

Poetry

Not Everyone Loves the West

Come, all you poetical cowboys;
Let's get something off of our chests.
Though we would not exchange
Our home on the range,
Not everyone loves the West.

Some think that it's too rough and tumble,
Which makes them so sad and depressed.
That they want to take it
And change and remake it
Then maybe they'd love the West.

They say if we shoot at grizzlies and wolves,
We'll be in great peril of arrest.
We shouldn't be bitter
If they chew up our critters;
That's how it should be in the West.

They say that the oilmen and miners
Should call a timeout to their quests.
Although we remark
That they'd freeze in the dark,
They're sure it'd be good for the West.

Remove all the cattle and sheep from the range
Is a thought that is often expressed.
They'd find it enticin'
To give it back to the bison,
Though those critters near ate up the West.

Perhaps we ought to convince 'em
That on the two coasts they are blessed.
That there they should stay
To work and to play;
Life's really too rough in the West.

Where a blizzard congeals your bloodstream,
No matter how warmly you're dressed,
And a barbed wire fence
Is your sole defense
From the wind that blows 'cross the West.

An' what if your faithful and trusty cayuse
Unloads you, miles from your nest?
You'd tramp over the plains,
With your feet feelin' pain,
From the boots that folks wear in the West.

And suppose that grizzly takes one look at you
And decides that your chops are the best?
At Figueroa and Main,
You may top the food chain,
But that ain't how it works in the West.

So you take the city and we'll take the range,
Though we're glad to have you as a guest.
Enjoy hospitality,
Keep an eye on reality;
Then we'll all get along in the West.

—By Dick Hart