



Dreams of Being a Cowgirl

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Cari Kastama

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I am in chemotherapy for metastasized breast cancer.

When I go into remission

I will wear cowgirl boots with tooled flowers;
jeans that fit, but not too tight,
and a leather jacket with a six-inch fringe.

I will have a Western shirt embroidered
with silver beads and brightly-colored threads.

I will sing Emmy Lou Harris songs
and laugh and cry at the keyboard.

I will go to rodeos and horse shows,
travel to the desert
and ride an appaloosa among the saguaros.

I will hear the rhythm of the horse's hooves on the trail,
and in the barn smell the hay.

I will lie by the side of a slow-summer river
and let the horse drink as the water purrs by.

I will feel the wind in my hair
and take in the heat of the valley on my face.

I will live in sunshine and sleep below enormous night skies.

I will drink milk and margaritas, sleep until dawn,
and rise with the light.



To feel keenly the poetry of a morning's roses, one has to have just escaped from the claws of this vulture which we call sickness.

Henri Frederic Amiel

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