**Memorial**

As a student, I noticed him only   
for the traffic cones  
one on the horse’s ear,   
one on his head.    
Then the unthinkable happened.  
A drunken lad scaling the horse’s back   
slipped. Tom Callaway. Dead  
at eighteen.  
  
Plants and photographs memorialised him.  
College students showed respect by going  
elsewhere for a smoke. In the evenings  
tea lights trembled in glasses.  
  
Today the pompous General sits there still.   
Plump and solid in his feathered hat,   
Entirely dead to history’s revisions.  
  
The horse however is breathing. The sculptor   
was an equine vet: his Boer war was horses.   
You can tell his hands adored the fetlock’s turn,   
the proud head’s dip, cared a good deal less   
for the haughty man with his hand on his hip.   
  
See how the horse’s mane and lifting tail   
are moving; see too how it’s muscles tense   
in duty. This is the horse’s long, laborious fate  
to bear the heaviness of history.

Take our weight.

**Pippa Marriott**