

Cloud

by

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Cloud, the horse with a mystery past,
Long, skilled legs and eyes of brass.
A magnificent stride to s a soft tempo,
Full of life, he's ready to go.

Concave ears and handsome face,
Scars and scabs that time erased.
Speckled muzzle, brilliant eye,
Defiant snort or reluctant sigh.

Brilliant to behold, snowy pelt draped in wonder,
Hooves strike the ground like the clatter of thunder.
Cloud, the gelding with a mystery past,
Long, skilled legs and eyes of brass.

Beholding such a wonder brings one thought to mind:
'What has been erased by the hands of time?'
His appearance as beautiful as a horse's could be,
And inside his soul remains forever free.

Glancing at his curious ears, Marwaris come to mind.
Magnificent, beautiful, spirited and kind.
Prancing all through the desert as warm breezes sing,

Could Cloud have been a desert king?

To behold his speckled muzzle, you'd believe he's POA,
With speckles staining his nose in a most adorable way.
Leaping fences and other great things,
Teaching young children to find their wings.

To regard Cloud's powerful chest,
Warhorse likeness in his sturdy breast,
Could Cloud have gone to battle, mock or for real?
With a cry as deep as thunder and an earsplitting squeal?

His mane, his tail, his pelt - so delicate, soft and white.
Glistening in the blazing sun, a visual delight.
A show horse, he could've been, prestigious and true.
Always entering shows and taking home the blue.

To observe his legs... Here his secret he keeps.
Clearing any and all obstacles in single, mighty leaps.
A jumper or eventer or hunter jumper champ.
Polo pony or lesson horse in a summer camp.

To view him in motion is pure poetry,
Moving about with utter grace and symmetry.
Dressage could have been his forte, just simply watch him go.
Moving out so fluidly whilst main and tail out flow.

No part of Cloud speaks like his eyes,
Those knowing orbs can tell no lies.
Revealing a past too hard to explain,
Of losses and triumphs and hopes and pain.

Cloud's eyes will tell a story no human mouth could,
If he could speak then speak he surely would.
Cloud the horse with an unfathomable past,
Long worn legs, and eyes darting fast.

Eyes telling of greatness and love untold,
Trust and peace and joy unfolds.
Did he nurture or work or love or show?

Or do everything? Only Cloud knows!

Fame and glamour, many states wide?
Could this have been part of his life?
From love and peace to torture and pain?
Nevertheless, his life had changed.

Pony rides... Carnivals.... Of this we are sure.
Malnutrition and neglect, yet his affections were pure.
Screaming young children and days without food,
Scarce drops of water and others' death too.

Fear, anger, hunger, depression...
Cloud knew it all yet never objected.
From hunger, sadness, despair and pain.
Cloud was found again and his spirit regained.

Whether extensive torture or greatness is fact, we know not,
Only that love and acceptance is all that Cloud sought.
And he did find that love - pain said it's goodbyes,
Cloud will always have that love, till the day that he dies.