What Matters

It's the horse that grazes, unaware, framed by a long green pasture, narrowing toward the flank of the mountain that changes color like water in light.

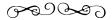
It's the horse alone among the apple trees gnarled by age and wind. And evenings, the barn light framed by the shapeless dark where inside warm mash

waits, seasoned with apples. It's the sonorous echo of her chewing, soft as footfalls on the barn floor scoured smooth by work and time.

It's these things real and imagined as I pass her twice a day, in the paddock or the pasture—framed by mountain, by sky,

by all in the world that goes wrong. Her head dips ground-ward as she nuzzles the dark earth.

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