**Emily Davison**

I can feel. And hear them. Before I

see them. Thunderous, pounding, like a thousand

hearts, throbbing up, upwards, to me. Splitting

earth from its core. Crowds part, as if sensing

destiny. Drawn ever closer - a sacrifice to

sound. There. And there. On the horizon. Small

and delicate of bone like little children,

their satin colours, whispering, rustling upon

skin and yet more satin. Racing, racing

through the elliptical. How they seemed to

fly. So beautiful, so, so beautiful. But eyes

are renowned liars. It is time.

I make a move. Another. Then another. No

hand stays the inevitable. The moment is

mine. Now, I see them, for the first time.

In their true glory: manes flying, nostrils

Flaring, eyes wildly orbiting. And throbbing.

Throbbing, beating, pounding hooves. Sweaty

Flanks, sinews- muscled in express speed.

Towards me. The King’s horse – a beauty,

moulded an equine perfection. I see you. See

Your guided grace, glide towards, me. My

colours are with me now. Are part of me.

Violet. White and green. *Deeds not words*.

*Deeds not words*. A breath expands all

that I am. Then falling, falling, like slipping

into sleep. Fetlocks, hooves, shadows, ear

to the ground – a deep, throbbing, dying

heart. Violet. White and green. And. And.

Darkness. No stars.

**Rose Foran**