

# Whiddon Bush Poetry | 2026

## Saturday at Pony Club

*The float backs up beside the yards*
*before the sun is high,*
*dust already rising slow*
*beneath a cotton sky.*

*Helmets hang from fence posts bent,*
*bridles over rails,*
*and every ute in Wee Waa town*
*has hay stuck in its tail.*

*The mums have water bottles and folding chairs,*
*the dads all talk of rain,*
*and someone's chasing a loose pony*
*down the gravel lane.*

*Plaits pulled tight with careful hands,*
*ribbons red and blue,*
*sunblock thick across young cheeks*
*and shirts in faded hue.*

*"Boots and belts and numbers on!"*
*the chief instructor calls,*
*while little boots thump nervously*
*against the yard rail walls.*

*The horses dance and swish their tails,*
*they sidestep dust and flies,*
*the kids sit tall pretending calm*
*though nerves sit in their eyes.*

*Then out they move in troop line neat*
*across the open ground,*
*hooves beating slow and steady time -*
*the best bush marching sound.*

*Left rein circle, keep your space,*
*heels down and shoulders back,*
*one drops a stirrup, grabs again,*
*determined to stay on track.*

*The sun climbs high, the heat rolls in,*
*the bitumen turns sweet,*
*and sweat and leather mix with dirt*
*beneath the children's feet.*

*Parents clap for tiny jumps*
*like they're the Melbourne Show,*
*and every clear round earns a grin*
*ten sizes all will know.*

*Ribbons flap against horses necks,*
*proud smiles stretch out wide,*
*dust prints mark their jodpers and socks*
*but never touch their pride.*

*The floats line up for heading home*
*as shadows start to fall,*
*sleepy riders slump in seats*
*still wearing helmets small.*

*And long after the grounds are empty*
*and quiet fills the land,*
*you'll see hoof prints in the red dirt*
*like signatures in sand.*

*Because out here kids don't just grow up -*
*they learn grit and heart and try,*
*in troop lines under endless sun*
*beneath a Wee Waa sky.*

***Nettie Maxwell, Whiddon Wee Waa***

Assisted by Lifestyle Officer Cassandra