

## A Wenlo Volunteer

A walk or a trot  
An RDA rider or a small child  
It doesn't matter - at least not to me  
Just running by a horse  
I start to feel free

I looked to the child  
Atop the horse  
And then I smiled;  
I didn't know what they were thinking  
Just that they were happy  
And with that I found myself content

I watch the rider  
Sitting confident, up high,  
They're smiling too  
As fragile enjoyment gives way to true pleasure  
For that, I'd run forever

I watch their pleasure  
As they pat the horse,  
Happy beyond the measure,  
Of my paltry smile,  
But for a while, at least,  
Their happiness leaks towards me