



Don't Cross This Cowboy

He hit the doors, wide open they swung,
Whiskey he needed, his friend had been hung!
He'd get the bastards, time he could take,
They were heading south, plans he would make!

The drink swallowed quickly, he ordered another.
Kill them he swore on the grave of his mother.
The Scotch went down smoothly, bolder he became.
The gun in his holster he could readily aim!

Three drinks are now gone, she approached with ease,
Her eyes were unusual, her breasts were a tease.
"Hey cowboy, you're cute, what brings you to town?"
His reply, he was drunk, he gave her a frown!

Discouraged no way, she continued to pursue,
"Cowboy, upstairs, whatever you do?"
His face was leathered, deep scar so bold,
"Desire you my lady, no respect I withhold."

"But my friend is dead and revenge I do seek.
Kill them I will," not turning his cheek!
On his horse he rode, moving south.
The stallion was running, the bit in its mouth.

From Abilene they ran, Kansas I talk,
Their number was four, to the grave they would walk!
Several days in the saddle, Oklahoma passed by,
He followed at a distance, in Texas they would die!

Experience many years, this cowboy had had.
Shooting and fighting, he had started as a lad!
Kicked out by his Father at the early age of ten,
Prostitution his mother, who had laid many men!

This boy now man, you can imagine was tough.
Don't cross him ever, are you ready for rough?
Forty four caliber, his revolver by Colt,
If you challenge this cowboy you start a revolt.

Confidence he had, he would choose the time.
Self defense it would be, this is not a crime!
Youth had gone by, aged he was now,
But reflex was quick to continue his vow!

Fort Worth he would choose, familiar this bar.
They sat at a table, he had traveled so far!
He stood and faced them and words they were said,
"My friend you have hung and now you are dead!"

Their pistols flew out, slow motion indeed,
Our cowboy like lightening, he drew a bead.
Their guns half drawn, he shot them all four,
Accusations he remembered, his mother was a whore!

His friend they had hung, let the truth be here,
The man was his brother, let's pray with a tear.
The old west was severe, much killing was done.
Geography carved out with a knife and a gun!

Our cowboy was one of many tough men,
Without them, where would this nation have been?
All races from countries near and afar,
We are different because everyone we are!

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