

The War Horse

The loyal horse lies on his side,
flies hovering above his reddish hide,
he looks across at his brothers and their riders,
all who had been valiant fighters,
he wonders when the pain will halt,
his death was not his own fault,
all he did was run when kicked,
he and fellow horses had now been licked,
and here he lies broken and hurt,
his final resting place,
Gettysburg.