



Arie

The Legend of the Arabian Horse

*The morning sun painted a red desert sky,
Praises and prayers were chanted on high.
Whispering winds moved over the land,
Restlessly shifting the parched, white sand.*

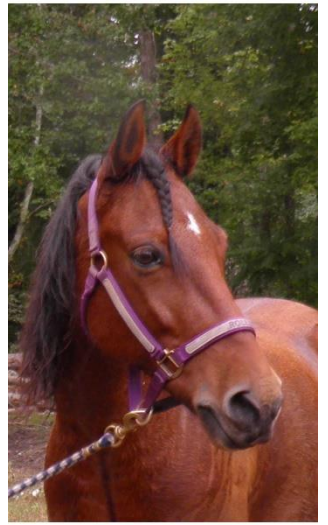
*The sky grew dark, from crimson to gray,
Shadowy clouds mounted in swirling arrays.
Torrents of sand eclipsed the sun,
Earth and Sky became as one.*

*From this mystical play of Earth and Sky
Came a shrieking, thundering, mighty cry -
Like the shrieking call of a million birds,
Like the thundering hoofs of a mighty herd.*

*Swiftly this tempest of swirling sand
Raced the lightning across the land.
Then God reached out, seizing this whirlwind force,
And from its fury formed the Arabian horse.*

*The creature's beauty was unsurpassed,
Its gait elegant, its speed lightning fast.
Intelligent, graceful, a regal force -
God's masterpiece, the Arabian horse.*

By: James L. Manniso



Rollin

