

My Gift- The Arabian Horse

Early in the spring
In the dark of the morn'
A little chestnut filly
Was born.

Tiny tippy ears
And huge dark eyes
She came into the world
Under starry skies.

She was independent
An adventurer to be
All of the grass and sky
She just had to see.

Mountains majestic
She stood at the top
Surveying the landscape
Her world, her heart.

As the years went by
She grew into grey
The little chestnut filly
No longer a babe.

With fine silvery mane
And strong dark eyes
Unbridled power
Under midnight skies.

My gift you see
Is not owning this horse
She is a gift from above
The Arabian Horse.