

54 acres of heaven on earth
where horses roam and never wonder what they're worth
shining like a copper penny or a painted indian
they stomp, and they snicker, and finally whinny again

A place where the memory of a horse named Timmy, still lingers on
even in a rock with faded writing upon
and Mystique, not alone but now with her friend
floats in everyone's thoughts, every now and again

They come to tara in pieces, their spirits shattered and bruised
needlessly suffering injury for outliving their use
but, they are guided to light by the kindness of one
who built for them what her courage carries on
that being a foundation of hope for a life built anew
and the chance for love again, for nothing heals in a way that love seems to do

"She greets me with kindness," the horse seems to say
and with hope in their hearts they all trot her way
then a blanket of hope begins to surround them
undoing the harm that was always around them

A parcel of land, so small, it would seem at first view
but what started out as hell for some, is where heaven finally grew
and it happens that for some, they cannot stay long
for they are adopted one way or another, by God or...someone
and for those that do stay, grace is the pasture for more than just one
where they bask on their bellies in the afternoon sun
or cool themselves among the trees as they stand and stare
at the human whose heart aches for one who's no longer there

but you can see in their eyes now, more trust than fear
from their hooves to their hearts; in the absence of tears
and the wind which blows their manes and cools their skin
brings with it a warmth that soothes the soul within

Amazing grace, is the place called tara farm
where 'big or small, we care for them all,' seems to combat the harm
for, tara speaks to the animals when they first come in
that hearts can be broken, but like fences they mend

You could ask why people don't value the gift of an animal's trust
or why these creatures go through what they must
or to wonder how they withstand their abuse and never give in, but...
the answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind, the answer is blowing in the wind*

On 54 acres, their souls stop their search
here, every animal's soul has its worth
and they whisper goodnight from within their stalls
until morning calls...

by Stacy Weise
*Bob Dylan

