

From the Horses' Mouth...

...on Death

So many ideas and thoughts travel through horses' minds, but few are the ones that put them into human words.

You see today I am writing because the rider who used to ride me has passed away...he's gone...puff...does not exist on this earth any longer. Well not as a human who rides me at least...if you believe in re-incarnation.

It is the idea of death that brings a swirl of thoughts into my mind always...whenever I hear of someone I know who has departed this world...I am bewildered with thoughts, and questions.

What kind of a creature does it make us to wonder? How could someone I know go away...leave this world and never come back? He was fine yesterday my rider...and what a fine rider he was...I enjoyed having him on my back...he was a great rider...he had his way with me...all the horses in the stables just envied me for being his favourite...the angel of death...can I ever befriend you? Or think of you as an angel? I am too upset for the loss now.

All sorts of questions swim around in my head. Swim is an understatement, storm around is more like it! I just think why are we here? What brought us to this earth? What are we supposed to accomplish? Are we supposed to accomplish anything at all?

And then my mind moves to think of greedy people, I don't know why they are always the villains in these moments.... I just can not help but think...what the hell are they after in this world? They want and want and want...power, money, land and food; they just cannot get enough of anything.... Don't they realise that it will not last for long?

Once they are gone, it all goes with them; they don't take anything with them down there...nothing at all. Everyone goes under that pile of sand...everyone is equal only under that pile...where there is nothing to compare.

The only thing that is ever left behind is what good you've done...THAT lives on. You see my rider was a good man...our tears will not dry fast...he's gone, but he left all the good things he's done behind him...for me to remember, other horses to remember, and for his family to remember as well.

I am a horse that mourns the death of his rider...but I am also trying to understand what happens next? Why are you people so consumed with life as though it is eternal? Did you ever think what happens to you after you depart this world? The riders boots are hanging down from my saddle...his boots outlived him...a cruel thought...but real.

I think you humans can be a little bit vain sometimes...yes you...not all of course...because there are always great men like my rider...but some of you go on in this life without knowing what really matters most...you go after more horses, more stables...less mercy, more competitions, less glory. Take it from a horse...take it easy...live your life as though you are dying tomorrow...take care of your loved ones...do good in this world...leave it with your good deeds and good seeds. **HT**

Photo by Gloria Kifayeh