

# The Color of Pebbles

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I saw a girl on a horse, once

Her hair was a heavy steel gray, and then red, and then black

She moved the animals ahead of her, and they moved because she wanted them to move, and there was no force in it, only wanting

She was old, and her touch held such wisdom that it put babies to sleep, but she was young and rode wildly and she rode fast, or maybe she rode in her own time, ripely

All around her was the color of pebbles,

She could smell water

And sometimes no one could find her at all

