

## Sarly and the Dandy

“Has he ever been ridden?” the horse trainer asked.  
Just a smile and a “Nope.” was the cowboy's reply.  
He look'd strong, he look'd fast. “What a beautiful mount!”  
His eyes soft, ears relax'd, wouldn't kick at a fly.

As the crowd started gath'rin' to seats in the stands,  
Our proud horsetrainer/showman smirk'd, checkin' his mike  
At these “ruffians, cow'boys'; an unsightly lot  
To teach manners and horsemanship” gentleman-like.

Now ol' Sarly stood quiet and pert near asleep  
As he watch'd the crowd grow with a curious eye.  
He remember'd his Maw tell him not long ago  
“Do your best when in public” and to “Reach for the sky.”

Trottin' light on his feet but with no extra bounce,  
Sarly tried to do what the nice horse trainer said.  
“What a good fellow! My, aren't we sweet!” was his praise  
As they play'd with ropes 'round his feet or his head.

Sarly's eyes still half shut and his ears keepin' time  
While the horsetrainer taugt and the crowd would applaud.  
When the saddle went on, Sarly lick'd both his lips  
in approval. The training technique was not flaw'd.

As the saddle sat flat, our dear rider approach'd.  
Sarly knelt on both knees to assist him to mount.  
Sarly straighten'd his legs, and his balance regain'd,  
Once the rider was set, lit the fuse and the count.

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Sarly's eyes flash'd at "3", took a deep breath at "2",  
Bogg'd his head deep at "1", "zero" launch'd him to fly.  
His Momma's words singin', from ears to tail wringin',  
His "best" he would give as he "reached for the sky!"

Soon the horse trainer weaken'd, his saddle was leakin',  
Sarly got right in time with his crosshairs in place.  
As the rider shot up, Sarly turn'd inside out  
So his heels would not land in the gentleman's face.

Comin' down from the clouds, our dear rider bounced back  
As our "beautiful mount" broke his fall with hind feet.  
Sarly kick'd him back up like a beach volleyball  
Just to spike him head first in the dirt in defeat.

Dandy's dignity ruptured, his neck pert near broke  
Ever' inch of his torso scream'd- tortured and bruised.  
Would his students still pay? Would they laugh, walk away?  
Reputation in question, been lied to – Abused!

Sarly's owner retun'd, take him home, when he learn'd  
The newfangl'd clinician had said that he lied.  
"Now let's get one thing straight!" as he got in his face.  
"Never rode', Never said that he's never been tried!"