

On the death by lightning strike of a favorite retired polo pony:

Louie

**Rain prayers on end through late spring drought
A forecast calls for chance of storms while
Still the parched ground's tongue cries out**

**At last the bolts and rumble herald fall of rain
A too close clap sends blinking lights and then
The trembling voice brings news no good
"Louie's got hit. He's dead beneath a tree."**

**That bantam poloist pensioned with his harem
Hid his altered state with stallion's grace and grimace
On the pitch he never asked nor gave of foe
But in his stall he'd both beyond his partner's want**

**Bridle freed his muzzle rubbed the left foreleg always
Until announcing he was ready for the hose
We'll place him with the mares gone too
Inside the woods the backhoe sounds his dirge**