The Horse

A mighty and unyielding beast, yet filled with elegance and finesse
It acclimated to this country and, well, did it give its best
It earned its spot in our past and shaped our country too
To the noble horse, we tip our hat, a countrymen through and through

From crossing endless deserts or pushing countless head
From racing on beautiful tracks or tilling fields instead
The noble horse has known, many a sacrifice
From serving this country in war or surviving drought-ridden nights

You can't compare it with anything else, it wouldn't be quite fair
A truly courageous being, gone where others wouldn't dare
Affable, athletic, agile and astute
With the work you've got ahead, you'll need them riding true

The bond between horse and rider is really quite unique
Like the colours of a glistening stone; bold, rich and deep
It's a tetherless connection, one of passion and wit
Two amazing minds, shared and bound by grit

From cutting cattle, racing barrels and getting work done
The rider grips the reins as their minds meld into one
The horse emanates its rider, sharing all of their traits
Whether they're calm and composed or love the thrill of the chase

We give thanks to the horse; our companion, our mate
Through highs and lows, ebbs and flows, our stories resonate
How blessed we are to work with them, each and every day
On this beautiful sunburnt country, the horse is here to stay

Jacob Godschalk