

Little Brown Horse

And this is the little brown horse
My Uncle said ran wild
In the fields of Donegal no-one could catch.
And this is the little brown horse
That my mother said she fed apples
On her way to learn nothing at school.
And this is the little brown horse
My dad put all his hopes and dreams on
And is probably still running.
And this is the little brown horse
That I ride every day into battle
The slower I go the more he picks up speed.
And this is the little brown horse
That is you coming in from work
With a smile and a kiss and a cream cake.
And you run like a wild thing in
At the gate and you say –
It will be all right in the end.
And we lean like two horses
That can never be parted.
And I know it will all be all right.
In the end.



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Helen Burke has been writing poetry for the last twenty-five years. She has been a regular reader at Literature Festivals and events in the U.K. – and her work has appeared in numerous poetry magazines and anthologies.

She has also had short stories published, written for and performed on radio as well as working as a visual artist. Winner of the Manchester, Devon and Dorset, Norwich, Suffolk and Leslie Richardson (Yorkshire) Prizes, amongst other awards. Ian McMillan has said of her work – “This is a poet with verve, wit and humanity.” Her collections include: *Poetry – Helen Burke* (1997), *Island of Dreams* (1997), *Gift* (2001), and *Zuzu’s Petals* (2009). Her newest collection, *The Ruby Slippers*, is available from amazon.co.uk