To ride in Winter means
The winds of heaven
Course through our common heart;
Hooves strike the frozen ground,
Yet, lovely as a snowflake,
She treads above
The cold of earth;
And comfort there is,
Comfort in the brown sides, warm.

Spring:--her daintiness
Matches the unfolding freshness
Of new leaves;
Running from the pasture at my call,
She brings joy,--
Joy like the onrush of green,
Spreading now over the gray earth
With gladness.

Astride, Summer sunlight
Patterns the leaf surfaces
Into forms not seen on foot;
The graceful shapes
Like the rhythm of her flowing body,
Stirred by a soft breeze;
Each unduplicated,
Suffused by summer's rich fulfillment.

Yet would I name her
For the Autumn;
October's red-brown promise;
Her coat plain-leaf russet,
With no flash of white;
Like oak, then, strong, and the burnish
Of the acorn history, chestnut:
Rich splendor of earth's harvest.

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