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Ode to a Cowboy

Ashley Halm SUNY Fredonia

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Ode to a Cowboy

You insist you'd rather be a ghost Wandering untethered from one place to the next And I think maybe I used to believe that too.

But I also think that people can be resting places Soft spots to land, to hang up your hat And be washed of the day's dust.

A soft spot can be hard to show Because that's where the arrows find you And leave you with scars that sparkle like spurs.

In the five o clock shadows and seven o clock sunsets We lend the pieces of ourselves we can afford to lose Until we are tangled together like so many old reins.

I think if there is a god He makes cowboys two of a kind And scatters them over the desert in the hot sand.

The chances of finding each other Before the animals do are slim But maybe this is the oasis.