

Gift of the Arabian

Star

Ten years ago I got her,
At the feisty age of nine.
One look into her big, soft eyes,
I knew that she was mine.

My life had been in shambles,
My worries overgrown.
But start became my beacon,
From the moment she came home.

I'd saddle her up in the morning,
And we'd got for a long trail ride.
But she made sure we got home at four,
(Because she got fed at five).

She was a very mischievous thing,
For food she made such a fuss.
In the turnout she'd gallop around,
Wild, free and robust.

Star, my mare, is very old,
For now ten years have passed.
She recently got very sick,
I don't think she'll last.

I know what I have to do,
The vet has told me so.
She was suffering so badly,
I had to let her go.

The last injection was given,
So she laid down, to sleep awhile.
And as she looked at me and took a final breath,
I could have sworn I saw her smile.

As I sit here now, thinking back on her,
Amidst the pain of daily strife.
My worries fade as I recall my Star,
And her gift of guiding light.