

THE FIRST TOUCH

Smiling, I looked through the bars of the pen, excited to see,
A prospect, with one ear half - cocked, cautiously peering at me.

He didn't look too bad, fair conformation, with cow horse possibilities,
I walked through the gate, to make introduction, and to shoot the breeze.

All was quiet-pleasantly serene - as I strolled into the round pen,
He was like a slumbering badger, before being pulled from his den.

Nothing separated us, for just a moment, and then as quick as a flash,
A black forest arose - the colt vamoosed, in a streak and a dash.

Briars and brush now remaining - wild animals and spooks ruled,
Milling the round pen, in a frantic panic, his mind greatly fooled.

He'll have nothing to do with me - the good guy, no sir ree bob,
I poured the coals to the fire, fanning the flames - to disrupt the hob.

I chop away at the mental brush with my rope - for him to break though,
If he only knew me as I truly am - my oh my, what must I do?

Pressing on, I search for a way on, lest he never amount to much,
There were many like him before - now long gone - that resisted my touch.

My rope cuts through the forest, lighting fire and life to his pace,
He moves out, but you can still see the tightness - a strain on his face.

He decides to attack - charging - not ready to give without a fight,
I block him with a blow of my coils, sending him off to the far right.

In one direction, and then the other, I push to break through the thick briar,
A few more times around - no slowing down - when will he begin to tire?

Then I catch a slight glimpse of softness, a yielding, and a lick of the lip,
I take a step back, giving room and rest - there he relaxes, dropping his hip.

As quick as it had come, the forest disappeared, leaving pure open range,
Gone are the spooks and the forest - oh so glad - it's a welcomed change.

Is this the same panther, that fought for his life to begin with? _____
A man - hating bronc - abhorring the touch - now just a myth? _____

I fought through the resistance - my sacrifice - in hope he would break
through,
A fierce battle, to save him from the slaughter - that's what good masters do.

Now I understand tough love - a firm response - the extended hand of my
heavenly boss,
Jesus Christ's death set me free from my briars - through the work of
Cavalry' s cross.

He makes a way for us - to break through the black forest - our mental
crutch,
He clears the path, so we can respect, know his love, and experience His first
touch.

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