

THE SAD MAN WHO BELIEVED HE WAS A HORSE

To alleviate the pain of the separation
she assured me about the futility of sadness
as she moved on

and I stood there stoic as a horse
saddled with a noble philosophy,
'That we must embrace fate, whatever its course,'
ready to ride off into the sunset of another relationship
fooling myself I could do as battle horses do after the charge,
to put my head down and nuzzle nonchalantly amongst the daisies
with the carnage still smouldering at my arse.

© Gina Paola Ritch 2007