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## Nobody Wants To Be a Cowboy

Aaron Baker

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# Nobody Wants To Be a Cowboy



BY  
AARON BAKER

“Oklahomans no longer will work the long hours for the cheap wages of cowboys.”  
“Ranchers seek help of alien migratory workers.” —News item.

I say hang us dead  
to the old bunkhouse wall.  
Let the lonely coyotes wail  
and the wild hawks sail,  
as they will according  
to their kind. Welcome to Spring;  
throw a rope on the mavericks  
when the baby-faced calves  
become lost in the hidden arroyos,  
and the white bones of a steer  
hang on the post of a barbed-wire fence.  
Behold the singing meadow lark  
fluttering in the red-eyed dawn,  
bringing memories of the dark tresses  
of dance-hall girls tossing under the  
touch of our lily-white ungloved hands  
so lightly on a rare Saturday night  
on the town. Now, even the little boys  
don't dream of cowboys, anymore,  
and the vast thin sod shows no tracks  
of our saddle mounts on the prairie rim,  
or trace of lost spurs. . .  
I say hang us dead  
under a dim sagebrush sky. ■