

PROMISE TO PERFECTION

In a field of green, a foal stands,
A Standardbred with beauty grand.
A tiny creature yet to grow,
A promise of future speed and show.

His coat is sleek, his eyes are bright,
With strong legs that seem to take flight.
He nibbles on grass and frolics with glee,
A joy to watch, his spirit free.

His mother watches close and proud,
As her offspring roams the ground.
She nudges him with tender care,
A bond of love that they will share.

The foal's potential seems to soar,
A future racer, she will explore.
His gait is smooth, his heart is pure,
A champion in the making for sure.

As he runs and kicks up his heels,
The field around him seems to reel.
A vision of strength and grace divine,
A Standardbred that will surely shine.

In time, he'll grow and learn to race,
A fierce competitor to embrace.
A legend in the making, he'll be,
For all the world to come and see.

But for now, he's just a foal,
With innocence that gently rolls.
A precious and wondrous thing to behold,
A Standardbred, full of stories untold.