

An Old Classic Cowboy

By Rachel Krispin

The sun shone down
on that Porcupine town
where old Bud McKague was born.
“It’s he I’ll choose,”
thought Euterpe the Muse,
and she blessed him with her crown.

It was his domain,
this old western plain,
and he was a good cowboy.
He was a fine horse racer
and a wild horse chaser,
but his thoughts would rest in Troy.

Now, cowboy was his condition,
but he was a poetic tactician—
in the Classics he would immerse.
He’d close his eyes,
and from a deep memorize
recite hours of epic verse.

He was skilled in rendition
of that oral tradition
and the Homeric tales of old:
a poetic Titan,
whose words would brighten
the westward sky in melodic gold.

He had lyrical skill—
and with many a thrill,
he was asked to Elko, Nevada.
At this remote gathering,
his way of speaking was capturing
in imitation of classical drama.

He was old Bud McKague,
a modern jack-of-all-trades
who held good to a life in the reins.
He was good with his horse
and held true to his course,
and the antiquity in his veins.

But on one sad, sweet morning,
and with hardly a warning,
he was noticed by Phoebus Apollo:
“I know I’ll cause sorrow,
but it’s he I must borrow,”
and he took him to Hades’ Hollow.

So, the sun went down
on that Porcupine town
where old Bud McKague was born.
He was divinely inspired
and wholly admired,
and now we are left to mourn.