

# Wild Horse

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Aloft the wind  
I ride the night sky  
I see the world through a much different eye

Power, beauty  
Strength and grace  
I feel the spirits of ancestral space

Pride of herd  
Sisters and brothers  
I live ever watchful standing by others

A kaleidoscope of colors  
No two ever the same  
The short, the tall, the long of mane

I know the chance  
I know the fear  
I live on the edge for death crouches near

On my back I carry a load  
Through storm and calm  
Ever vigilant and bold

I have died in battle  
Killed by man  
Hunted by predator as I roamed the land

No more room  
Not enough grazing  
Captured, shot, sold by pound on bills of lading

Yet I survive  
Sometimes an insurmountable course  
I am feral, I am Mustang, I am Wild Horse

Source:

<https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/wild-horse-survival#ixzz41LkTYX68#familyfriendpoems>