Giant orbs radiate warmth, music blares from above, bridle and bit glisten in the light, technicolor saddle shines. I feel the motor jump. The world around me is a blur of faces, colors, and sounds. My rider giggles loudly and I relish in her gleeful noise. I am transfixed by the fleshy warmth of chubby thighs and sticky hands.

Air rushes in my face as we spin. I could be chasing warm-blooded mustangs through valleys smelling of hot salty pretzels and cotton candy clouds.

Instead, I whir in endless circles; bound by my fiberglass body smoothed and coated with high gloss paint. My mane is whipped back—always blowing in the imaginary wind. Beside me sits the hummingbird in caged flight, behind me is the proud lion caught mid-roar.

I remain captured, frozen how the people want to see me.

The hum of the motor fades and I am slowing now. Up, down once more. I halt mid-air, mid-gallop. The rider climbs down, rattling the brass pole that locks me in this stride. Music stops, lights dim, then disappear. It is cold, still again, waiting for my next ride.