



## *'Poem by Juan Llamas'*

*Eyes that did not blink  
when the arrow grazed his cheek,  
and caught the ancient meaning  
in a fleeting, burning glance.  
Ears that heard  
the cannon's roar,  
the whispered words of love.  
Skin of shot silk  
that knew the summer's heat, the winter's frost.  
Hooves that traced new paths to lands unknown to man.  
A heart whose beat would quicken, keeping pace  
with the wishes of his master.  
Tireless vigour, proving  
no demand for him too great.  
His spirit shared the dreams and hopes  
of Old Spain's men of iron,  
while at his proud feet  
the conquered nations lay.*

*...continued...*

*He lives yet. Only ask,  
and he will weave a spell  
to light the dark recesses of your being,  
spinning around you  
a web of sweet delights.  
He will be your children's playmate;  
a child himself, he'll do no harm.  
He'll pardon like no other  
your omissions, errors, thoughtless handling.  
His back, a throne of feathers,  
will bear you smoothly at the trot and gallop.  
He'll go where others dare not.  
He'll stand firm  
where others flee in terror.  
You'll discover that the pirouette is easy,  
that a rein back can go on for ever,  
that you need not be a great rider  
to perform airs above the ground.  
At the spur's light touch  
he'll take flight with the wind,  
bearing you safely through the air  
laden with long-forgotten fragrance.  
With him, the distant mountains will be clearer,  
brighter the light of the stars,  
the trilling of the nightingale more joyful,  
sweeter the gurgling of the streams.  
And at the last you'll understand why he was e'er  
the chosen one of kings.*

