

*Remember the Horses*  
*By Maj Mary -Ann Martinek*

*Wading into a raging sea  
All the horses swam to me  
From the beaches  
Where they'd stood alone  
My faithful friends  
Wanted to go home.*

*I saw them coming  
But not at trot  
I saw them struggling  
I saw them shot  
My faithful friends  
Turn back and flee  
My faithful friends  
Don't swim to me.*

*Their strong, long legs  
Thundered through  
The salty waters  
They did not know  
The ships were faster  
Than the horses  
And soon  
Their familiar and determined faces  
Could no longer  
Be seen from where I stood.*

*But they didn't  
Turn around and flee  
From that sea  
The horses swam  
Towards the sun  
They swam because  
They could not run  
They swam in company  
They swam abreast  
To their final conflict  
Their last test.*

*I watch the clouds  
From where I sit  
And remember those moments  
On that ship  
As horses shot and drowned at sea  
Had tried to follow  
And reach me  
They had not stopped for bullet blast  
Were trained too well to remain in cast  
By me  
Their masters, their mates, their friends  
Who were made to watch each short life end.*

*I watch the clouds again with love  
I see the horses riding above  
Their manes and tails flicking free  
All the horses had come with me  
Their hooves were silver and their manes were gold*

*Some still swam to that sun of old  
The raging sea had not taken them  
Their instincts strong had found their men  
Because there I saw the emu plumes  
On slouch hatted figures amid the gloom  
I recognised those faces, freed  
Of all the men who rode with me.*

*From a world now peaceful and very still  
They rode their horses home with skill  
And now I know that when I die  
My faithful friend will be my guide  
With saddle ready and stirrups low  
My faithful friend will take me home.*

*Together we'll ride the clouds of mist  
And remember no more  
The memories of those ships  
I'll ride the nights with mates long gone  
We'll be together, we'll be strong  
The stars will fall and blanket the earth  
And mark our hoof prints in the turf.  
For we are free and ride your sky  
Concealed by clouds, we pass you by  
So little children  
Try to spy  
Our shadowy figures as we glide by  
For amidst the clouds  
In skies of red  
Gallop the spectres of your dead.*

