

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