

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

I headed towards St Pauls
A coffin I did bear
A controversial woman
With long bushy hair

I was very close to her
The union flag was draped
Over her coffin people came
To clap, to jeer, to gape.

Some people made me nervous
There were problems at the gates
A protestor threw a stone
That hit me on the nape

I never asked to do this
But I did it, of course
For I am not a human
But a coffin-bearing horse.

Jason 17/04/13