

Spirit of the Horse

Pounding hooves and swollen chest
Carry them roaming west
Forelock waving mane and tail
Traveling under the wind shed veil
Masters of wind rain and grime
Have long since passed in their time to shine
The machines win but they take this with stride
This will not be their last line
Children of the gods of Greece and Rome
But long last their journey home
Black hooves fly along the sea
Trampling and training gracefully for us to see
Cloven beats along the sand
Come and eat from journey's hand
Swifter than the tongues of flame
Flowing swiftly tail and mane
And when the time comes of war
Stampeding in a mighty horde
Gleeful fearful shrieks and hollers
This great beast worth a million dollars
Honing flailing skip and strife
The living embodiment of life

Capable of freedom strong and steel
The freedom to laugh fight and feel