

She's a dark horse

The sweetest bay foal,
Neat set of pins.
Stood like a goal post,
Walked with a mince.
Two pair of A-frames,
Knocked knees, swish tail.
Wind through her soft mane,
Light as a rail.
Rarest pink wall-eyes,
Buck milk teeth smile.
Skipped, made shy,
Kept kid hooves neat filed.
Came to a hand click,
Dipped each brush lash.
Took palm lump,
A stroke, to white snip flash.
Was reigned in and dammed,
By sire not known.
To one cruel rough hand,
Her star was shown.
Her flank felt his brand,
Was whipped and hit.
She reared, kicked bolt,
Made star black with mud.
Ran with a salt sweat,
And wild hoof thud.
Now she's a dark horse,
Worst kind of mare.
Vice spoiled and coarse,
She spooks like a hare.
Stands fierce head high,
And walks a rack gait.
Rolls two wild eyes,
Swears horse shit at fate.
Paws hard horn hooves,
With one lost shoe thrown.
Come close she'll move,
And crop her head down.
Might stand for a while,
And lift her leg.
Bites hard at the arm,
That shows her tack.
Thinks leg up means harm,
And bucks her back.
Kicks groin and shin,
Trots off up the field.
Won't be rugged up,
'Til all stars are healed.
Craves brush and a comb,
A good sound ride.
With room to roam,
Her dark time she bides.
Well out of plaits,
She won't work to rule.
Chews deep nose-bag,
And broods like a mule.
From filly to wild one,
Is such short trot.
School her, take firm hand,
Have the nag shot.