Regret

The horse broke his heart at the last fence
was already dead when he hit the ground
but the jockey had to hit the ground alive.

He got in very late, drink taken, stiff,
sat in the armchair in the corner, bent
to unzip his leggings, pull off his boots.

Salt water leaked out of his rusty eyes.
At first light next morning by the chair
boots and leggings curled like creatures.