

# Homeward

by Frederick Smock

Our car stuck in a snow-bank,  
we set out walking toward the light  
of a farmhouse, a few fields away.  
We jumped a creek, climbed a fence.  
In a middle field, a horse approached,  
nodding and nodding her sweet  
slow head, as if she saw our trouble  
and what we needed to make it right.  
In the hot circle of her breath,  
we stroked her long sleek nose,  
warming our hands. We breathed in  
the hay-barn scent of her skin.  
We ran our palms over her withers,  
a broad smooth run like a ski-trail  
on a mountain ridge, the snow  
we needed to sail us homeward.