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## Watching Her Ride At Our Ranch In Tuscon, Arizona

Mindae Kadous  
*St. John Fisher College*

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### **Cover Page Footnote**

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## MINDAE KADOUS

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### WATCHING HER RIDE AT OUR RANCH IN TUCSON, ARIZONA

Wearing my dust stained red boots,  
with my jeans tucked in,  
my leather belt with a horse on the buckle,  
a black shirt,  
and the purple and white cowboy hat  
that my mom bought me at the rodeo—

From our stable's  
two cold steel bars  
with just enough room for me  
to weave through  
and hold on . . .  
I remember watching my mom ride—

Magic  
his silky burnt orange coat  
painting the sunset,  
his white marked hooves  
flashing through the kaleidoscopes of colors  
sparkling off the dust scattering around her,  
looking like him—  
Magic

Hours and hours  
holding on,  
I'd watch her ride . . .  
every night looking the same—  
purple shades of mountains  
and the feeling of dirt on my skin,  
not like sand that brushed off  
under the same pale blue sky  
smeared with oranges, reds and pinks  
stretching out the space around me—

Smells of warm air and soft wind  
playing with my hat,  
relaxing my excited heart—  
I'd sit for hours just like this,  
watching her disappear over the hills.