

TRELAWNY

Maureen Clifford © The #ScribblyBark Poet

Trelawney is a brumby. In high country he was bred.

Where hills are made of granite and where every step you tread,

releases gravel cascades, this is rough and stony ground.

Trelawney knows its danger, no safe footing to be found.

He is a somewhat nondescript big bay with a white chest.

One white rear hind, a white blaze, who can out gallop the best.

When he was just a baby, he was mustered with the mob,

but broke away from ringers and hot-footed for the top.

Behind his dam he followed close, mimicked each turn and leap.

Over the snow gums broken limbs, across the icy creeks.

Through deep thickets and stunted scrub, that tried to bar their way,

up mountain slopes that steeply reached to pinnacles so grey.

Trelawney never faltered, he matched his Mum stride for stride.

His little flanks were heaving, and steam drifted from his hide.

*The mighty stallion led his mob to pastures far away
from ringing stock whips snap and crack; the melee of the fray.*

So many years have passed since then, Trelawney's now full-grown.

A veteran of battle, running mares that are his own.

He never travels too far from those hills where he was born.

His mountains he loves better than the lower pastures warm.

And men have tried to catch him; he's been mustered by the best

but managed to elude them, return to his Mountain crest

where from high peaks and buttresses he keeps watch on his mares

who graze sparse winter pastures 'neath his ever watchful stare.

In high country winter is harsh. Only the strong survive.

The feed is scarce, covered by snow, they dig to stay alive.

Trelawney, being mountain bred, all of these secrets knows,

the whereabouts of water holes and shelter from the snows.

To capture him would be a shame, this legend of his time

This muscled, rangy big bay horse, a Stallion in his prime.

Though some would seek to tame him, Trelawney I think would die

if taken from his mountain peaks where horse and eagle fly.