

## H O R S E   A N G E L S

*Freedom hooves of silver, mane and tail,  
Flowing soft as a pure white cloud.  
A neck so arched and strong with an eye of pure fire,  
Out of both shoulders raise two of the whitest wings that ever fanned the sky,  
Shining like lightning at night  
and becoming our horse angel of dreams, legends and poetry.  
From time to time they grace the earth with their presence,  
their favorite pasture is the sky.*

