

"Side-saddle Equitating"Jo Jefferson

Side-saddle Equitation! - Well here goes!

Come on little horse, on your toes.

Let's wake up and not be dull.

Of presence and elegance we must be full.

Oh it's hard to be elegant, the day's too hot

The midges are biting and my nerves are shot.

The fly spray isn't a bit of use

Neither the swatting nor muttered abuse.

Gird up the loins, thrust out the chin,

Let's rise above this earthly din.

Quick pat for the horse reassures us both

And into battle we sally forth.

Tacks all set; a winking dazzle

Pity about the nerves- they're a frazzle!

Help I've an itch on the end of my nose

I'll just have to twitch and hope that it goes!

Sit up straight woman, shoulders back.

(Hope my balancer's not too slack!).

Once more into the breach dear friends

For side-saddling and red rib-bands.

(Sorry about that little line;

Best I could do at the time).

Come on horse do WAKE UP!

No need to trot like a dying duck.

Where's that cadence and active tread

That features in those books I've read!

Dear me the circle's not too hot
How I wish the beast would trot
With rhythm and energy instead of flat feet.
I'm working like mad and using my seat.
Whoopsy –daisy! Spoke too soon.
Shire drays are bearing down.
Dray closing fast at 10 o'clock
Now it's really all gone to pot!
As for the energy – Wow! That's alright!
Extra grip dear –Do sit tight!
Kangeroo leaps -but still on board.
Could've been worse. I could have soared
Skyward to a great height.
Landed on backside- not a good sight!

Aids to canter. That's a wonder!
(Hope my bun hasn't come asunder).
Try to relax, poise is the word,
Smile's transfixed it looks absurd.
Change in the middle doesn't feel good,
Head unsteady, what a dud.
Balance the beasty, that's the answer
Think of the grace of the ballet dancer.
(Bet Carl Hester hasn't this trouble
His changes never get in a muddle).

Nearly finished, extension's O. K.
Pretend we're hunting and we're away.
Comes back nicely, that's a change

Must've had the brakes rearranged.

Screech to a halt, salute's not bright.

Did I have my curb too tight?

Freeze the smile, it's almost done.

Repeat after me- "We do this for fun!"

Now the nerve -racking bit begins

We are to be penalised for our sins.

The winner is – wait for it -...183.

Goodness gracious! Could that be me!!!!