

secretariat

As once a quivering wet chestnut foal
Of some dear royal thing, you've always striven
To push, and pushed, and gloriously thriven,
Galumphing and galumphing to some goal
That you don't even get. Marauding soul
You are, great red machine, but roundwards driven,
A hunk of such huge power that you're given
The rare honour of being buried whole.

A blinkered life so fast, past crowds of hats:
You drool, afroth with grass, you hear a bird
And snort; then whistle-spurred you hurtle at
Your future, thumping in big triumph, blurred.
You keep your hooves, my horse-aristocrat,
And now you slumber in one piece interred.