

## Horses

Two horses met in a field and related their dreams  
We were playing together in a tennis match, and you  
played beautifully, your forehand returns, your  
serves, your double-backhand volleys had the crowd  
at fever pitch. The commentators forgot their  
nationalities. The second dream – was I in that too?  
I wanted to make a cup of tea and was boiling water  
in an iron, and was as infuriated as soda in gin  
what is wrong with these people, they don't own a  
kettle? I also dreamed that I was very thirsty and saw  
a big white grape and wanted to buy it but it was  
dirty, and there was a tap in the yard, and I went back  
to the shop and realised I was missing a shoe, how  
could it have fallen off without me noticing?  
People are dumb in dreams, I feel dumb myself when  
I serve so many aces, and hit so many winners, the  
crowd loves me and TV cameras linger on my friends  
and the game seems mine for the asking, but I  
don't ask, I just keep on trotting. You're so beautiful  
they nod deeply, I would you were in all my dreams

Michael Farrel