The Man From Down Under

By : AMS1971

This is dedicated to world renowned Australian horseman 'Clinton Anderson' - told from the view point of a disrespectful, untrained horse. To fully appreciate the phrases and humor of this poem, you have to understand who Clinton Anderson is and some of his most common quotes and references. For anyone who would be interested in viewing his horse training methods (which are quite amazing), go to - DownunderHorsemanship.com and DownunderHorsemanship.tv â there are new episodes posted every Tuesday. Clinton Anderson is very entertaining as well as an awesome horse trainer, so even if horses aren't your thing, he will still make you laugh and keep you interested. I think the man is awesome - but then I may be prejudice...I've always had a thing for Aussies :):)

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The Man From Down Under

The man from Down Under, I remember him clear

How he stared me down without any fear

I stood my ground but still he came on

I planted my feet, I would not run

No warning, he rushed me, his whip in hand

Who the hell was this? I'd never seen such a man

I flattened my ears, determined to fight

He snapped his whip, and my ass it did bite

Away I lunged, cursing death in his sleep

But he just kept coming, moving my feet

I turned my ass to him, my eyes seeing red

Thrust out my feet and kicked at his head

â Look at me!â He ordered as my mind reeled

â Two eyes!â He demanded. â Not two heels!â

â Think! Don't react!â Was his lesson to teach

I wanted to bite him but couldn't get within reach

He put on the pressure, refused to back down

Chased me relentlessly, round and round

On a whim I decided to challenge my foe

Away he sent me, my ass again sore

It didn't take long to get through my head

This cracked out cowboy meant what he said

I was getting nowhere with this man from down under

Everything I tried, he split asunder

A new plan was in order, I began to surmise

As I stopped, chest heaving, and met his eyes

â That's better.â He said but what did that mean?

Who was he talking to? Surely not me

He hadn't caught me, no rope on my neck

Why was he smiling? What the heck?

â Now you're thinking.â He praised me with pride

Had this crack head finally come down from his high?

He turned his back to me, was he truly insane?

I had made grown men wail and cry out in pain

Out of his circle, vulnerable and exposed

Surely I could stomp him, game over, case closed

Ears and eyes forward, I studied his back

To rush him would mean that I was on crack

He was walking away as my mind shifted gears

I could run, jump the fence, once again be free

But my heart grew calm, I no longer saw red

All of the sudden he didn't seem so bad

The cowboy was going, I didn't want him to leave

I began to trot towards him. Don't go without me.

What was I thinking? Why on earth did I care?

Because of this man, my ass had lost hair

I could still feel the sting of hard lessons learned

Then it hit me - I was thinking on my own

How did he do it? It baffled my head.

As if reading my thoughts, turning he said

It's really quite as simple as A-B-C

Make the wrong thing difficult, the right thing easy

I'm not sure I get it, but he says I will

I make things hard, but he believes in me still

He doesn't coddle or work with kid gloves

But I wouldn't know respect without tough love

Some think he's too rough, a real son of a gun

But he did what he had to â to get the job done

Others might judge him as demanding and crass

But he changed my life - so they can kiss my ass.

His Down Under method is the best thing for me

Did I really once wish he die in his sleep?

He knows what he's doing and he does it well

I happen to think this Aussie is swell

Some may not like him, but I think he's great

This man from Down Under who now calls me 'Mate'.

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