Arrowheads

*(Assisted initially by Andy Wilkinson
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When a'saddlin' up this mornin'--
Pinned ears, a horse's warnin'--
Rump muscles 'bout as tight as rubber bands.
With his cold back still a'humpin',
I catch the off-stir'p 'for the dumpin'
We then prowl out to check water, cows and land.

Low margins and inflation,
With that tree-huggin' legislation
Takin' land from those who've always loved it most.
It's been three generations,
Fightin' that and corporation,
Our only hope, the Captain of the Host.

Two miles a'trottin' tight,
"There's Ol' Shadow" in dawn's first light,
My pony sighs, decidin' to relax.
He picks a draw where Indians've been,
Looking for arrowheads again,
There's no buffalo or lobo sign, just coyote tracks.

A fragment of the civilizations
Goin' back 'fore the Indian nations
Or cowboys, waitin' sheltered in this sand.
Tho' I sure don't know his name
He left his mark here, just the same
Folsom point* from another vanishing man.

If arrowheads preserve a culture
Or historical interests nurture,
What on earth, will my like-treasured arrowhead be?
If I could leave a mark behind
For someone later on to find,
Will he see past the cowboy and maybe think of me?

Cattle replacing the buffalo
Coyote's left, but not El Lobo,
And Li'l Paint's no Commanche pony of the plains.
I pluck and hold in my hand
The work of an ancient man.
Will my works pass the Judgement and remain?

Cow calls end my speculatin'
My duties today are still waitin',
You see, I am the caretaker of this land.
Horse and I now work together
Enjoyin' early autumn weather,
Wonderin', who will hold my arrowhead in his hand?

Folsom Point: Handcarved stone weapon tip, similar to an arrowhead, made by Folsom Man, a prehistoric culture. These findings have been dated by experts to be 10,000 to 12,000 years old (if the earth is that old). They were probably the first representatives of the human race across this part of the country.