

The Gallop Of Grace

Wild horses running free
across the landscape of my heart
raw uncharted terrain
their hooves making fresh strides
leaving their mark
in emotional imprints.

Their manes flowing free
in the brisk air
their galloping gait
giving movement to
Autumn's heartbeat
their impassioned pace
kicking up memories
waiting for release.

My heart pulsates
with their thundering stampede
these horses set free
running wild in the open air
my heart unrestrained
running with remembrances
all fences torn down
not a corral in sight.

Feeling unhindered freedom
these majestic mares and stallions
exemplify the expression of glory
upon open lands of liberty.

O, to be running free
to feel the embodiment of freedom
on Earth as it is in Heaven.

The exhilaration of being unbridled
rejoicing in the wide open spaces
courting their gallop
upon untouched new lands
and drawing their souls
to celebrate their wildness
for it is the nature of horses
born of the land
to love running with abandon
into the wide wild expansive unknown
which to these wondrous horses
is known as home.

Their sensational spirit given to serendipity
is beauty in motion
a glory and grace to behold
an esprit to be felt.

My spirit, too, longs for freedom
and rejoices in the glory of God
for He has set me free
to breathe my own heart's terrain
galloping in the freedom
of my heart's authentic air
wherein my poetic passions
can run in free verse
upon the open plains
with the same unique freedom
as wild horses feel
while running free
their hearts open and bare.

Dayna Leslie Hodges

Reading my heart out into the ambiance of a listening audience is relatively new to me, although, I have been writing my heart in poetry for many years. Writing poems is akin to breathing for me; it is that necessary to my emotional and spiritual wellbeing. As an artist... a writer and a photographer and one who has studied acting, I'm all about emotion and honesty and vulnerability being shared; I write because I cannot not write; I am compelled to write, and poetry is my heart's passion in handwritten transparency. For ten years, I, along with my mother, was a caregiver to my father, and I chose to put my love and focus on caring for him in his years with Dementia and place many other aspirations on a shelf for safe keeping until a later time; my Daddy passed two years ago now, and I am refashioning my journey and putting my heart back into my artistic pursuits. Writing poetry was one of the treasures I clung to during those years of caregiving and did not place high up on a shelf to resume later, for as I expressed, writing is akin to breathing for me. So, here I am beginning a forward journey with a reawakened momentum and horizon beckoning with hope.

