

Good Mothers

(written in tears, having a childhood flashback, while listening to Buck Ramsey
at the '94 D. Shepherd Mem.)

The scene in my mind as fresh as today,
I was 4, my brother a toddler.
Out in the corral, looking at the new calf
With my wonderful Dad and two others.

My Dad had to go, other work to do
But he didn't leave us alone.
He knew out there that we'd be just fine
With Frank Q. and Charlie Chacon

My brother toddled up to touch the new baby
Still wet with her afterbirth.
When 900 pounds of maternal fury
Mashed him hard against the earth.

Just doin' her job, the mother a good one
Trying hard to protect her young son,
As she stomped, rolled and tossed round my brother
Who was ignorant of what he'd done.

I screamed aloud in my helplessness
As I heard my brother moan.
Into the middle, like a flash of lightning,
Thank God for Charlie Chacon!

Brave Charlie picked my brother up,
As he checked for little broken bones,
Then he asked bawling me in the shape I was in
To take my brother on home.

Smart Charlie had braved and awful ordeal
But didn't want to take on another.
900-pound cow, as mean as she was,
Didn't make half of our hundred-pound mother!