

WHEN THE LIGHTS SHINE DOWN

The lights shine down
In the arena
Illuminating it's occupants
So all will soon know
Which is to be thought the greatest.

The lights shine down
On the finest breed of all-
The Arabians in the ring
Trot along the perimeter
Taking large, powerful strides.

The lights shine down
Striking the flying manes and tails;
The hoof beats sound against the ground
Like thunder from the clouds,
Heads tucked, they are there to perform.

The lights shine down
The crowd sits mesmerized
Watching the spectacle
Of grace and beauty
Right before their eyes.

The lights shine down
And time stands still
When the entrants are called in.
Each a picture of majesty-
Poetry in motion.

The lights shine down
The winds die down
Holding its breath
Waiting for the moment
The champion is crowned.

When the lights shine down
An Arabian idol is found.