



GRAHAME  
BAKER-SMITH

# DAWN HORSE

FOUR HORSE TALES  
THROUGH TIME

COVER NOT  
FINAL





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.