

## EXH6

*In memory of Exported British Horses Betrayed by So-Called 'Legislation'*

*The Brits kinda like horses, so they say;  
Piebald, Skewbald, Black or Bay;  
So why am I here in this unlit, moving 'room';  
All I can define is a sense of doom.*

*We are "Going for Riding" to a European land;  
At least that's what the paperwork says;  
So a great new life of joy and fun;  
Await us with coming summer days.*

*I can rest assured without any doubt;  
The folks at DEFRA have checked us all out;  
I have "Fitness to Travel" in this unlit box;  
So don't talk to me about coughing or pox.*

*An LVI I have not seen;  
Is it him or me who is not that keen ?  
I go under 'Article 3' which means no Vet;  
Has any reason to question when Sunny said  
'Yep'.*

*I am unshod as the law book says;  
So no damage can I do;  
To the other thirteen stuffed in this box;  
Who with me make up the boldly crew.*

*It is packed tight in here with little air;  
I can just make out your face;  
But question me not on rooms or partitions;  
For we are protected by laws on 'Equine Space'.*

*If you should fall you are safe and sound;  
Driver-regular checking laws abound;  
Although its dark I know his hand held light;  
Will prevent you from sustaining further plight.*

*You will be checked periodically en route;  
After all, that's what the regulations say;  
By God its dark, so answer me close;  
Are you, like me, a Bay ?*

*Not much longer to go now;  
On our short hop with an 'ATC'  
That says its only eight hours or less for us;  
Unlike the 'Route Plan' boys destined for Italy.*

*My God have you heard their stories;  
Trucked right across Europe to die;  
They are the real unlucky ones;  
No protective legislation like you and I.*

*They make them into Salami you know;  
Or steaks for brain-dead 'superiors' to munch;  
Why can't the superiors be sensible like you and  
me;  
And only eat grass and veggies for lunch ?*

*Hey, we've stopped;  
Our new riding home awaits; all checked out  
and tickerty-boo;  
Get that ramp down, at the correct angle of  
course;  
And no rushing please, I'll follow you.*

*What's that Skewbald'  
"Slaughterhouse"; - no I don't know exactly  
what that means;  
But I am sure the occupants will welcome us;  
With open arms and smiles of beams.*

*Move on now, I cant wait;  
To see those welcoming looks;  
Mind your head as you pass down the aisle;  
Keep clear of those blood-soaked, spike tipped  
hooks !!*

*Mark Johnson – January 2003.*



*LVI = Local Veterinary Inspector      Route Plan = Paperwork for journeys of 8 hours plus.*

*'Sunny' – DEFRA Official who approves export shipment Licences*

*'Slaughterhouse' – where the eye of the innocent meets the eye of the betrayer and the excellence of man is diminished – Carla Lane.  
If they had walls of glass; everyone would be a Vegetarian.*