

The Little Foal

The little foal takes her first breath, who knew something so small would have such a big impact.

We name her Rusty because of her beautiful red mane.

She loves to jump, run and play.

She has a free spirit that no one will take away. I love her so much, I wish she could stay.

As the foal grows, I do too but while I have free choice it has a job to do.

With these horses they don't always get to pick and choose but we knew with this little horse it was never going to lose.

It follows its mom, it learns its role in the world. It knows who it has to be.

Although I will miss her when she's gone, harness racing will set her free.

The time has come for her to leave, the tears run down my cheeks.

I wipe them away and I know I have all the memories to keep.

The horse looks back at me and I look at her too.

Although we know we must part ways, we will always make it through.

While I go on to live my life, I will always be in the stands.

Cheering on my little foal, that I once held in my hands.