Forever Wild, Forever Free

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Just a poem I wrote about the problems with horse slaughtering.

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1 - Poem

Forever Wild, Forever Free
Their hoofbeats can be heard
almost all around the world
Across the marble white sand
a stallion leads his mighty band
They run and run, a noble race
contentment flashes across the horses face
hoping at least now they can be safe
From the thing that wants to hear
a dying horses final squeal

They run from the pound
that wants to feed them to a hungry hound
The stallion breathes in the air
praying that things will be fair
For Nature's children want to be
Forever Wild, Forever Free