

## **That was 2020, so it was**

A year of strange and rearrange,  
Of start and stop and pause.  
When must was might and black was white.  
That was 2020, so it was.

The crowds are gone, but racing's on,  
Behind closed doors we go.  
No Ascot royals, and Derby trials  
After the Lord Mayor's show.

All set to go but, Even So,  
He's Keane to wait in rear.  
Siskin first, a Guineas burst  
A Classic Lyons year.

Snaking around the Epsom Downs  
Five and a half lengths clear.  
Reality's bite, only silence in sight,  
As euphoria rings in your ear.

A talented mare, German flare.  
Reputation continually enhanced.  
Five in a row and Joey says go  
As together they conquer France.

Two champions go toe to toe  
A hundred times to the fray.  
Mac Swiney lands the Vertem plan.  
A hundred years to the day.

Outside run, a debut Group One,  
Champers to first from last.  
Champions duel as Magical rules  
In a Heffernan masterclass.

Apprentices hired, young men inspired  
No Group race claimers here.  
A title run to 51  
And a Galway ride of the year.

A Classic Chrome, but captive at home,  
A Fillies' Mile instead.  
Full faith from the boss, a perfect Crosse,  
And the rider scores with his head.

A Fancy turn, a French Group One,  
A brother with more in store.  
Win one Cup, well, that might be luck.  
Win two: that's something more.

Stopped in our tracks in September  
When we lost a remarkable man.  
Nine times champion, but much more than a jockey.  
Forever in our thoughts.

Silks in the breeze, black body, white sleeves,  
Search For A Song once more.  
A 19-year rush since Vinnie's first.  
And a punch of the air from Orr.

A Breeders' Cup first, Tarnawa's Turf,  
A winner's enclosure all smiles.  
Unprecedented feat, the Order's complete:  
One-two-three by a Mile.

Mean and lean and, they say, a machine,  
A 12-year-old still in the zone.  
Never before had the crowd's roar  
Carried a racehorse home.

Henry on fire, Rachael inspired  
On Honey – who else could it be?  
A roll of the dice and an Arkle surprise.  
Time for a cup of tea.

A perfect score in the Ballymore  
10 at least out of 10.  
Geraghty drives to make it five.  
Exhale – perfect end.

Sire and Min and It Came To win,  
Pass with a skip and a hop.  
None forever, then two together.  
A double Photo op.

Once more to the well with a Story to Tell,  
As Donoghue makes his mark.  
Ballyadam impressive, Gerhard progressive.  
A walk in the Cheveley Park.

Into the straight as Make Good makes great,  
Clear by seven lengths.  
A Caspian jewel as Chatham Street rules.  
A Winters of deep content.

Some year, for sure, of tiers and rules,  
And protocols and acts and laws.  
And end in sight, at least, some light.  
That was 2020, so it was.