

The Wild Golden Horse

Horses are a peculiar thing you know

They can be wild and frantic in a go

And calm and gentle the next.

I once saw a horse, a wild one he was

He came right up to me and swayed

So I got up on his back and off we went riding through the blue bay

His mane was the Habotai silk Oh so golden! And so was his tail.

His body was as shiny as fresh snow and as smooth as crystal pebbles with dashing cocoa socks and chest.

His eyes were a gorgeous hazel brown with little twinkles and a whole lot of verve.

And his breath was the sun's rays shining down on you.

Now whenever you think of wild horses just remember that they are brawny but can be calm and gentle too.

