

THE HORSE GIRL MANIFESTO

To be a horse girl, one does not need to be a girl, nor must she love horses. She is not necessarily the clumsy girl from seventh grade, with very long braids and a rolling backpack, but she could be. The horse girl could be any or all of us.

Though it does not have to be horses, the horse girl loves something. She loves it very much and she needs you to know it. Being a horse girl is not about horses, but about identity and obsession and belonging and association and being noticed. It is both passion and performance.

The horse girl may love many different horses throughout her lifetime, but she must always love at least one. No gaps. No breaks. Her horse may be an actual horse or maybe it is a boy band or a food or a flower or a book or a color.

Perhaps her horse is the color blue. The horse girl is vigilant and will never be caught without blue. At first it is subtle- a blue shirt or blue hair clips or blue socks. Then it is consuming. The horse girl prints out photos from the internet of all of her favorite blue things and tapes them to the inside of her closet door. She forgives Yves Klein for using women as tools and for six months, she eats nothing but blueberries, blue cheese, cotton candy, smurf ice cream, and the blue side of gummy worms. Her tongue and her teeth become permanently stained blue.

The horse girl strategically surrounds herself with objects and settings saturated with a complementary orange, only to make her blue bluer. She changes her name legally to Veruca and she prays that blue will also be the way that she goes.

The horse girl does this so that many years from now, on a day when you are not very busy, you may lie down in the grass. You may interlock your fingers behind your head and use your hands as a pillow. You may rest your head on your hand pillow and look up at the sky. You will think only of the horse girl. Something as vast and ever-present as the sky reminds you only of her. This is the dream of the horse girl.