

'The Race'

Anne Maley

I sat on the brae above the shore, waiting for them.
Archie arrives and sits on the grass beside me.
Looking at me with those Spanish eyes.
I just want him to be my friend
A lad come to help on the farm. I am the Land Girl.
Here they come! The thump of hooves on the sand.
We stand up to watch. It's the colts! Captain hoves in sight.
Black he was, long flowing mane,
Tail sweeping the sand as he raced past.
Poetry in motion.
Now comes Maggie, chestnut, her mane and tail golden in the
sunset.
Racing to catch up. We wait, they will turn at Clark's fence.
Here they come running neck and neck.
A vision of youth and beauty to remember.
They pass round the outcrop of rocks. We turn away.
They are growing fast I say. Aye, remarked the boy
Soon they will be brought up to the steading
Have short haircuts and put to the harness.
Don't say it! I turn away saddened at the thought.
That's life he says
Come on, race ye tae the hoose.
He lets me win.