

Of Horses and Horsemen

By keya

Submitted: November 18, 2004

Updated: November 18, 2004

A poem I wrote for English class. It had to be about perspectives, so yeah.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/keya/8897/Of-Horses-and-Horsemen>

Chapter 1 - Of Horses and Horsemen

2

1 - Of Horses and Horsemen

Of Horses and Horsemen
Whenever I attend a horse show, Whether 4-H, local or national, I see the same thing everywhere I go, Some people are so irrational! They argue over which is best, Which is easier to ride, English or the style from the West. All I know is that I never side. Which is considered pleasant to the eye, Tall and leggy or stout and strong? I'm not sure which kind I'd buy. What if I were to chose wrong? Which matters more, Disposition or pedigree? A horse with spirit to soar, Or a horse who moves gracefully? The jog is just a contracted trot, And a martingale is still a tie down. All leather will eventually rot, And a chestnut is still a brown. A girth is the same as a cinch, The canter is a lope. Now I'm really in a pinch, How does anyone ever cope? Most English riders do declare That a horn is a pain in the gut. The old cowboys they don't really care That posting is hard on the butt. Helmet or wide-brimmed hat? Breeches or chaps? Crops or lariats? An over-and-under perhaps? Cowboys with buckles and spurs, Chasing cans and cows. Or the equestrian whose mount has never seen burrs, But he can perform very low bows? Do others think like me? Do they see the same as I? Is it not easier to see, Horse and rider in perfect harmony?