

ANYONE THERE?

by Vicky Berry

“I will love you and take you to my barn oh so warm,
you’ll be pampered and cared for and no longer forelorn.

For you see people know that you aren’t a machine,

You’re a magnificent creature of beauty serene”
so I’ll wait til that person whoever it may be comes over to where I am laying and wants me.

The truck came up, I barely could see for it’s numb you become at minus 3 degree
But the hands that cojoked me and asked me to rise

Were warm and seemed to assess my scary demise.
There were two that I noticed with murmurs soft and low.

They gave me a blanket and urged me to go aboard the trailer that waited for me in the snow.

They didn’t say much just led me to the door where I walked on the trailer onto the wooden floor.

The engine it sputtered it made such a sound that I thought in no time I would be back on the ground

but the whole thing started moving and I braced against the wall
and found hay in a net that I munched, munched it all.

The trailer stopped moving I debarked tired and stumbled

and was led to a barn to a stall oh so humble.
No frills or gold were lined on this wall
but to me it was home it was the best barn of all.

I am so grateful so happy it feels good to be loved
Central New England Rescue was sent to me from above. *

That's what we do...here at the Rescue.

It’s cold outside the night has come
I haven’t a blanket ..nowhere to run
from the bitter blizzard that is on its way
to cover the land and bury the day.
There isn’t a thing that my little heart can do
to avoid the cold, the wet and ague
I whinney and neigh but no one can hear
I’m alone and all wet and no one cares I fear
So I guess I’ll just be quiet and lay down right here
A little horse doesn’t stand much of a chance
from the elements that happen at the weather’s happen-
stance.
My owner was so fun, she used to laugh and play
but then one day she just went away.
She didn’t say goodbye never gave me a hint
that I would be living like this for a stint
she didn’t notice that I had not water or grain
she didn’t seem to care that I looked a bit in pain.
The bark didn’t hold much nutrition I know
but it satisfied the craving of chewing below.
There isn’t much left for me to do..my friends are all
gone
Their owners took them home..the paint and the appy
even the little fawn.



The Arabian was my best friend for he loved to play
We ran and we galloped all morning, all day
They are all gone and I stand here alone
A bit worn and tattered and a lot forelorn
I wonder what I did what wrong I committed
to be left so alone so forgotten so defeated.
I know you think that horses don’t feel
but we do you know we know when you’re mean.
We love and we nurture we feel pain oh so keen.
Tis a dark cold night I am here by myself
not a friend I can call to, not a mortal in sight
I don’t know what to do maybe lay and just wait
for a loving stranger to come here and state:

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