

Northern Lights?

Inspired when helping Frank and Emily Winters during Fall '95

We rode out 'neath a dim moon's glow.
November's breath was soft but cold.
Faint graying east would bring the dawn
Though sky was bright as stars control'd.

As horseshoe sparks dim light the trail,
The Rita Blanca's secrets hid.
The horseshoe music sounds today
As sweet a hundred years past did.

Fine breakfast 'neath our coat still warms
The coffee and comraderie.
With only one less-polish'd hand,
Our crew is proven; trustworthy.

Now single-file up rock-slide trail
The dark that makes each one alone
Is broken by few jokes and laughs
Unreach'd by market quotes or phone.

At last atop the canyon wall,
We wait to work by light of day.
The panorama yet is veil'd
To be undress'd by sun's first ray.

A northern glow near takes my breath-
Aurora Borealis be?
Yet, this far south, the Northern Lights
Tho' rare, had twice been seen by me.

In quiet tone, with reverence,
I ask what source the light might be.
With twisted, smile my friend groans out
"Dalhart Prison Facility."

by Cactus Jack McCarty 3/9/'96