

## Secrets of Time

Upon a hill of chalky white, a horse emerges, strong and bright.  
Silent guardian of ancient lore, whispers secrets forevermore.

In windswept mane and sunlit gaze, it weaves tales of bygone days.  
Carved by time, rain-kissed and worn, a sentinel from the ages born.

Beneath the sun's warm golden kiss, it guards the land, a timeless bliss.  
A canvas for the changing sky, where fleeting clouds and dreams drift by.

In the dance of raindrops, soft and sweet, the secrets of the horse retreat.  
Yet in the downpour's rhythmic sound, a symphony of stories found.

Through storms that rage with thunder's might, the chalky horse stands proud  
and bright.

A stoic witness to nature's reign, in sun, in rain, in winds refrain.

Upon the hill, where winds do sweep, a creature carves in secrets deep.  
Mane of hills, and tail of skies, in ancient echoes, the spirit lies.

Oh, guardian horse upon the hill, what tales your chalky form instil.  
Of ancient realms and mystic ties, revealed through ever-watchful eyes.

Eyes that gaze into the night, reflecting stars, a celestial light.  
A spirit wild, untamed, and free, carved in hills for eternity.

Uffington's guardian, stark and bright, a symbol etched in pale moonlight.  
A spirit bound to earth and air, forever roaming, free and rare.

In every gust that sweeps over the land, your tales are written in the sand.  
Chalky steed on the hill so high, keeper of tales under the open sky.

Oh, spirit of the white chalk horse, guide us on life's winding course.  
In whispers of the ancient breeze, tell us tales that time appease.

Simon Pink