

Our Sun
(To the Dutch Warmblood Colt, Knock Out
as told by the Thoroughbred Skip the Crowd)
December 26, 2015

There are suns that burn in molten brilliance,
glowing brightly with no regret.
Their incandescence, illuminates all they touch—
but inevitably, every sun must set.

The moment you brought the warmth of dawn,
and took your first breath of life,
We were transfixed by your precious rays,
Unaware such perfect beauty brings strife.

Master epics, such as yours, little one,
Are brief, for true perfection cannot exist.
For this sole reason, the universe, in cruel wisdom,
Wrest you from our midst.

My lady loved you for your sweet character;
You were deep in her good graces.
Especially when you nibbled and nuzzled her leg,
To pull off her knee braces.

We stood paralyzed as your rays grew dim,
mourning as you went to final rest.
Knowing that while we loved you much,
God, our Father, He loved you best.

So for those who cannot speak through tears,
far heavier than morning's dew.
I bid you, little brother, no farewell, no sad good bye,
only this temporary adieu.