



Show Ring, Show Time

Haley B., Massachusetts

I wait upon my turn to ride
To fly through jumps in one quick stride
My name is called in the show ring
My heart thuds on my way in
I start my lap
The crowd begins to clap
I get to my jump; I'm as ready as ever
I take the reins and keep a steady beat
I soar into the air, with the horse's feet
Flying over the jumps
Each breeze better than the other
I suddenly come to a final halt
The crowd roars and it gives me a jolt
I'll never quit
At last I am done in the show ring
I pass the people watching me ride
I have covered my course with such great pride
All thanks to my horse, Doobee
We win the first place ribbon
Maybe that's why she's called "I Do Believe"
Maybe that's why my ribbon was achieved
I'll miss Doobee...for another day
I kiss her goodbye and I'm on my way
One last look
In the show ring
It's always SHOW TIME.