

EARS POINTED FORWARD

To Seelster Farms, I went one day,
To see the horses munching their hay.
Ms. Anne showed me the mares and stallions too,
She showed me the foals, oh so brand new.

The standardbred mares, so big and strong
Just had their foals, with limbs so long
A young newborn by his mother's side
Became so shy, he tried to hide.

Thinking Out Loud, I had to see
Would this tiny foal ever come to me
With ears pointed forward, the mare stood not afar,
I gently petted her head which was marked with a star.

At two years old they'd begin to train,
To run their races and win glory and fame.
Year after year they'd try to win the big bucks,
Hoping to be a champion just like Camluck.

There are two types of gait to train for their race,
One is a trot and one is a pace,
Running on Holiday Road as fast as can be
Harnessed to a two-wheeled chariot called a sulky.

I had so much fun, I thought I'd play a game,
Hidden in this poem are some stallions' names,
Would you like to play this game with me?
Read the poem again and try to find all three.

Written by Maria Achilleos from London, ON