

JOHN GIBBENS
OF HORSES

The great bright-harnessed greys
that drew the Whitbread drays
some mornings past the flats,
driven by men in bowler hats.
Their long heads bowing, nod-
ding in time as they trod
up the hill, their broad shoes
struck with a clangour that subdues
the too-present present.
Beat more bold and pleasant
than piston-clattering
is the feathered hooves battering
the tarmac. Neither cowed
nor vaunting, mild and proud:
may death outpace the day
high-stepping horses pass away.