

WESTERN

Robin Reagler

A full moon always. And cows. Not
Being afraid of anything, I inquire:

What happens to good faith
When young cowboys fall over?

Where did the world of Passion/
Action run off to?

My life is not all television,
But Little Joe's not back yet

From church and every day our herds
Dwindle, getting themselves rustled

Out from under our worldly possessiveness.
Pa looks thoughtful as usual. He must be

Considering widows. I'm big as a horse:
Yes, yipee-ki-yi-yay, and boy can

Hop Sing cook up a mess of stew
After our sinister chores are checked

Off the list. Here at the Ponderosa we stay
Busy. Words like *swagger* and *wrangle* work

Almost always. Sit still, you'll get ambushed.
I'm much happier in the saddle, cursing

Up a storm, singing a ballad about blood.