

THE COLT

All my life I'd been a rider, all my life I'd known
The day would come when my skills would tame the Untamed Colt
It's not a matter of derision, fear nor arrogance
Rather a clash of will and fate which affords no second chance

Past conquered mares and broken fillies I rode tall in the saddle
Like a warrior of the reins heading out to battle
My abilities had reached fruition and their destiny
Led a trailhorse to the Cliffs of Tempestuity

I searched the fields of fury, nearly chose to leave
When like a roll of thunder blazed a swift and graceful beast

Strong and proud and fortified, eyes as black as pitch
Muscled quarters woven with a tailor's seamless stitch
A mane which shines by design should the moon be whole
This untamed blend of quintessence could only be The Colt

I stood in awe as he faded with the August night
Catching my breath like a child awoken with a fright
Broken, have I, hearts of stone and wills of tempered steel
But none compared to the bastion The Colt would soon reveal

I spent the morning hours tracking hoof prints to the cliffs
Where far below spread a lake of purity and depth

Wide and cool and sanctified, color clear as day
Jutting ridges hanging like a gallows guilty prey
A grassy knoll high in the sky, fresh as a newborn foal
This untamed land of quintessence could only be The Colt's

Alone I faced The Colt with the tools of trade in hand
A breaker's pride, a rider's heart, the will which fills a man
In a flash my whip had slashed a crimson stripe of hide
And In return the horse's charge sent me through the sky

I landed hard then quickly sank with a tender memory
For though I called myself a rider I'd never swam the sea

Tall and true and radiant, her skin a golden hue
Chiseled features sculpted with a craftsman's polished tool
A mane that flows as if it knows the stream of southern skies
This untamed heart of quintessence left me without a bride

A cowboy never looks behind when riding at a canter
Nor does he waste his timbre should sorrow fill his banter
Dead to rights I lost my love, away the course she set
Not unlike the horse whose pain I now regret

I set my sins in order, my conscience was appeased
When like a ball of thunder crashed the brave and selfless beast

THE COLT/Page 2

Strong and proud and fortified, eyes as soft as love
Muscled quarters sweeping me to the nearest bluff
A mane that strained to retain a rider's timid hold
In quintessential repentance I'd been saved by The Colt

When I awoke I found my savior next to me
Kneeling like a trailhorse weighed with saddlebags of feed
Yielding trust I mounted, he shot off like a flare
Kicking dust as if his instinct sought a distant mare

Upon the horse I rode the fields, the cliffs, the gentle sands
Rushing through the forest with The Colt at my command

Wide and cool and sanctified, the peace of days to come
Jutting ridges hanging for a wild streak now undone
A grassy knoll high in the sky with fences built to hold
In quintessential victory I left a broken colt

My claim secure to The Colt's untamed legacy
I led my trailhorse from the Cliffs Of Tempestuity
But once home I realized failure ruled my course
For like a tin horn I had no clue of how to break a horse

My love returned and like the Untamed Colt I planned her capture
But she seduced my rider's pride and set me out to pasture

Tall and true and radiant, her skin a weathered brown
Chiseled features made complete by a smile which never frowns
A mane that flows as if it knows desire held inside
This quintessential innocent agreed to be my bride

All my life I'd been a rider and this I surely know
A cowboy hasn't skill to break a maiden nor a colt
For when I looked to see the things I had tamed inside her
I realized the horse had forever tamed the rider

Out of the west The Colt did stroll then knelt before my bride
To his back I lifted her then upon him gently climbed

Strong and proud and fortified, eyes like dark medallions
Muscled quarters straining to be a quintessential stallion
As sunset dipped below the cliffs we reached the grassy knoll
Where a rider and his maiden would raise the Untamed Colt