

Star

When the old days went, my heart
became tired.
I miss the times of Billy Smart,
Annie Green, and "Tired" Sam.
They gave me life at the cost
of their own;
Never realizing it was me who
prospered by their deeds.
I lived a week at a time
When I trailed Charlie Red.
I was a mounted god when I
caught and hung the Clen boys.
Boston Tom thought he had killed
me with his two barreled Susie.
They dragged him from the slapwater
with a rope about his feet.
He knew how we felt and what we would do;
By his own hand Sue kissed him good-bye.
How often did I ruin a man's shirt - -
and color the sands - -
Knowing that I was right and
had God on my side.
Preacher Thomas lightly read his BIBLE
and though he did right
When he caught and called Joe Ace - -
Tom should have shot first.
Tom was a good man.
My memory flickers from deed to deed
and I swell inside
and sit a little taller.

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