

## **The Red Mare**

Prancing through the desert plain  
A graceful mare trots feeling disdain  
Head held low and ears pinned down  
Her breed is known world renown

Coat as red as the desert sun  
Catches the light as the mare runs  
Mane and tail black like desert night  
She really is a stunning sight

Right eye brown and left eye blue  
They really are a pretty hue  
Badger marking upon the face  
she used to hold up high with grace

She remembers the days of her youth  
When the bit was placed behind her tooth  
She took directions from the reins  
And would be rewarded with some grain

Captive life could not hold her down  
One night she decided to escape the town  
She jumped the fence with athletic ease  
And ran along with the desert breeze

Following her natural instinct  
Inherited from ancestors extinct  
She followed the stars to find her fate  
Where no man could control her gait

It is said that she could still be seen  
Roaming the desert this time a red filly at her knee  
Now a hundred years later a herd lives free  
Of a hundred red horses graceful as she

It is rumored that she had founded the red herd  
People didn't believe, it was just too absurd  
That one horse could have made an entire herd  
But the natives knew better, they would say with a smirk

That the red mare had single handedly repopulated the desert