I write a poem
About the Wild Horse,
‘Cause there’s a lot of feeling here,
Albeit much suffering
   And abuse by Man – most gruesome!
Yet, too, vast wild spaces to share,
   And MANY lives lived out
With Grace and in Freedom!
   -- ‘T is a saga of the Old West
   -- And I believe the New!

This story is the Wild Horse’s Best,
   . . . This enduring, wind-drinking,
   Runner of desert and plain,
As – Alas! – of very Time!
   His Story is one with yours and mine.
-- May he reach far upon this Earth Plane!
   For ‘t is a Saga of what this Land is yet to be,
Of a Destiny yet unfulfilled,
   When Man and Horse in Freedom live
Once again with Mutual Respect.
Photograph by Craig C. Downer