

SCOTT
YR 8 - POETRY -

BROOKE
GOLDSWORTHY

Hoof beats

Wild hoof beats in my heart
Watching as the horses pass
Blacks and greys, dapples and bays
Running in the wind
Wild, weathered manes a mess
Tails flying to the west
Ever eastward do they go
As their legs forever push on

The wild herd divide the trees
Out in the open for all to see
Their spot, the old tin mines
Now the colts and fillies fill in time
Bucking and playing
Eating and laying

Night time falls as they bid goodnight
All settling into their mother's side
Another day in the bush
Only for the wild hood beats
To dance in my heart