Complaint

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Abstract

I don’t mind pulling band-wagons...
gallop. Sara Lynn followed behind. Her hat was not pinned securely and flopped rhythmically over one eye. Her horse panted to the top of the hill.

"Jonathan," she called, "Wait, please." He slowed down then and waited for her.

"Sorry," he said, "I wasn't thinking."

"Jonathan, what's the matter?"

"Matter? Nothing. We're late though, and your father won't like it."

"You're not angry about anything?"

"Of course not." She pinned her hat more securely and they moved forward.

"What did you say to the farmer to make him so friendly?"

"Oh, he's friendly enough. They were busy and didn't like to be interrupted."

Sara Lynn and Jonathan turned onto the river road. The water far below tossed back sunlight like a juggler with a thousand dazzling balls. Small ships with bloated sails rode the Hudson like birds.

Here it was that Jonathan had kissed her. She looked shyly at him from under the brim of her hat, but his head was bent forward, and he seemed to be studying the mane of his horse. Without warning, he dug his spurs into the animal and went forward at a gallop. Sara Lynn followed at a steady pace, and this time she did not try to stop him.

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Complaint

Phyllis Wendt

I don't mind pulling band-wagons
While others take a seat,
But curses on the ones who sit
Behind and drag their feet.