

Box Head My Hero

Did you ever have a great hero Grandad?
One whose deeds you will never forget
Maybe the best friend you ever had
Or someone you were glad you met

He hardly spoke, so it was not new the silence
Feeling awkward, maybe made a mistake
Prying could have caused some offense
Opened up on old wound, make the heart ache

From the dry old ducts flowed a few tears
Disappearing into the crevices and cracks
On the weather-beaten face of many years
The many hard times had left their tracks

He finally spoke, there was one of those
In my life for a short but memorable time
Box Head was the name I chose
We met when we were both in our prime

A 15 hands sturdy Chestnut Bay
Big brown eyes, a strong Waler breed
Obedient, would do everything I say
Could handle the heat and had speed

We had been to battle together for a year
Had not been on a cavalry charge as yet
He was just a pack horse, carried my gear
Soon, however, I would be forever in debt

It was the end of October nineteen seventeen
A Calvary charge on Beersheba was to take place
The likes of which had never been seen
This could only be achieved at top pace

After a 30 mile trek with no food or water
Dismounted and checked saddles in case
Ready for what could be a slaughter
And to look at Box Head in the face

His big brown eyes glistened, he was ready
His ears were forward, listening and alert
This was not your average farm yard Neddy
His strong legs slowly scraping, testing the dirt

The 200 metre line was ready for the long dash
A long way to be covered over treacherous ground
No need to spur these horses on, no need of a lash
A slow trot turned into a thunderous galloping sound

The enemy took some lives as you would expect
But the speed at which we arrived caused a panic
Their spirit was broken, somewhat wrecked
By sharpened glistening bayonets held by the manic

Box Head sailed over the trenches with ease
We continued on heading for desert gold
Securing most of the wells hidden in the trees
With these the victory would be tenfold

There have been many stories written about that day
Whilst many are true and respectful, it must be said
Nothing about this marvellous Chestnut Bay,
My hero, my friend forever, Box Head.