Retired

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This morning’s walk was the same old walk past Tower Field, the ash trees behind the left field fence nearly bare now and the ground littered with yellow leaves, wet and shiny after last night’s rain. The horses were the same two horses that have been grazing in the green pasture for as long as I can remember, a dun colored gelding and a bay stallion with a white forehead blaze. They looked as if they were ready to go on parade, their wet hides having been groomed all night by the rain. As I came up to where they stood in the southwest corner of the field, they reached their heads over the wire fence to smell me, so close my face touched the head of the bay. Their nostrils were large and quivering and their eyes were full of dole. I wondered what it was like to stand in a field for ten years with nothing to do but graze and watch the seasons pass. I scratched their noses briefly, murmured words of condolence, then bent to push up the middle strand of fence wire and climbed into the pasture.