

**Here with you on the coursing field.**  
**(In memory of Sue Pollard)**

My body is gone, but I'm still here, gazing down upon the field.  
It's time to fly-and-leap, twist-and-turn, the field is ready to run.

The lure operator has climbed to his post. The judge is in her chair.  
So get to the line and make good haste. The Hunt Master is about to call the race.

I've stood at the start, as you are now, with hound-in-hand and pounding heart. Now, it's time to slip the lead, and set your charge free.  
So, hold-your-hound hard, as the lure comes around, it's time to start the race.

Away they go in pursuit of prey. It's a full-on chase as they round the course. Their colors set them apart as they turn and charge for home.  
The hounds stretch out in flight and finish strong with such delight. While owners dream of bragging rights.

From a bird's eye view I watch. The release is clean, the pace is fast, the hounds are keen as they run past.  
So, crack a smile, and laugh with me, as we watch our hounds run free.

Once in a while, one might need to be caught, or dragged off the bag at the end-of-a-run.  
The heat was simply too much fun to come to such "abrupt-of-an-end". That's how I feel about my new wings.

I reflect in wonder at the speeds attained. Their amazing gait is unsurpassed as they coil and stretch across the grass.  
Their double suspension allows them to fly along with me.

If you are at the field for the very first time. There is so much to learn.  
So, look to members old and new, to lend-a-hand, fetch-and-hold, or walk-out a hound or two. The longevity of our beloved sport depends on you!

The bunny is caught. The race complete. The ribbons flutter in the breeze.  
So, I'll kiss your hounds soundly above. Kindly look in on mine below. Until next time we meet when the Hunt Master shouts tally-ho.

The view from up here is a magnificent sight to behold. Their velvet coats and amazing grace draw me near.  
So, look for a hound with an ear "cocked-to-the-sky" as I whisper down from above.  
Run safe and strong my beloved pack.  
The bunny is off and the Hunt Master shouts tally-ho.

Jody Weaver