

NO UNDER DOG THIS STANDIE POEM BY LIZ JEFFS

“Who are you calling an underdog?” I heard my Standie say.
“I’m not a dog, I’m a horse, you dope,” he said, in a most affronted way.
That was just before he bucked me off. I’d been talking with a friend on my mobile
About some Arabs and Thoroughbreds and I had mentioned some word like “style”.

We’d started out on a morning walk. It was a clear blue summer’s day.
I thought we’d enjoy some quality time, not going any particular way,
But a friend had phoned and we got talking about horses, quite comprehensive.
Little was I to know my Standie was listening and would find our chat offensive.

So as I lay writhing on the ground, he was making his demands ample clear
“When we get home, you’d better pay if you want to get back up here”.
“I’m not just a pack horse you know. I’m meant to be your friend. Well, My Dear,
I’ll expect a rub and a juicy big biscuit of hay,
..... and you can add to that, a beer”.

Liz Jeffs

JUST FOR LAUGHS

