

Horse Race Blues

by Phillip W. Weiss

One summer's day I went to the track,
Bet on some horses and lost lots of jack,
Made it back home and looked to the sky,
Once again had no slice of the proverbial pie.

I implored You-Know-Who to light up my way,
For at the racetrack, I lost so much hay,
The horseys did not seem to mind or to care,
Which to me was not nice and in fact was unfair.

Bad horses do win, and good horses do lose,
The money does flow no matter the news,
The jockeys do ride, and the trainers do train,
The horseys do run like machines with no brain.

No one can explain how the races will end,
Or if fine Lady Luck will be willing to bend,
A tad for those lads who never do win,
And feel sad and forlorn at the track garbage bin.

I make my tough bets from both post and the stead,
Each ticket feels like a big clump of hot lead,
A sacred investment imbued with great hope,
That soon could blow up and cause me to mope.

I watch every race and root stoutly and loud,
My mind is now inside a tremulous cloud,
That obscures all clear thoughts except for the one,
That my horse will prevail, and I'll have huge fun.

One day my dear horseys went around the wide turn,
And each one did fail, with turf still to burn,
But then in the last race I can't believe what I see,
That gal Lady Luck is still riding with me.

Then from who-knows-where the magic then wanes,
Another slick horse is making huge gains,
And running real hard to close that big gap,
That I beg Lady Luck to please do not snap.

The race is now done, one horse sure did win,
A close photo finish that is now in the bin,
I am shocked and amazed by what I did see,
The horse that I bet on seemed to wink right at me.

If you want to know if my horsey did win,
And if Lady Luck stayed with me like a pin,
Then simply do note that while writing this poem,
It was me who did cheer as we all left for home.

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