



No Need

You can hear hooves before you can see
My gallant horse trotting over to me
He snorts and whistles, loud and clear
To let everyone know that he is here

I hate to keep him chained inside
I feel as if my horse I hide
I head to the stable to let him out
The first thing I spot is his lengthy snout

Large dark eyes stare out at me
Long brown mane and white spots three
Lengthy muzzle, rounded nose
He runs as fast as the strong wind blows

Creamy as chocolate, tough as steel
He can go days without a meal
He will gallop, canter and run
Leaping happily in the sun

The wind starts up, and doesn't stop
My horse finds a hill and climbs to the top
Bounding high, quick and steady
My horse and I are always ready

Mystical is how I describe
My Arabian horse so full of pride
Standing high over the world below
No need for spectacle, no need for show

Jayne Waldon

