

cowboy poems



cowboy
poems



well cowbells and tortoise shells
i'd rather your saddle over your pillow talk
all downtown and leather-bound
all lasso and so and a cowgal skinny as a cornstalk
all copenhagen and whisky-mouthed
all saddle burn in the sunburnt south
one wool-socked foot the other sock on the floor
gally-gal give some spurs and we'll buck some more.

wool socks & saddle talk

cowboy coffee

rawhide & tongue-tied
silence around the fireside

old mules & young bucks
waitin' on a top-up

coffee all slick like crude
blackest coffee ever brewed

thick enough it could be chewed
special recipe of a boi named sue

enjoy the coffee all yer folk
you won't sleep a week, it ain't no joke.

lard in the skillet
green beans and garlic
catfish freshly died

better than boiled millet
snappier than a guitar lick
that fish nice'n golden when fried

cookin' like this,
well son, it's an ol'
cowbois pride.

catfish 'n green beans

ain't got no six shooter

queer as a steer
or is that a three dollar bill?

ain't got no six shooter
no bullets, no pills

no liquor no nada,
no money, come on, nah

tight jeans & county fair
beauty queens—still

i ain't got no six shooter,
just a big old hat

just a bottle of snake oil
n' a memory of layin' you out flat.

bison by sun

a young man and a cap gun
chasing bison by sun
just say goodbye son,
"goodbye pa!"

little dust devils doing
chaw-chaw in dead fields

little lady froze still, all
coffee pot hat—face
like a kettle but real pretty
yup, the type-a gal to settle

blow me a kiss or whistle
for horsey—sum think enticin'

too hot to trot still chasin' them pink bison.

modern machines

horseshoes & shoe glue
shiny machines on the menu

be they tractors
be they cars
when we get to the matter
i know you 'n you'll
be ridin' stars

young man and a motorbike
crunchin' gears outta spite

golden lass & her mule
pretty face n' long black braids
i done gone run outta fuel
modern machines and love grenades
"you'll be my man" i hope she sayz.

siksika boi with gifts in hand
camas cake and pemmican

in return, a pouch of tobacco
time to feast and a song on the banjo

bison meat so sticky sweet
and the camas a true and earthy treat

we eat and eat and eat
sing and dance our song
the heat the heat the heat
the fire burns all night long.

camas cake & pemmican

boss of the plains

drinkin' river water
out from my hat
well leave it to beaver
and cleave off some
that fat—made a
little fire, to fry up
some fish—delicious
and almost a crier
but i ain't the sort
to write home and
embellish—ol' boss
of the plains keeps
my head warm, keeps
sun from my eyes
and i ain't gotta
worry bout no storm.

concrete cowboi 1

Las Vegas

concrete cowboi 2



concrete cowboy 3



A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "B. J. 2009". The signature is written in a cursive, stylized font. Below the signature is a large, sweeping flourish that starts under the "B", goes under the "J", and then extends to the right, ending under the "9".

concrete cowboi 4



concrete cowboi 5

1
is
up

concrete cowboi 6

pistol

concrete cowboy 7



concrete cowboi 8



concrete cowboi 9



concrete cowboi 10

VADU FRO



Op/riste

concrete cowboy 11

SPUR ME



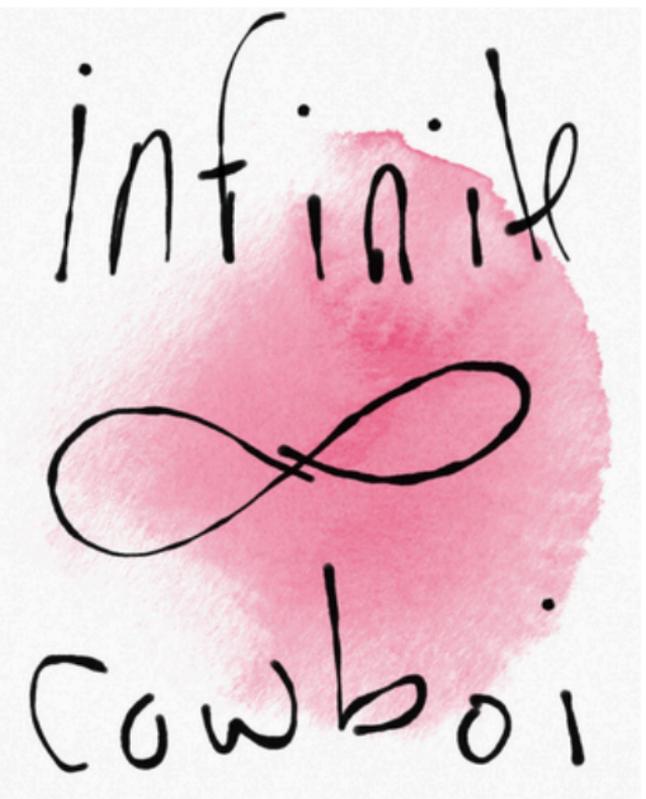
THE B.S.

