

POEM TO WILD HORSES

Craig Carpenter Downer, with revision by his father Robert Carpenter Downer

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