

My mare is as gentle as the fluttering leaves of autumn.

Though she is as fierce as a burning flame.

Her gentle whiskers feel like lapping waves tickling your toes.

But her stride is as burly as a tropical storm.

I have seen blizzards mighty enough to freeze you.

But in her eyes I only see warmth.

Hear the belting of the thunder on rainy nights.

My mare has a soft melodic voice, unlike the harsh thunder.

I love to watch her run,

And I see no other as graceful as her.

The flowing streams in the moors are thick and beautiful,

Though her tail is as thin as a straw broom.

I fear when I have to say goodbye,

I will not be able to let her go, as my mare is like no other.