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LET'S RIDE TOGETHER
A POEM FOR THE HOPELESS ROMANTIC BY AUTUMN ROYAL ILLUSTRATION CHRISTOPHER DOWNES

'I THINK WE SHOULD GO HORSE RIDING.'
THIS WAS A SUGGESTION I MADE TO THE
ONE I WAS CONSIDERING FALLING IN
LOVE WITH. CONSIDER LOVE.

I love to consider. I could do it all day and all night,
but then I'd lack the sleep required to get up in
the morning in time for work. No, this is wrong; I'm
always running late for work without the sleepless
nights of consideration. Perhaps I should consider
ways in which I can improve my punctuality? Time
needs to be put into the making of time. I'll try and
make time for this.

Making time. If only I could. I'd create time for
all of the millions of accomplishments that are
impossible to achieve with my limited talent and
mortal years. I'd like to read everything I've been
told I 'must read' and write more books then
Catherine Cookson. Before her death Cookson
wrote more than 90 books and with such titles as
The Garment, The Nice Bloke, and The Girl, she never
wasted an instant on brainstorming unique or
captivating titles. Whilst competing with Cookson
I'd also like to live in countries such as Japan,
Iceland and France (mastering all languages). I
should probably just extend my travels to include
the entire world.

Apparently 'it's a small world'; perhaps we say this
to make ourselves feel more comfortable with our
position on this planet – you know somebody that
I knew when I used to stand-up paddle board with
their cousin's veterinarian. The world is a million
tonnes of past, present and future floating
around in every speck of matter, the world tickles
our noses and makes us sneeze. Not even Atlas
could bear the weight of the world on his

shoulders – but we must reduce its magnitude so
that we may travel to places far from home.

Home can be difficult to find. We say the home
is where we keep our hearts (in pickle jars and
washing baskets?). The next time somebody
accuses you of being heartless, try taking their
hand and placing it on your left breastbone, if
they feel the beat, you've proven your point,
and quite possibly calmed them down. I was
once told that a successful way of relaxing is
to pat an animal.

ANIMALS ENABLE US UPHOLD THE
FALLACY OF OUR OWN HUMANITY. PERHAPS
I WANTED TO GO HORSE RIDING WITH THE
PERSON I CONTEMPLATED LOVING BECAUSE
I WANTED TO FEEL LIKE A HORSE,
TO METAMORPHOSE INTO AN ELYNE
MITCHELL SILVER BRUMBY AND GALLOP
AWAY FROM THE ROUTINE BREAD AND
BUTTER – TO REKINDLE THE ROMANCE WE
NEVER POSSESSED.

The relationship ended as awkwardly as this trawl
of words; and I'm once again whirling in an ocean
for the one who wishes to ride with me, but this
time; I'm dreaming of seahorses.