

## Forces

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# Dodge City

Donald Barbee

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# Dodge City

*Donald Barbee*

little dust little weed  
the Elevated grain and  
the little tree Wyatt  
earp West and  
fourteenth  
the bush fingers of  
long concrete

apostles mostly rustlers  
all twelve in your pocket  
for the bigger glass  
to swaddle their  
bellies, their buckles  
manhood at half-mast

so the dust turns to  
mud in midnight  
so they trek their way  
down  
each with their Pharaoh,  
fleeing from the banks  
but it's just the dirty,  
dirty Arkansas  
and the sun will be up  
in six hours  
and another whore in  
slow gallop towards  
Tulsa

