**Where to Bury Your Horse**

**Gene W. Wood**

**February 15, 1998**

***At 10:30pm, October 28, I gave up and agreed with the vet. Nothing more could be done. My good friend stood there propped up by stocks, looking at nothing, sunken into some morass of drug-dulled pain and oblivion. He didn’t even recognize me.***

***At 11:30pm, his remains lay on a hill and in front of two apple trees with his pasture in full view. His spirit pervaded everything everywhere.***

***The other horses could see him lying there. Why didn’t he get up? Somehow during the night they broke through the polytape fence to graze near him. Seeing the situation the next morning, I told my wife to just leave them where they were. They would not leave him.***

***By 6:00pm his remains were being lowered into a deep hole. I climbed down the boom of the backhoe, removed his chains, placed my cowboy hat over his heart and climbed out doing real hard what real cowboys don’t do.***

***For the next six weeks I often went to that site, sat on a bench where his halter hung, had a glass of wine, and felt his strong presence. Just behind my shoulder his head was down and his nose reached out for me. His eyes and muscular body were relaxed and calm. It was an assurance – “I am still with you.”***

***By the time Christmas came I seemed less compelled to have a glass of wine out on the bench in the evening. I wondered, even felt a little guilty, about the change. Then one evening as I sat there watching the other horses munching hay in the chill of an early January dusk, the answer came to me. He had selected his final place to rest and romp and play and look at me. His final place was not some gravesite. His final place was in my heart.***

**In memory of “Snoopy Kid”**

**Racing Quarter Horse**

**1972-1997**

**To the Horse Love of my Life**

***Now you walk on the wind.***

***When I too am a windwalker,***

***May I ride you again?***