



There once was a horse who went patiently round
on a carnival ride to a jangly sound.
Each night she was ridden by children, with glee,
who waved to their parents and shrieked, "Look at me!"

But when the fair closed and grew silent and dark
and all of the people had gone from the park . . .

The horse would gaze up
at the deep of the sky,
at the stars and the moon,
with a wondering eye.



“I’m just an old horse
made of ordinary wood,
but I’d fly to the moon . . .
if only I could.”



“Fly to the moon?
That’s as easy as pie!
You simply take off . . .
and soar through the sky.”

It was a sparkling princess, so fair and so fine,
who lit up the dark with a silvery shine.

“But **how?**” said the horse.

“I’m bolted so tight.

A carousel horse
can’t fly through the night.”



“Believe me,” she whispered.

“Let go of your fear.
Then no bolts will hold you
or keep you down here.”



The words of the princess wove into a cloak
that draped them in sparkly shine as she spoke.



Then, as the horse wished . . .