

Thriving

By Emma Frankenger

My horse's hooves thud against the wet sand,
There is precision in every jump we land.

I feel a rising happiness

Knowing we have secured one more round,
This pushes my nerves far out of bound.

I whisper, "Just one more round to go."

Now waiting to hear my name,

I'm calm and focussed on my game;

Together we are symmetry.

My competitors' prove with commendable rides,

It could be hard to make it into the winning tides.

My name is called;

I step into the ring confident, knowing this can be mine.

We are successful; our first place ribbon creates a shine;

My horse and I, together we thrive.