

That was 2018, so it was

(Flat season)

The season alights as reality bites,
Straight into the Lion's jaws.
A Classic war, a Warrior's roar.
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We knew from the start she was small but all heart.
Dug deep when it really mattered.
Emotions stirred. An Airlie bird.
Her rivals Skittered and Scattered.

A Roman sound, Guineas firsts all round,
You won't hear the fall of the gavel.
A Sovereign or two, a Leger on Kew,
Have horses, have targets, will travel.

Forever Together, Together Forever.
The younger sibling on show
On Epsom Downs and softening ground,
Oaks from acorns grow.

A rider on fire. A trainer inspired.
From Alpha to Omega we go.
A true starburst. A Royal Ascot first.
And four Group 1s in a row.

An Irish Derby spin after a mere maiden win.
They said he was probably mad.
To ride them is fine. To train them, sublime.
Eleven more and he's level with Dad.

A Cesarewitch debate: no hurdles in the straight.
The Low Sun must be in our favour.
An Ascot Stakes gift: first, third, fourth and fifth.
Not bad for a National Hunt trainer.

Stack's Son shares the spoils at Ayr
As Bunyan Hits The best.
But what's never in doubt is a Royal Hunt Cup rout.
You wouldn't Settle For less.

There was a Cromwellian test, a French Princess.
An act of courage to send her.
And there was a wily sage, getting younger with age,
Another Prendergast Guineas contender.

We're missing a star, his name's not on the card.
But our thoughts are constantly with him.
Positivity can. A remarkable man.
This race, he is destined to win.

Curtains down and champions crowned.
O'Brien and O'Brien and Crosse.
A Futurity run, a 14th Group 1.
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