Plowhorse

My horse and I are brothers, and the morning sun knows why.

Within my horse resides a soul, I'm pretty sure-more wisdom than just to strain and turn brown fields to black.

I'd guess this horse was human in ages before the Ice, but now for some dim reason is sentenced to the plow.

Service, a horse's essence, had best be, too, my own as we pull such plows as matter into ages still to come.

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