

Within the Crackling Embers

By Cody Anne Kjell

In the land of open spaces,
underneath the prairie sun,
forgotten fathers leave their traces
of stories they had begun.

Within the crackling embers
and unbeknownst to me,
were the tales of the cowboy
and their winsome reverie.

Before me was the epilogue
of those who paved the way,
from John Ware to Annie Oakley
and the precocious Holliday.

With those came the others
whose stories have been told,
Jesse James and Belle Starr
who were so young and bold.

Little did I know
that along the fireside
were tales of many others
whose histories stretched wide.

Bud McKague and Kenny McLean,
just to name a few.
S. Omar Barker and Robert Service
whose effect I barely knew.

Once these fire soaked stories
were embedded in my brain,
I understood my connection
and how I did pertain.

When I move through golden lands
with Sundance at my side,
I remember the hour glass sands
that follow quietly as I ride.