

A poem by Terry Wilson as submitted by Anne Warmbrunn, Secretary of the South East Queensland Brumby Association:

The Horseman

I am a horseman
I think I am a horseman
Good or bad
Is not ours to be had
Its them that make that decision

On the journey to good
Learn the fear that once stood
And they'll trust the lead that is given

The breaking is true
As they learn to do
That didn't hurt now
Did it?

Now the fear is gone
And the mateships on
And no-where is its limit

Through soaring highs and the darker skies
The bonds are forged not broken

And as their twilight passes
We lift our glasses
To a friendship with no words ever spoken

Yes, I am a horseman
I think I am
I think I am

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