

Tale by “Pony Tail”

by John Townsend & Cactus Jack McCarty

I took the windmill back to England,
The “Nara Visa” flied.
My neighbors though me crazy, but
it makes me think of Clyde.

We do a Wild West show Cross’d o’er-
Import the cowboy style.
Riding, roping, ponies loping,
to raise a British smile.

To bring an understanding light
into British face,
and with a proper sort of myth,
explain the Cowboy Race.

The Cowboy wasn’t born on screen,
with blazing guns in hand,
but common men with horse and beef
to feed a hungry land.

The Cowboy Breed is different,
no ordinary man;
his gut is filled with gravel while
his blood is thick with sand.

It’s when they’re in adversity,
that’s when they’re at their best,
when overcoming obstacles
beyond most human test.

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Rhythm scheme (Meter): 1.-/-/-/- 2.-/-/- 3.-/-/-/- 4.-/-/-

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