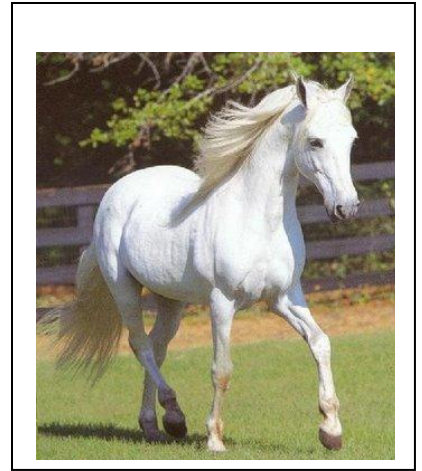


horse poem horse poem



I'm galloping fast, the trees are blurred
wind's blowing past my face.

I can hear his hooves go clickety, clack
we go at a very smooth pace.

I'm stroking his neck,
his silky, white hair is smooth and long and sleek.

I'm hosing the horse,
he sways his mane, twitches his tail and plays silly games.

I'm hearing my dad
making his shoes so his hooves can clickety clack.

I dress him up in his new woolen coat and off he goes
galloping, galloping in the juicy, green grass,

He's having the time of his life.

by Marama