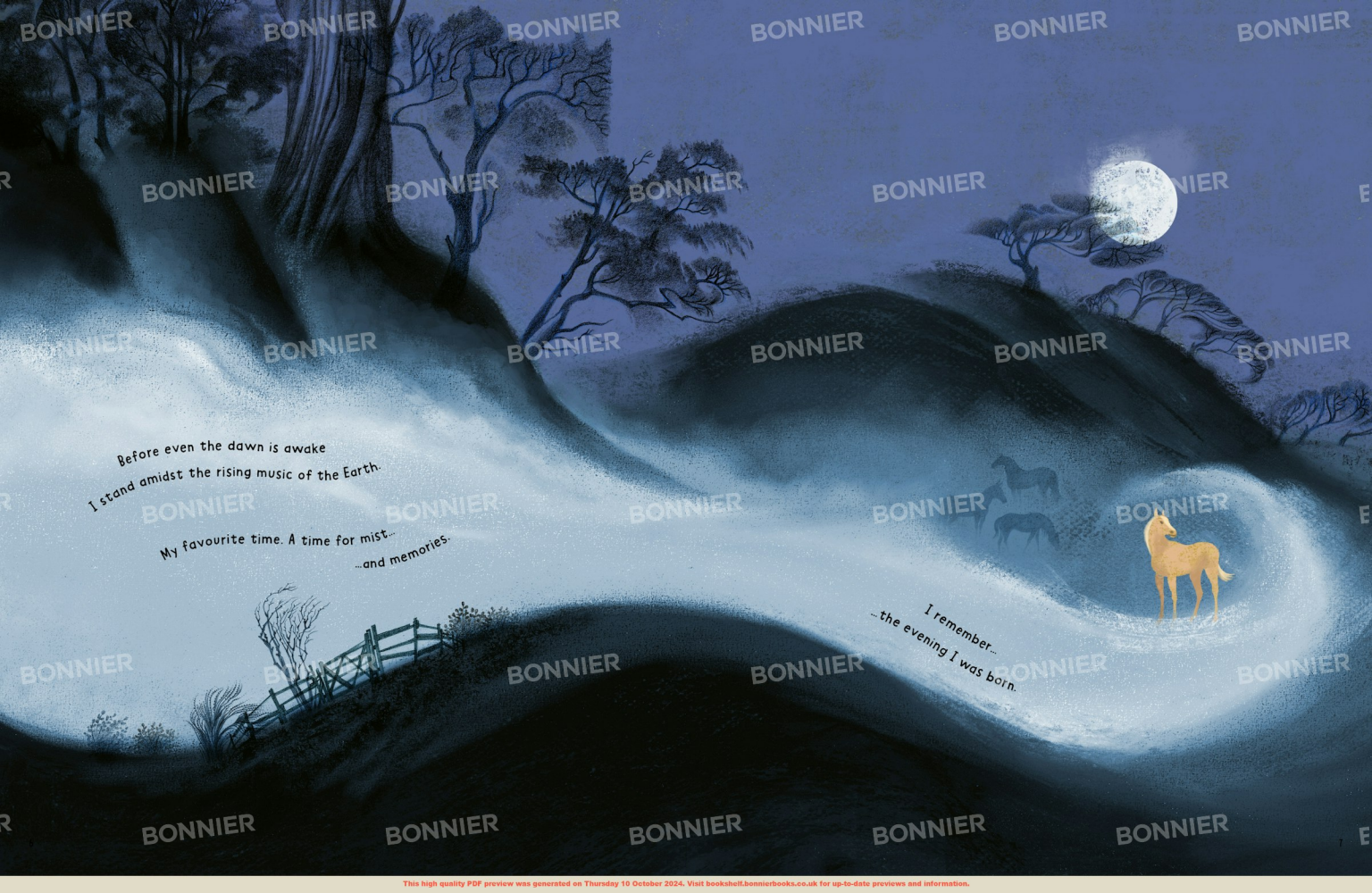


GRAHAME
BAKER-SMITH

DAWN HORSE

FOUR HORSE TALES
THROUGH TIME

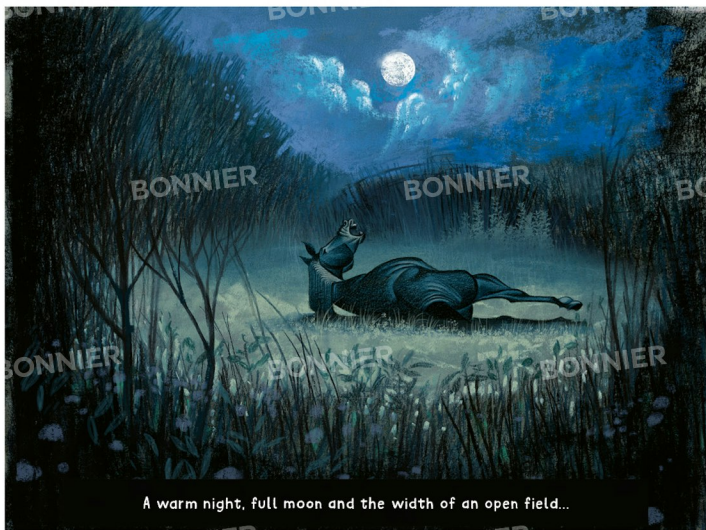
COVER NOT
FINAL



Before even the dawn is awake
I stand amidst the rising music of the Earth.

