

Where Dreams Come True

Sub Category: Disabilities Poem

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*I saw a boy who couldn't walk,
And a little girl who couldn't talk.
As a child I ran through fields of hay,
On a horse called Daisy Mae.*

*My heart was aching deep inside,
If only these two kids could ride.
I heard they used, for PTSD,
Furry friends for therapy.*

*If this young boy, who couldn't stand,
Could sit on a horse and feel so grand.
The therapy for this boys pride,
Would show in time, within his ride.*

*The little girl, who couldn't talk,
Would squeal when that horse would walk.
Her smile would be a gift of awe,
In parents that, had seen it all.*

*I found a place, fit just for them,
Their futures are no longer grim.
A place that eased the moments pain,
A place that's called, "High Lonesome," reigns.*