

# Transportation Fantasy

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**W**e need horses back.

We need to all start buying horses.

Forget taking out a loan for a Honda,

I want financing options for a 2020 quarter horse, chestnut,

with enough staying power to get me to Target and Applebee's.

The roads should be repaved with sand and we'll need about five million

people hired to rake the crap off of them every day, give it to farmers for fertilizer.

The white noise of tires peeling out replaced with soft plodding of hooves, the occasional

whinny. Inner-city horses beware—you may have your shoes swiped for scrap metal.

Kids would get their first ponies and ride them to elementary school, braid their manes with glitter extensions, and put stickers on their hooves. Edgy teens would carve band logos into their saddles, shave manes into mohawks. You'd be sitting on your front steps eating a Popsicle and the Amazon carriage would come careening down the street, driven by six white horses when it comes.

The DMV would keep the eye exam and test you on your rein control and how well you can tie up your horse to public hitching posts. You'll need to study up on knots. You'll need to practice your "giddyup." You'll need to upgrade to a two-row carriage when you have a second child. You'll need to learn how to give a horse a sugar cube, flat on your palm, for a job well done.

And at night, when that five-mile ride home from your parents' house now takes an hour, and the stars are out and bright and it's so damn quiet, you'll wonder how you ever made do with a moonroof.

