

## **A Poem "Dressage Show"**

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Dressage Show

By Tracey C. Hurline

The truck has a flat, the radio won't work,  
And the horse is covered in mud.  
The show tack is green, the good halter gone,  
White britches are stained with old blood.

The clock is ticking, the traffic detoured,  
The show grounds are humming and hot.  
No one will notice, the tape on the boot,  
Or the slight bob of head at the trot.

Cows on the far hillside, a loose horse gallops by,  
The warm-up is dusty and deep.  
Spooking and shying, & dropping the whip,  
The horse has come out of his sleep.

Down to the show ring, past vendors with flags,  
A moment of angst 'till the bell.  
Then past the judge, and down center line,  
To ride 'the test from hell' .

Final salute, on the buckle at last,  
It was over so fast, who knew?  
Back to the trailer, loosen the girth,  
Pat the horse and hope for a blue.