker paddock partner, eats all the hay. Henry can sure eat for small horse.

I guess all in all it's not been a bad outing. The guy riding me is OK; better than most. There's a lot worse things I could be doing than sharing a lovely morning ride in partnership with an OK rider.

