

# Gordon Downie, Steeplechase

There's a cruel crumpling sound from over yonder by the steeplechase  
It's a sound of coming down like horses slamming on  
The brakes it's the sound of a crowd, of an equine crowd  
Hin the vacuum of its age

It's a sound coming down of an entirely different race  
It's a sound coming down like il palio  
Sent splayed and sprawling into a cafe in an explosion of table legs and trays  
It's a sound coming down like a chuckwagon when it strays  
A little too far from the stampede days  
And slams into the butterfly chase  
That's the sound  
Coming down