

Dear Cup Week, I love you...

I was 8 years old in 1983,  
Spending the day with family,  
Watching the TV screen, I screamed,  
"Its Big Red – Pharlap, the best chestnut I ever seen."  
Daddy says "No, its Kiwi, he is from New Zealand, across the sea."  
I stared at the horse, it was uncanny to 8 year old me!  
Another chestnut from NZ,  
This means Kiwi it must be.  
"I want that horse Daddy, back it for me"  
Two dollars each way –  
The barriers open, the horses jump clean away,  
The roar of the crowd around the course,  
The sound of the horses hooves bounding down the Flemington track,  
Past the post for the first time, where is Kiwi?  
He is last at the tail, at the back,  
Down the back straight 30 lengths from first to last,  
Kiwi can't win, his time is past,  
Around the home turn, the field does spread,  
I can't see Kiwi,  
The commentator concentrates on the horses in front going head to head,  
I point at the TV, Daddy Kiwi is there,  
Now he is racing, running on air,  
I jump, I yell, I stop, I stare, heart pounding,  
Can Kiwi get there?  
The commentator notices:  
    "flying home is Kiwi, what a run,  
    one of the biggest performances you can ever see in the Melbourne Cup!"  
I'm jumping with excitement, so much fun,  
My Daddy gives me the biggest hug, lifts me up,  
"You did it my Princess, you picked the winner of the Melbourne Cup!"  
38 years on, not a cup my Daddy and I together have not seen.  
The memory of Kiwi's cup is the best there has been,  
For on this day the race that stops a nation,  
Forged a Daddy-Daughter connection,  
A relationship that is perfection!