concrete cowboi 12

CANDY
SHOES



concrete cowboi 13



concrete cowboi 14

Kaachigh
to a
gearhopper


concrete cowboi 15



cowboy détournement 1





cowboi détournement 2

cowboi détournement 3





cowboi détournement 4

cowboi détournement 5



protect your
pockets the
grifters are here
something like
rats or taxes

thousands
of tiny paws

pawing and
robbing
no point in
sobbing, you

coming outta
this threadbare
and penniless.

true grift

little chili bean

little red
chili bean
pinto or
piebald
or whatever
you like
this here
corral is
a zen
garden
groomed
by sole
wall and
frog.

proust for cowpokes

daddy said "darling, don't be dandy" but
don't worry poppa, i may be all pink hair
and don't care, but it just the punk rock
fashion—yet i don't like to be branded,
"nope yer cowpoke" just a silly little
cowboi—well cowboi's ain't never late
but they're always in search for lost time,
so bacon and eggs in the morning, toast
with butter, and a strong cup of coffee—
then it's work work work—just don't
get too wrapped up in high tootin-flutin
society—thankfully, i ain't no ma(i)d(e) man
and i still put my pants on one leg at a
time and i ain't the sort to complain and
whine—and i've accepted this everchanging
mask that age has given me, this costume,
this disguise—a cowboi, not so dandy, an
ol' punk transforming before your very eyes.

tub on prairie hill

cast iron and
clawfoot, black
and gold

old-timey
patina, milk
white basin;

a tub on prairie hill
under split skies,
the storm is a comin'
but for now, wash the
dust from my copper cowboi
body—hot water from the milk
churn, sweet rosewater in my curls—
clean cowboi and his gal—two bodies
adrift on a rolling hill under prairie sky—
a tub, a vessel, a craft, a dirty clean dream.

singapore sling

some folk like their
gin and sloe, and amigo
i am just about the same

you can be whisky drunk
or drunk on shine, but in
gin i found my claim

hell, dress her up in pink
put a cherry on top, and
i'll be more than game

ever hear a cowboi sing
'bout a singapore sling?
no? well, that's a cryin shame.

fireside at nighttime

fireside & eyes wide
these flames ain't just
for cookin, the fire
burns high and flapjack jane
she never been so good lookin
well bobcat bill can't
help to feel so he starts
on a little old-time whistle
all here fireside and bright-eyed,
boiling some tea from thistle
all us just sittin round the circle
we warm our hands slow
and then toast our feet
now, i ain't one for too
soft of words or therapy,
but i do know what good
comes from such golden
hot hot n roasty heat.

buffalo beans

a southern albertan summer, all
buffalo beans and feather reeds
but enough with poems about flowers
just big rock or erratic
big skies and brown eyes

dust behind the wood-panel station wagon
driving dirt roads all the way home with
a little wind and a buncha hailstone
garden must be battered, the hothouse in ruin
but if there ain't no risk, there's no point in doin'

gardener beware, you know more than i do,
it takes shit to grow shit, and that's
why we do all that pooin.

digital cowpuncher

no more prairie flowers
or mountain streams,

no more horses
no more denim

no more hat—
panza de burro—
no, no more of that

no canvas tent
and chuckwagon

just screens and
keyboards, a lonesome

digital cowpuncher
sitting electric zazen.

one for the ditch

the man in black
on the jukebox
in the back of a tiny
neon-lit bar—surely
a slow dance or two
following a bourbon
or a few, why did we
drive the car?—"well
time to go" we say,
we say, "ah"
our host replies
so gay " i see
you got the
southern itch, so
let's say a
little cheery cheers
and here's another
for the ditch!"