My favourite time. A time for mist...
...and memories.

I remember...
...the evening I was born.

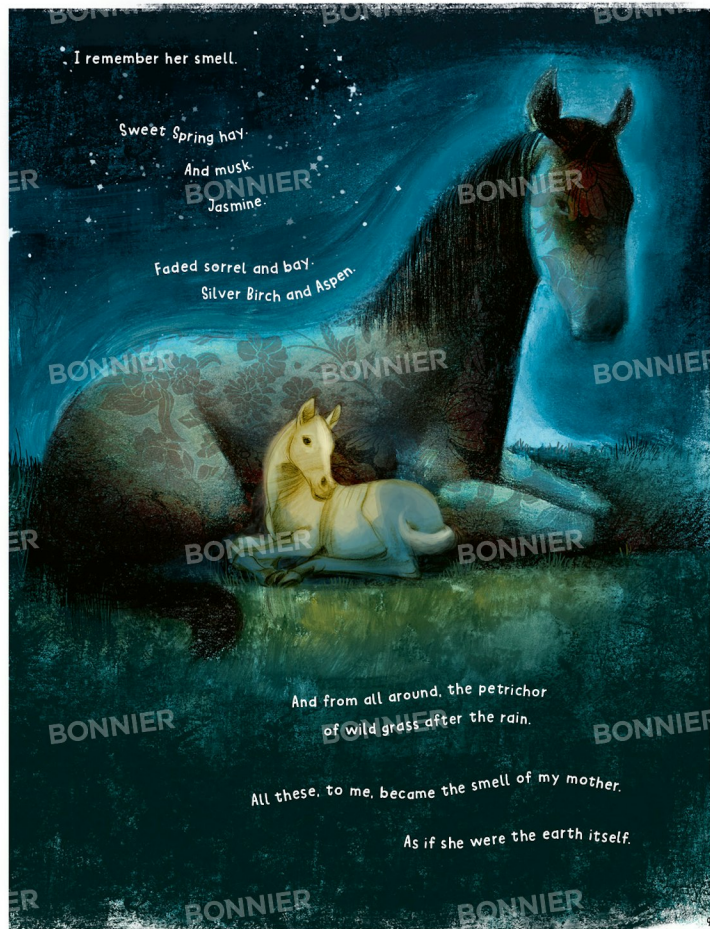


A warm night, full moon and the width of an open field...



No stable walls confined my first cry.

The warm, watery restraint of my mother gave way
to an expanse of sky and a riot of scent.



I remember her smell.

Sweet Spring hay

And musk

Jasmine.

Faded sorrel and bay.

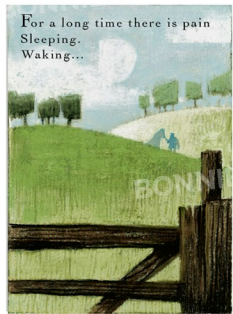
Silver Birch and Aspen.

And from all around, the petrichor
of wild grass after the rain.

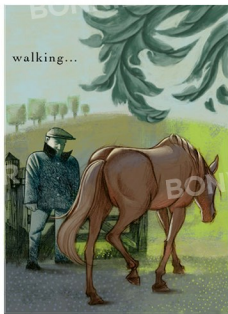
All these, to me, became the smell of my mother.

As if she were the earth itself.

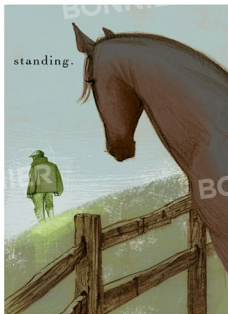
For a long time there is pain
Sleeping...
Waking...



walking...



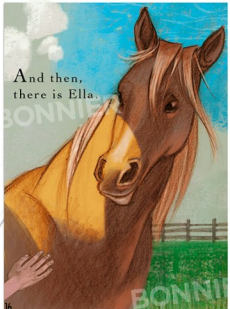
standing.



But the earth is soft now beneath my hooves.
Soothing...
Like a mother's care.



And then,
there is Ella.



Ella loved the Earth as I did.
She eased my pain.
We went exploring.
Beautystruckwonderwalking.
I hadn't seen my mother
for a long time.
But now...
she seemed to be everywhere.



And I wondered...
is she Ella's mother too?

