

# Windmillin' Time

The tower creaks as up I sneaks

For more than ten full yard.

Replace a blade and oil to change

It shouldn't be too hard.

The platform groans, one nail still holds

The brake needs fixin' too.

A bucket holds some tools and oil,

New blade I hope will do.

**Them safety belts iz fer cow'rds.**

My tools array'd, I check the blade,

I brought the wrong durn size!

While breeze is still I check the mill,

Change oil 'midst wasps and flies.

The bucket's full of dirty oil,

I'll pour it o'er the side.

Then thru' my shirt wasp bites that hurts,

I scream, that hurts my pride.

**Them safety belts iz fer cow'rds.**

Then starts the breeze, the fan gets teased,

The wheel turns more and more.

As I step back- plan my attack,

I tip the platform floor.

I catch the tail then spill the pail

The tower gets a soak.

My boots won't grip, the platform's tip'd,

Glad I don't need a smoke.

**Them safety belts iz fer cow'rds.**



I must go down, oil's on the ground.  
I'll bring the other blade.  
With half climb done, break ladder rung,  
Then flip 'til flat I'm laid.  
Knock'd out of breath, feel close to death-  
Look up in time to see  
The tower shake with fall I made  
Tools fallin' fast t'ward me.  
Them safety belts iz fer cow'rds.

What others do in less than two,  
I did with cowboy pow'rs.  
With bruises, bites and bones not right,  
I fought it man to man.  
I hung and swung, but got it done.  
Been better with both hands.  
Them safety belts iz fer cow'rds.

6/96 by Cactus Jack McCarty

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