

## AWAKENED

Awakened rudely by the bedside alarm,  
Jump out of bed, not feeling calm!  
Grab a coffee this early morning,  
Still rather tired, excuse my yawning.  
Plaiting apron on, horse still clean,  
Give him his breakfast, check his sheen.  
Start plaiting with thread, of course,  
Make sure the plaits enhance the horse.

Time to load up. "All aboard!"  
All grooming kit and tack neatly stored.  
We know where we're going; relief, it starts!  
Rider, groom and driver all know our parts.  
Arrive on the showground, excited much!  
Had our number in the post, so no mad rush.  
Tack up, unload and ride-in astride,  
Explore the showground, in which ring shall we ride?

Something for everyone, classes for llama, sheep and cow,  
The side saddle class won't be long now!  
The Owen, my pride and joy  
Is carefully placed on my beautiful boy.  
Now dressed in navy habit and silk hat,  
Given a leg-up, don't let me go 'splat'!  
Check my apron hem is perfectly level,  
Is my veil tight? Mustn't look a devil!

Gloves and cane, number is straight, now smile!  
Right shoulder back and into the ring we file.  
There's the judge in the centre,  
Head up, trot on, then canter.  
As smooth as silk, he really is a dream to ride,  
No other horse has that long, effortless stride!  
All of a sudden, I wake up from my dream!  
We are still in lockdown, no shows it would seem!